

PIONEER MISSIONARIES OF THE CHURCH

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E. W. Simon



REGINALD HEBER

—Frontispiece

P I O N E E R
MISSIONARIES
of THE CHURCH

By THE REV. CHARLES C. CREEGAN, D.D.

Author of "Great Missionaries," etc.



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TO
THE STUDENTS OF OUR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES,
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TO THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS,
THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE

The cordial reception which has been given in England, as well as America, to "Great Missionaries," which was issued several years ago, has led to the preparation of this volume. Since the noble men whose life story is briefly told in these twenty-six sketches were nearly all of them founders of missions, if not makers of empires, the title "Pioneer Missionaries" seems the only one which clearly defines the scope of the book.

If the writer had been so inclined, the limits of space would have prevented any embellishment. It has not been an easy task to compress the main features of the biography of a great man "of whom the world is not worthy" into a single chapter, when one longs for two or three hundred pages to tell the thrilling story of toil and sacrifice and triumph. Brief as are these sketches, it is hoped they may be found to give the leading facts in the career of each of these missionary heroes, and that not a few of those who read the book, especially among the students in our colleges, may be inspired "to follow in their train."

In view of the place which the sweet singer, Bishop Heber, has in all our hearts, not alone because of his exceptional achievements on the mission field, but chiefly because of his great hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains, from India's Coral Strand," etc., the place of honor has been given to him. The second place of honor, the closing chapter, has been assigned to Schwartz, who went to India a generation before Carey, and who was one of the foremost missionaries since St. Paul.

If the reader asks why have Moffat and Livingstone, Hannington and Patteson, Judson and Carey, —names which have become household words—no place in this volume, the reply is, these having found a place in the author's previous volume, he did not deem it necessary to include them here, although they were also pioneers. The temptation to include several of the distinguished Moravian missionaries was only successfully resisted after an examination of that classic upon the subject by one of the highest authorities on missions of the last century, the late Rev. A. C. Thompson, D.D., of Boston.

The author wishes to acknowledge his gratitude to the publishers, who have extended many courtesies, and who in the mechanical part of the work have left nothing to be desired. He wishes also to express his sincere thanks to Rev. John P. Jones,

D.D., of Madura, India, for the chapters on Drs. Miller and Murdoch; to Rev. E. C. Scudder for the sketch of his distinguished grandfather, Dr. John Scudder; to Prof. Fred. Bliss, Ph.D., for the admirable sketch of his father, President Daniel Bliss; to Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., of Boston, for the chapter on President Wheeler, with whom he was associated in Turkey for nearly ten years; to Mrs. Emma R. Clough, Ph.D., for the brilliant chapter in which she tells the life story of her famous husband.

If in reading this book, the result of years of study of missionary biography, some young soul is moved to carry the Gospel message to the millions who sit in darkness in lands beyond the sea, or in the "isles which wait for him," as Henry Martyn was led to missionary service by reading Jonathan Edwards' life of David Brainerd, the writer will feel that he has been repaid an hundred-fold.

C. C. C.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1903.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A recent German writer, Pastor Strümpfel, in discussing missionary literature, says, "Was ich nicht weiss, macht mich nicht heiss." Yet it is not all knowledge, even on the subject of missions, that has in it the power to impart ardor. Much missionary literature is written without any definite aim; and while it may result in wider knowledge, it lacks the power to interest and to affect the life.

If the experience of the Educational Department of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions has made any one conviction stronger than another, it is that college men and women—and presumably other young people as well—are most affected by life. If this life is lived under unfavorable conditions and amid scenes that are new and strange, if its aims are heroic and Christlike, and if in the realization of those purposes peril or lifelong strenuousness are the lot of the hero, by so much the more does the interest increase. The man who forsakes all that youth most values and flings himself into some forbidding environment, there to live down hostility or to face death in order that the words of

the Gospel and the acts of Jesus may be brought to bear upon races in deepest degradation and need, becomes to young people an interpretation of Jesus and an inspiration to personal devotion to his unfinished work.

It is for some such reasons that a volume like the present one cannot fail to be of the utmost value to the cause of missions. The author entered upon its composition with the advantage of a personal passion for missions, which has been nurtured by long years of successful advocacy of the cause. His earlier volume of similar character, "Great Missionaries of the Church," has been highly appreciated by thousands of interested readers. This new venture cannot be less acceptable. The twenty-six apostles whose labors are here so clearly sketched are men whose lives have told upon the nations. About equally divided in point of nationality between America and Europe, the oneness of the missionary enterprise and the world-wide brotherhood of modern apostleship are most happily exemplified. One of the special values of the collection lies in the fact that much of the material here found is inaccessible to the ordinary reader, either because the printed biographies of the earlier missionaries are out of print or else because the life is not yet ended, and hence is not committed to writing. Almost half a

dozen of the latter class are doing a work of profound significance, and when the reader turns from his missionary periodical to learn further concerning the men whose words he has just been reading, to his disappointment he finds no mention of their names in books of reference.

This volume is more even than a collection of dynamic biographies. Studies in missionary methods are made possible by the inclusion in it of missionaries who wrought as specialists in various departments, as well as of those versatile workers who, like Cyrus Hamlin, were masters of toward a score of trades and employments. Is the reader lax in his spiritual life? Brainerd and Martyn and Hudson Taylor will be a tonic to him. Do we lack fortitude and seek easy paths in life? Such pioneers as Morrison, Calvert, and Chalmers put us to shame. Do our young people feel that to be a missionary is to throw one's life away? Read the story of Schwartz, India's great pioneer; of Verbeck, a maker of Japan; of Duff, who was the first great Christian educator of the Hindus; of Bliss, who is teaching the Holy Land those sciences which have their remote springs in Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary; of John Murdoch, LL.D., the oldest writer for India's teeming populations; of Peter Parker, who, as a medical missionary, opened China to the Gospel at

the point of his lancet, as he later did still farther through diplomacy. But space fails to name others in this galaxy of zeal and power. A perusal of these pages will show that the half has not been told or even hinted at.

HARLAN P. BEACH,

Educational Secretary Student Volunteer Movement.

PIONEER MISSIONARIES

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

BORN APRIL 21, 1783.

DIED APRIL 3, 1826.

To many of former generations the name of Reginald Heber suggested the distinguished scholar of Oxford studying and winning rare honors; to others he will ever be the loved Bishop of Calcutta, working and dying to uplift the oppressed; but to the whole world to-day he is known as the composer of some of our grandest church hymns. His enduring fame will perhaps forever rest on the monument of these loved, sacred poems.

In the quiet country rectory of Cheshire, Reginald Heber was born April 21, 1783. Fortunate is the child who can listen to stories of ancestors whose lives are proudly traced back through England's noblest families to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and this boy eagerly listened to the tales of the deeds of valor and chivalry, and looked with interest on the shining coat of arms of which the family members boasted. But his rare mental and moral qualities

constituted his richest inheritance from his ancestry.

His life-work seemed but an echo of his childhood days. It has been said, "Heber was a born bishop." At the age of three we see his early missionary spirit of help and comfort when in the midst of a severe storm he allays his mother's fears by saying, "Do not be afraid, mamma, God will take care of us." His early loving care in that storm and darkness was but prophetic of his later care of many distressed souls in the spiritual darkness of foreign lands. At five he is a little clergyman reading the Scriptures understandingly, and naming instantly the book and chapter of verses which his father and friends suggest. At six he is a veritable university student, absorbing at a glance the pages of a Latin grammar, and at seven we see a miniature of the future poet, rendering "Phædrus" into verse. The ambitious, generous, loving traits of his boyhood days increase and develop into the noblest qualities of manhood.

At the age of seventeen he was in college. This was the beginning of a brilliant university career. The life at Oxford was a constant inspiration to his studious, ambitious nature. One rare honor followed another, and each was earned by his close application, steadfast activity and untiring devotion. For the Newdigate Prize he prepared his famous poem "Palestine," and, at a suggestion from his

friend, Walter Scott, he added some of the most popular lines to this production, which became one of the best-loved of religious verse of those years and has been incorporated with the highest and best poetry on divine subjects. Soon it was translated into Welsh and set to music. In *Blackwood's Magazine* a writer said, "None who heard Reginald Heber recite his 'Palestine' in that magnificent theater will ever forget his appearance—so interesting and impressive; in the hush the audience felt that this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, but that here was a poet indeed, not only of high promise but of high achievement." Little did he dream that day that seventeen years later he would enjoy the rare privilege of hearing his "Palestine" performed as an oratorio in the same building.

In 1805, with his friend John Thornton, he made a tour of Europe, which was at that time on the threshold of catastrophe and aflame with war. Through Sweden, Norway, Finland and Russia the young men traveled. Heber is constantly writing of his daily experiences, and his notes are of unusual interest. Now he writes of some Norwegian fairy lore, again an ancient ruin or a simple peasant arrests his attention; notes follow of huge upheavals of rocks, encampments of the Finns, the beautiful and natural features of Stockholm, and again a page de-

scribes an exciting sledge journey over the frozen plains of Russia. All these are recreations; but, added to the pleasures, are the thoughtful hours given to the mingling of the Eastern and Greek languages with the Russian, the impressions received from his first glimpse of the worship of the Mohammedans, and greatest of all is his first real and deep interest in the work of foreign missions.

October, 1806, sees him again in Oxford, and now, deciding to take priests' orders, he once more becomes the diligent student, working and reading early and late. In 1807 he is ordained deacon, and in a letter writes, "I hope and trust for God's guidance." In August, 1807, we hear of him first as a pastor. How gladly his old home friends welcomed him as their leader! How they admired the brilliant young student who stood up before them! Is it strange that some of the old people of Hodnut wept before he had even uttered one word of his first sermon?

Now came days full of loving, conscientious ministrations and devotion to his ever-increasing parish duties, but all was accomplished with the same steadfast purpose, unflinching resolve and untiring energy. But besides this work his days were filled with preparations for lectures on philosophic, literary and religious subjects, attention to questions of political importance, contributions to the *Quar-*

terly Review and activity in missionary matters. At the same time he was busy on his elaborate work, "The Dictionary of the Bible," giving attention also to the collection and publication of a book of poems and translations and writing reviews of books. His work was prodigious, but in it all he was helped by his wife, who lovingly and cheerfully shared and lightened each care and burden.

It was his desire to economize the labor of organizing funds and workers for a common cause, and in 1819 a Royal Letter was issued authorizing collections to be made in every church and chapel to aid the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in India and the East. He journeyed to Wrexham to hear his father-in-law, Dean Shipley, preach a sermon in reference to this subject. On the day previous, the Dean asked him if he would write some hymn suitable for such an occasion. Heber, filled with enthusiasm, wrote the familiar lines beginning, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." This famous hymn was impromptu, coming from a heart devout and full, and a mind skilled and inspired. The joyous, inspiring strains have continued to echo and re-echo in the hearts of God's people ever since they were first sung in that beautiful old church in Wrexham on that Sabbath morning long ago in 1819. A hymn book to-day would seem incomplete without this grand old missionary hymn,

which so thoroughly voiced Reginald Heber's desire:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?"

The very depth of his ambition and zeal and the intensity of his wish he poured forth in

"Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

This was not Heber's first hymn, for in 1811 and 1812 *The Christian Observer* contained a number of his hymns, and in 1817, when he was appointed to a Canonry in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, he composed many a sacred poem as he journeyed on horseback into Wales.

In 1820 he began to collect and place his hymns in book form. The collection comprised hymns suitable for the Sundays and principal holy days of the year. How welcome such a book was will be realized from the fact that at this time there were few good hymns, simple and reverent, that were easily accessible. Walter Scott and Robert Southey contributed to his collection and soon the book was sent forth. For the first time provision was thus made

for suitable hymns for Advent, Christmas, Passion Week, Easter and other occasions.

Sunday after Sunday in all our Protestant churches to-day, the splendid and majestic roll of his "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" surges through the aisles, and its magnificent crescendo sweeping on, thrills the soul of every listener. In his "Hymn for the Epiphany" many a heart finds an echo of its own faith and gratitude. In the front rank of the world's best and devoted singers of all that is true and sublime will be found the name of Reginald Heber. Besides his hymns, translations and poems, he wrote prose enough to fill several volumes of sermons, addresses and lectures and one of travels.

In December, 1822, Heber was asked to consider the appointment as Bishop of Calcutta. His earnest work for missions, his deep interest in India and his ardent desire for a greater field for usefulness led him to accept. With courage and hope he, with his brave wife, left for India, June 15, 1823, she realizing even more than he that the task before him called for almost superhuman labor and endurance. How different was the India of 1823 from the India of to-day! Then it was one vast see, including not only the entire peninsula but the Crown Colony of Ceylon, the continent of Australia, the colonies of Tasmania and New Zealand. To these were added Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope and Madeira.

These wide-spread districts were in a troubled state; suspicions, jealousies and threatenings were on all sides, yet Reginald Heber did not once shrink from the immense task before him.

On October 10, 1823, they reached Calcutta. Not only strange scenes, strange faces and unknown perils confronted him, but also a task grown colossal since the death of Bishop Middleton. Quarrels, disputes and outbreaks immediately demanded decisive action and the practical administration of his ready tact, rare judgment and wise counsels. There was no time for the deliberate study of the serious problems, but despite these obstacles of so grave and disheartening a character, he met all with an unfaltering faith and courage. Ever ardent and ever clinging to what seemed best and true to him, he conquered what would have intimidated and crushed any other man. To him a stupendous task was not appalling. With judgment and zeal he turned bitterness into harmony, infused new life where indifference had existed, re-established Bishop's College, that school which represented the early attempt in India to educate the Hindu in secular as well as religious subjects, and established schools for native girls. Everywhere his guidance, his leadership and his influence were immediately felt.

In June, 1824, he set out on his first visitation, which was one of the most extensive ever undertaken. He traveled over his spiritual kingdom

from bound to bound, by land, by water, through peril and danger. Now he was huddled in a close little boat passing the flat alluvial country, again it was through some unhealthy district, some jungle, thicket or malarial swamp that had to be passed to reach a remote station. There were days when he would spend as many as eight hours in public worship. The labor was indeed heavy and the toil unremitting. But with a cheerful and brave heart he made a formidable and prolonged land march, continuing from September until April. One adventurous journey followed another, and in ten months he had visited every important station in the upper provinces.

Only a few days of rest, peace and happiness came, when he met his wife once more in Bombay, before he again started for the southern provinces. Although but recently recovered from a severe fever his indomitable perseverance and eagerness seemed to overpower his physical weariness. It was ever of others, and never of himself, that he thought. Once more, but now in intense heat and in the sickly season, he is daily preaching—often in several languages—presiding at crowded meetings, visiting and addressing schools, establishing mission stations, confirming and baptizing, settling quarrels and clerical differences, attending to social duties and always planning for the advancement of his people. How eager, how delighted and happy he

was by the encouragement with which he met! His heart was full, and that great heart included all those so lately rescued from the polluting services of the pagoda. He said, "I bless them all—the good people." Never before had he been so intensely, so powerfully interested. He seemed not to know of fatigue, pain or danger.

On April 3, 1826, after a period of unusual work and mental excitement, he left his companions for a few moments rest. Soon after he was found in his room dead. He had, in a moment, gone to the rest that is of eternal duration.

For less than three years he had held the Bishopric of Calcutta, yet how full each year had been! How grand in the beginning! How productive in the end! No man ever left so great a mark upon India in so short a time. His life was reckoned not by years but by deeds—by heart throbs. His was one of those inspiring forces which accomplish greater deeds in one year than many another can do in a lifetime. His matchless energy, noble unselfishness and Christian intrepidity made him a living example of that higher, nobler life into which he strove to lead the people of India.

ROBERT MORRISON, D.D.

BORN JANUARY 5, 1782.

DIED AUGUST 1, 1834.

Robert Morrison was the first Protestant missionary to China. For twenty-seven years, with no hope of seeing the superstructure, he endeavored to lay the foundation for improved conditions in that vast empire.

In the picturesque little town of Morpeth, Northumberland, he was born January 5, 1782. When but three years old, his father, a Scotch farm laborer, moved to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he established a business as a last and boot-tree manufacturer.

In his early studies Robert Morrison was pronounced a dunce, but later he manifested great interest and then made rapid progress. He was remarkable for the retentiveness of his memory. One evening when but twelve, he repeated without an error the whole of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm.

His conduct was not always exemplary. He says he became "somewhat loose and profane" and was "once intoxicated," but at sixteen the consciousness

of wrong-doing led him to relinquish his "wicked companions" and bad habits, and his days were then spent in reading, meditation and prayer with frequent visits to the poor, sick and distressed.

When twenty-one he entered Hoxton Academy, a Congregational Theological Institution, near London, afterward called Highbury College. The expense of his tuition was saved out of earnings, and this extra work to procure money compelled him to study often until twelve and one o'clock during the night hours.

His mother was painfully startled one day to learn of his intention to engage in foreign missionary work. His teachers and friends portrayed the great difficulties of the foreign service, begged him to consider the special opportunities in home work and even offered him a training at one of the Scottish universities, if he would relinquish his project, but May 27, 1804, he resolutely offered himself to the London Missionary Society and was accepted. He was sent immediately to the Missionary College at Gosport, where he began such studies as would best fit him for service in China—for his mind was ever fixed upon China as a field for work. He prayed that God would station him "in that part of the missionary field where the difficulties were the greatest and, to all human appearances, the most insurmountable."

On January 8, 1807, he started for Canton by



ROBERT MORRISON

way of New York. After a perilous and trying voyage of one hundred and nine days the United States were reached. Here he remained until May 12, when on the Trident he sailed for China. The ship owner in whose vessel he embarked said sarcastically, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Morrison with energy, "I expect God will!"

On September 8, after a four months' voyage, he arrived at Canton. Single-handed and alone, with no companion to share the trials and responsibilities of his great work, he stood upon the threshold of the world's most populous empire. Four hundred million souls who had maintained so long a seclusion, and who were forbidden under penalty of death to teach their language to foreigners, made the work before him seem almost hopeless. Was he undertaking the unattainable in this country whose history stretched back to the exodus from Egypt, whose state religion was a mere pageant, whose duties were but ceremonies of homage paid to gods, and whose reverence was but a false worship paid to spirits of deceased emperors and ancestors? Were their successive dynasties, invested in a halo of romance, to ever remain unbroken? Were their hoary systems of religion and philosophy to ever remain unalterable? It was for Robert

Morrison to give to the world the answers to these questions.

After securing apartments in the American factory, which were much like the basement rooms of a warehouse, he engaged the services of Abel Yun, a Roman Catholic Chinaman from Peking. This teacher was obtained with much difficulty and was the agent of the Romish missionaries at Peking.

Mr. Morrison was compelled to live in strict retirement and pass as an American, for as an Englishman he dared not be known. It was of the utmost importance that every movement be quiet.

Near the close of the year 1807 he realized that the Americans who were protecting him were somewhat disturbed on account of his identification with them. To remove this difficulty and still be able to study the language and people, he assumed the costume of the Chinaman, wearing a pig-tail, loose gown and thick clumsy shoes. He dined with his teacher, ate Chinese dishes with chop-sticks and almost exclusively associated himself with the native people. This manner of living proved detrimental to his health, however, and as little was gained, he at last gave away his dress, and donned again his white jacket and straw hat.

He could see that progress was being made in his work. English residents at Canton and foreigners showed more sympathy and respect for him. Some

were friendly enough to send him books, among which was a Latin-Chinese dictionary valued at fifty pounds. These books were highly prized by him, for the Chinese Government had been very watchful lest foreigners should gain possession of any of their books!

After a time, in failing health, Mr. Morrison went to Macao, where in great mental depression, but with unyielding industry, he perfected himself in the language, practicing it constantly—even his secret prayers were uttered in broken Chinese. In Macao his health gradually improved and with renewed energy he worked upon his Chinese grammar, which was completed in 1808; he then commenced a Chinese dictionary, after having prepared a part of the New Testament for the press. Each new literary work was prepared at the expense of untold labor, and in the face of great obstacles and discouragements. At times his Chinese assistants and teachers showed such violent and ungovernable temper that they attempted to assault him; again his manuscript was stolen, torn or damaged; once the blocks which the type-cutters had prepared were destroyed; at another time, in a disastrous fire, many of his valuable papers were burned. Almost every month a new and grave difficulty arose which impeded his labors, yet with unyielding courage he toiled on through the long weeks, knowing that his life was constantly in danger.

On February 20, 1809, he married the daughter of Dr. Morton, who resided at Macao. On his wedding day he received an appointment as official translator of Chinese to the East India Company at Canton, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year. His life was now less exposed to danger and he entered upon this greatest enterprise with enthusiasm.

In 1810 he published one thousand copies of the Acts of the Apostles. In 1811 a version of St. Luke was issued, besides tracts and a catechism. His Chinese grammar, which he had completed, was forwarded to Bengal, to the governor-general of India, to be printed. Month after month passed and one delay succeeded another until three years elapsed before it was printed. Besides his work on the New Testament, the Old Testament and hymns, he continued his preaching to the natives each Sunday. These little meetings were quietly conducted in his own house, and his congregation of eleven gave him courage as they gradually seemed to gain some knowledge of the truth and became perceptibly ashamed of their former idol worship.

In 1812 the Chinese Government issued an edict prohibiting the teaching of Christianity, announcing death as the penalty to such propagators and banishment or imprisonment to any who should embrace it. To print books on the Chinese religion in their language was now rendered a capital crime; but this brave determined man wrote to the missionary so-

ciety in London: "I must, however, go forward, trusting in the Lord." The threats of the government did not prevent the judicious and frequent distribution of Scriptures and tracts, which were read with avidity by a little band of natives.

In November, A-Fo said to Mr. Morrison, "I hearken to what you say of the vanity of worshipping wooden, clay and other images." He at this time expressed his belief in Christ and desired baptism, but added, "My brothers must not know it." This circumstance was a grateful encouragement to Mr. Morrison's work, even though the motive might be questionable.

Mr. Morrison spent his days between Macao and Canton, working industriously in both places. His work was looked upon with suspicion by many and a day came when some merchants disclosed his name to the government, with the astounding fact that he had learned the Chinese language. Measures were at once taken for the arrest of his assistants, but, learning this, Mr. Morrison promptly sent them away. His apprehensions were painfully excited, but quietly and courageously he worked day after day and the excitement at length abated.

On July 4, 1813, how rejoiced were Mr. and Mrs. Morrison to learn that Mr. Milne and his wife had arrived in Macao. Here indeed was a brother missionary and a friend. A more hearty welcome was never given to a missionary than that which greeted

these co-workers. But hostility broke out afresh. An appeal was made to the governor and it was determined that Mr. Milne must not remain in Macao, so in sixteen days he was in Canton, where he pursued his work.

On July 16, 1814, Mr. Morrison performed an act for which he had labored, hoped and prayed through seven long years. On that day he baptized Tsae Ako, one of his former teachers. This was the first fruit of his arduous labor. Here indeed was one convert after his prolonged ministry, and well did Tsae Ako adhere to his faith until death.

In October, 1815, Mr. Morrison was dismissed from the East India Company's service. He now possessed valuable knowledge of the country, the character of the people and their language. The large edition of the New Testament had been printed in Chinese and had been partially circulated. An important and promising branch of the mission had been established at Malacca and by means of the press the Gospel had been diffused among those who could read Chinese. Two natives had renounced idolatry, progress had been made in the translation of the Old Testament, morning and evening prayers of the Church of England had been translated, also a work on China and its literature, and that formidable undertaking, the Chinese dictionary, was in progress. All this he had accomplished, unaided and alone, and the Missionary Society had expected

of him only to "learn the language and by degrees render the sacred Scriptures into Chinese." Surely his had been a wonderful work! Learned men of all countries were giving his great efforts their attention, and were warmly recognizing his attainments and services.

The foundation of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca was a consummation devoutly hoped for, and on November 10, 1818, the foundation stone was laid. Mr. Morrison contributed one thousand pounds toward its erection and one hundred pounds annually for five years toward its support, besides giving valuable books for its library.

On November 25, 1819, Dr. Morrison, with a heart full of inexpressible happiness, wrote: "By the mercy of God, an entire version of the books of the Old and New Testaments into the Chinese language was this day brought to a conclusion." The final achievement of this toilsome but loving labor was a memorable event for both himself and Mr. Milne, who had assisted in the formidable task. The joy entertained by the world's Christian missions was intense. Letters of thanksgiving and congratulation were received from all parts of the earth.

With unwearied assiduity he still labored on his Chinese dictionary, which in 1823 was published, bringing still greater acclamations of praise. This was his greatest life-work, representing sixteen

years of thought and eight years of almost unremitting labor. It was now issued at a cost of twelve thousand pounds by the East India Company. It filled six large quarto volumes, four thousand five hundred and ninety-five pages and recorded forty thousand words expressed by the Chinese character. His name was now universally famous. Testimonies regarding the immense value and importance of such a marvelous work were very helpful to this hard-working missionary in his loneliness.

In December, 1823, he sailed for England, thus gratifying his long-deferred desire to visit his native land and beloved home friends. His reception was more enthusiastic than he had dreamed it could be. The King received him with marked attention; the Royal Society elected him a Fellow of its learned body; crowds gathered about him to hear him preach and he was everywhere recognized as the translator of the Bible into the language of nearly half the human race.

In 1826 he was once more in China, and now he began the gigantic work of preparing a commentary on the Bible in Chinese. His labors were even more untiring than in former days. Besides preaching almost regularly to European and American seamen, he was constantly superintending the distribution of books, tracts and pamphlets. How different in 1832 were the conditions from those of 1807! He now beheld Chinese scholars, missionary

students, English presses and Chinese Scriptures, and the change was largely accomplished through his own efforts. Yet at how great a cost! He had ever thought of himself last and in these later years he unconsciously overtaxed his powers in every department of his work. The summer of 1834 found him suddenly exhausted by his ceaseless labors. A fever, which defied the skill of his medical advisers, resulted in his death on August 1, 1834.

A monument at Macao, with an appropriate inscription, commemorates his labors and his virtues, but a more enduring monument exists in the Morrison Educative Society, which was established in 1835.

He had ever been a devoted Christian and faithful friend to the Chinese. His generous sympathies were ever aroused by all cases of individual necessity and matters of public good, during the twenty-seven years which were cheerfully spent in extending Christ's kingdom in the Orient.

REV. JOHN ELIOT, A.M.

BORN 1604.

DIED MAY 20, 1690.

In the early part of the seventeenth century a very unpretentious family, dwelling in the village of Nasing, which is situated in one of the prettiest parts of England, counted among its members a small lad carefully trained by good and tender parents.

John Eliot was physically and mentally robust. Fortunately, he was able to obtain a university education, and his fondness for the languages being marked, he was especially fitted for his later difficult task of mastering the Indian language. In the youthful days of Eliot it was not thought much of an honor to be known as a teacher. Accepting a position as a teacher in the grammar school of Rev. Thomas Hooker he was still further prepared for his future work as teacher to the red men across the seas.

This was the time of intense religious intolerance in England, and following the course pursued by many others, Eliot sought a home and work in New England. Filled with an intense desire to preach the Gospel, on landing at Boston he found a church

all ready for him, their pastor being absent at the time. This was in the fall of 1631, and for a year he worked and waited for the happier more settled days which were to follow.

Some of his friends in England proposed to come to this country and also determined that John Eliot should be their pastor. They settled in Roxbury, near Boston, where he was installed November 5, 1632. A few weeks before this he was married to a brave, noble-hearted girl, we are not told her name, who had promised to join him in his work before he left his native shores.

This parish was the only one he ever had. He began his work by being perfectly fearless in denouncing whatever he thought wrong. An incident is given of his severely arraigning the government from the pulpit because of their concluding a treaty with the Pequot Indians without obtaining the consent of the people. For this bold act the government sent three ministers to "deal with" him. Mr. Eliot, when convinced that he had committed an error, was as ready to confess it as he had been to denounce the act to which he had objected. Two other friends and himself prepared a new version of the Psalms, and in 1640 it was brought out as the first book printed in America.

Along with his parish at Roxbury, Mr. Eliot's interests were keenly alive to the needs of the Indians and he resolved to become teacher and preach-

er among them. His efforts were the first ones toward giving the red men knowledge of the true God, although the charter of Massachusetts had made provision for attention to the spiritual interests of the Indians. The religion of the latter was a simple belief in the authors of good and evil. Besides, they had a profound faith in numberless spirits. No work could be done among them unless their language with its intricate construction was mastered. This was not so hard a task for Mr. Eliot as it would have been for many, for his natural aptitude for linguistic studies helped at this juncture not a little. He found a satisfactory assistant in a young Indian whom he took into his family.

In the fall of 1646 he preached his first sermon to the Indians in their camp, within the present city of Newton, and near the site of the beautiful church bearing his name. No man had ever before preached to them in their own language. It was delivered in the wigwam of the chief Waban, this name signifying "Wind." The text chosen was sufficient to arouse interest. This address would be called in these restless days, "tiresomely long," for it continued for one hour and a quarter. Questions were asked at its conclusion by the natives, one of which was, "Could God understand prayer in the Indian language?" The entire meeting was three hours long, and the missionaries (Eliot and three others with him) were invited to repeat their visit.

The results of a second visit were gratifying. The work was continued through the winter, and it was a remarkable fact that no bad weather nor snow storms interrupted it. No snow at all fell during these winter months. Mr. Eliot was not only a faithful spiritual guide to the Indians, but he assisted and encouraged them in temporal matters just as arduously. The natives who had come under his training were formed into a community near Boston, and later it was named Noreantum, meaning "rejoicing."

Mr. and Mrs. Eliot taught them various handicrafts and, furnished with tools, they began to learn the simple methods of agriculture. They reconstructed their wigwams into more substantial and comfortable abodes and began quite a thriving business in selling baskets, brooms and other articles of their own manufacture. Mrs. Eliot did her part in teaching the women the art of spinning, while her words and her character gave them a practical demonstration as to what this new and "higher life" meant. Law and order were maintained by a simple form of administration. The conscientiousness of the Indians became, on some minor matters, intense, so much so that one of their number was considered a breaker of the Sabbath because, on returning from church one evening and finding his fire out, he had split some wood to re-light it.

At a spot south of Roxbury there was another band of Indians under a sachem, who at various

times came in contact with Mr. Eliot. The Indian nature was exceedingly susceptible to the influence of the moment. This was shown in an anecdote of this same sachem and his unruly son, who considered himself unjustly treated by his parents. The missionaries persuaded the father to confess his faults; seeing and hearing this confession the son was brought to the point of asking forgiveness of both his father and mother. With equal readiness this same sachem became, on another occasion, very angry with Mr. Eliot, fearing that his power was to be lessened by the influence of the missionaries. He became very angry at the proposed plan to gather the Praying Indians into one settlement, and Mr. Eliot met his wrath alone. By calmness and fearlessness he subdued the chief so that he was ready to become a supplicant for favors. Another chief was anxious to have his people come under good influence, so a tract of land nearer to the English was petitioned for them. They secured a teacher also.

One of the Indians quaintly expressed to Mr. Eliot what some of their trials were. "On the one hand," he said, "the other Indians hate and oppose us because we pray to God; on the other, the English will not put confidence in us, and suspect that we do not really pray. But God, who knows all things, knows that we do pray to him." Mr. Eliot assured him of the confidence of himself and others. At that time those settlements were all accessible to

Roxbury, and Mr. Eliot resolved to widen his field of usefulness. For this purpose he took a trip to Pawtucket. The chief there was a famous warrior, and very powerful. On the approach of the missionary, this bold warrior fled. Another visit was made in the spring, at the time of a great feast. Mr. Eliot chose for his text the words, "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, thy name shall be great among the Indians."

On this occasion a question, which has recently agitated wise brains, was asked, "Whether all the Indians who had died hitherto had gone to hell, and only a few now at last were put in the way of going to heaven." One very gratifying result of the service was the confession of the old sachem of his belief in the Gospel; his two sons also acknowledged their trust in a saving power. Quite a little distance from Roxbury was a tribe of Indians whose chief sent word to the missionary, begging him to come and teach them. As a district was to be passed through where several murders had occurred, a sachem living nearer came with a guard of twenty warriors to escort and protect Mr. Eliot on his way to his new scene of labor. During this trip he suffered great fatigue and exposure, but through it all he was kept in safety.

His work was carried steadily forward amidst opposition from various quarters. Some of the English were utterly indifferent to his work; others man-

ifested bitter hostility. The larger part of the chiefs were hostile to him, and some of the Praying Indians were sorely persecuted. But hardest of all to bear was the expressed opinion of his own countrymen. viz: "That the whole scheme was one to make money, and that the conversion of the Indians was a fable." His labors subsequently were helped on by a grant of ten pounds from the General Court. The story of his heroic efforts for the welfare of the Indians roused up Christians in England and a society was formed for "The Propagation of the Gospel in New England," and a contribution of money was secured for the work. Oxford and Cambridge universities aided also by urging the clergy to influence their people to give freely. One project had been long in Mr. Eliot's mind, that was to gather all the Praying Indians into one settlement. A site for the village was selected on the Charles River, not very far from Boston. Here six thousand acres were chosen for the use of the Indians, and the spot was named Natick, meaning "a place of hills."

In the latter part of the year 1650 all the Praying Indians, with the exception of one settlement that remained separate, were formed into a township, and a plan for the village was made. It consisted of two streets north of the river Charles and one south. The Indians built a bridge joining the two sections. Each household was given a lot, and wigwams were set up, and in some cases houses in imitation of those

of the white men were built. The church served as a schoolhouse as well; orchards were laid out and agricultural work was planned.

Their civil government was formed on the basis of that laid down in Exodus, eighteenth chapter. The Indians made a covenant as follows: "The grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children to God to be his people. He shall rule over us in all our affairs, not only in our religion and affairs of the church, but also in all our works and affairs in this world." This closed with a prayer, "Lord, take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God."

When Governor Endicott visited Natick he was delighted with the signs of civilization and the wonderfully well-informed condition of the Indians. He heard an Indian preach in a very satisfactory manner, and the psalm "lined" by the dusky schoolmaster. Native teachers were prepared to go out and teach among their own people. Two were sent to the Narragansetts in Rhode Island. The gifts they took with them were accepted by the chief, but their religious efforts were repulsed. The people, however, were eager to hear them and more teachers were demanded.

Mr. Eliot through all the hindrances to his work preserved a spirit of charity, cheerfulness and perseverance. "He was ready to ring a loud curfew bell whenever he saw the fire of animosity." His habit

was to set apart whole days for prayer, and when entering a house his usual salutation was, "Let us pray." As regarded his own wants and needs he was very thoughtless. An amusing anecdote is related of him, when on being paid his salary his treasurer purposely tied up the money with particularly hard knots so that Mr. Eliot would not be able to give any of it away before he reached home. On his way back he called on a poor and sick family, and not being able to untie the knots in the handkerchief, he handed the entire precious bundle to the mother, saying: "Here, my dear, take it. I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

The first Indian church was formed at Natick in 1660. Two councils had previously been held at which the Indians made statements of their faith and answered questions. Mr. Eliot's greatest work was yet to be performed. In his leisure moments he began and successfully completed a translation of the New and Old Testaments. The former was printed in 1661, and the latter in 1663. This had the distinction of being the first Bible printed in America. Edward Everett thus spoke of this arduous task: "The history of the Christian Church does not contain an example of resolute, untiring successful labor superior." It was in the Mohegan tongue, which all New England Indians were able to understand. Fifteen hundred copies were printed and in 1685 a second edition was brought out.

This great achievement was a noble proof of the love of Mr. Eliot for the souls of the Indians, and was a task undertaken when the vigor of his manhood was supposed to be passed, but undeniably he showed a mental and physical strength fully equal to this effort. Other literary work he also did, translating Richard Baxter's books, "Call to the Unconverted" and "The Practice of Piety." He wrote a catechism, "Psalter," "Primer," and "Grammar," in the Indian language. In English he wrote, among others, a unique book entitled "Tears of Repentance," dedicated to Oliver Cromwell. His pet project of uniting all the Praying Indians in one settlement did not prove as successful as he wished, and thirteen other towns were formed. In 1674 the number of Praying Indians was one thousand one hundred, and two thousand five hundred more under the charge of other workers were inspired to higher living by Mr. Eliot's efforts.

When everything seemed most propitious for the advancement of the Indians, the war with King Philip began in 1675. This savage warrior scattered and exterminated hundreds of the white men and devastated the peaceful settlements of the Praying Indians. The inhabitants of Natick were exiled to Deer Island. Mr. Eliot prayed with them on the shore at night, and sad at heart saw them removed to their place of exile. At another settlement, unmercifully treated by the English, they fled from

their camp. When afterward urged to return, they would not, but expressed their sorrow in these words: "We are not sorry for what we leave behind, but we are sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God." The childlike faith of the Indian was undermined by the wicked conduct of many of the white settlers who were supposed to be Christians. But their confidence in their new leader was never shaken, and he was able to write in 1680: "Our Praying Indians on the islands and on the mainland amount to some thousands." Six years later he mentions that there were six churches of baptized natives in New England and eighteen assemblies of catechumens.

Mr. Eliot was now over eighty years old, but he kept up his duties as pastor of the church at Roxbury until two years before his death. Three years before that event he lost his devoted wife. When some one made inquiries about his health, he said: "I have lost everything, my understanding leaves me, my memory fails me—my utterance fails—but I thank God my charity holds out still. I find that rather grows than fails."

On May 20, 1690, the Indian's noblest friend left them to enter into a rest which no earthly tumults could disturb. His last words and his last thoughts were for the Indians. "There is a dark

cloud upon the work of the Gospel among them. The Lord revive and prosper that work and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work that I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word my doings. Alas, they have been poor and small and lean doings, and I will be the man who will throw the first stone at them all. Welcome joy. Come, Lord, come."

Baxter once said of Eliot: "There is no man on earth whom I honor above him." The work which Eliot had so long and so earnestly carried forward was not suffered to languish. Other good men of self-sacrificing spirit labored for the Indians, and the work of Eliot was sufficient to attract the public eye, not only to the means by which the lives of the Indians had been reconstructed, but also to the needs of that people now left desolate without their much-loved leader.

REV. DAVID BRAINERD

BORN APRIL 20, 1718.

DIED OCTOBER 9, 1747.

The record of David Brainerd's childhood and youth is a painfully sad one. As a child he seems to have been overshadowed with intensely morbid sensibilities, which grew upon him until they took almost the form of mania. Some of his ancestors were Puritan divines, and one of them founded the town of Lynn, Mass. His father, Hezekiah Brainerd, settled at Haddam, near Hartford, in the colony of Connecticut, and here David was born, April 20, 1718.

By the death of both father and mother his childhood was saddened to such a degree that in after years he was never able wholly to emerge from the deep gloom which had overcast his young days. Added to this his constitution was delicate, and his temperament of a deeply desponding character.

His experiences at the threshold of life were such as to inspire profound pity, and then wonder and surprise that he overcame them so far as to become a useful worker and reformer among the Indians. There was absolutely no joyousness in his youth;

his duties were performed as an act of penance, and with a miserable sort of pleasure he denied himself the smallest and slightest diversion. An extract or two from his journal gives an insight into his life.

"I was from my youth somewhat sober and inclined rather to melancholy than the contrary extreme; but do not remember anything of conviction of sin worthy of remark till I was, I believe, about seven or eight years of age. Then I became concerned for my soul, and terrified at the thoughts of death, and was driven to the performance of duties, but it appeared a melancholy business, that destroyed my eagerness for play."

In March, 1732, he suffered the loss of his mother, and a little more than a year later he went to East Haddam, where he remained four years. From there he went to work on his farm at Durham, and when about twenty years old he began to apply himself to study. He set a strict watch over his thoughts, words and actions, as the desire to become a minister of the Gospel was growing upon him. In the spring of 1738 he went to live with a Rev. Mr. Fiske at Haddam, and his friend urged him to withdraw from all society. Sunday evenings he joined in prayer-meetings with other young men, and it was his custom to commit to memory the sermon heard in the morning and repeat it aloud to himself, sometimes at midnight. After the minister's death he

studied with his brother, but found little peace of mind, suffering from constant unrest lest he was not among the elect. After a time of this mental distress he seemed to see God revealed in a new light, and he took cheer and gained peace of mind for a season. But all through his life he was beset with depression of spirits, and it seems a miracle that he did not utterly lose his balance of mind. He entered Yale College with many misgivings lest his good resolutions should be shaken by the influence of the students. Unfortunately he was taken very ill with an attack of measles just after he had gotten well started in his college course.

The next event of interest was a spiritual awakening at Yale, and Brainerd was aroused to a high pitch of nervous enthusiasm. Unhappily he expressed his opinion of one of his tutors there very frankly and not at all in flattering terms. One of his friends asked him what he thought of a certain instructor, and Brainerd incautiously replied: "He has no more grace than his chair." This unlucky remark caused great wrath among the faculty, and Brainerd was ordered to make a public confession and humble himself before the college. This he declined to do, consequently he was expelled. This was a blow from which he never recovered. He stood high in his class and would have won high honors but for this sad turn of events. Long afterward he was ready to offer apologies, but the col-

lege would not accept nor withdraw his expulsion. There was nothing left for him to do but to continue his studies alone at the home of a clergyman in the town of Ripton. Extracts from his journal show him ready to commence his work among the heathen whenever the way should be opened for it. Shortly afterward he was licensed to preach and not many months later he received a summons to New York, regarding a mission which was soon to open among the Indians. After reading the message to several friends, and desiring their prayers and advice, he decided to accept the invitation and go to New York. Having been examined by the correspondents from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania of the Honorable Society in Scotland for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he was pronounced fit to take up work among the Indians. Such was his humble opinion of himself that he was just able to preach before these grave ministers. He then sold his property, gave the proceeds toward the support of a young man who expected to become a minister, preached a farewell sermon at the house of an aged friend, bade adieu to all his friends, never expecting to see them again, and set out for Long Island.

March 9, 1743, he wrote in his diary as follows: "Endeavored to commit myself and all my concerns to God. Rode sixty miles to Manturk and had some inward sweetness on the road, but something of flat-

ness and deadness after I came there and had seen the Indians. I withdrew and endeavored to pray, but found myself awfully deserted and left, and had an afflicting sense of my vileness and meanness. However, I went and preached from Isaiah 53: 10, 'Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him.' Had some assistance, and I trust something of the Divine presence was amongst us. In the evening I again prayed and exhorted among them, after having had a season alone, wherein I was so pressed with the blackness of my nature that I thought it was not fit for me to speak so much as to the Indians."

The very last instructions of the Society directed him to proceed to a section of the province of New York, to a place called Kannaumuck in the dense woods between Albany and Stockbridge. This was thickly settled by Indians, and Brainerd reached there April 1, 1743, and found himself alone and very desolate, without a human being to speak to who would sympathize with him, and only a hovel as a shelter. "My circumstances are such," he wrote, "that I have no comforts of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonely wilderness, having but one single person to converse with that can speak English; most of the talk I hear is either Highland Scotch or Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I might unbosom myself, or lay open my spiritual sorrows; with whom I might take sweet counsel in conversation about

heavenly things and join in social prayer. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of this life; most of my diet consists of boiled corn, pastry, pudding, etc. I sleep on a bundle of straw; my labor is hard and extremely difficult and I have little appearance of success to comfort me. The Indians have no land to live on but what the Dutch people lay claim to, and these threaten to drive them off. They have no regard to the souls of the poor Indians, and by what I can learn, they hate me because I came to preach to them. But what makes all my difficulties grievous to be borne is that God hides his face from me."

It was hard for him to master the Indian language, and to obtain instruction he frequently rode twenty miles to Stockbridge to visit a missionary there, a Mr. Sergeant, who willingly helped him. After a year's labor David Brainerd persuaded the Indians under his charge to remove to Stockbridge because he thought Mr. Sergeant was better fitted to work for them; then he set out to meet the commissioners of the Society in New Jersey and told them he was ready for work elsewhere. He was at once sent to the Indians encamped on the Forks of the Delaware. Just about the time came several invitations to him to become pastor of New England churches. This was somewhat of a temptation, but he says: "Resolved to go on then with the Indians, if Divine Providence permitted, although I had be-

fore felt some inclination to go to East Hampton, where I was educated to go." His journey through the wilderness was begun in a heavy rain-storm. Crossing the Hudson River, he traveled one hundred miles beyond, and in May, 1744, he reached a small Dutch and Irish settlement a dozen miles from the Indian encampment. He was utterly exhausted by the journey and his heart sunk within him at the thought of his responsibilities. However, he was slightly cheered from the fact that the natives were willing to hear him, but he was terribly shocked in witnessing some of their funeral rites. Another long journey was in prospect, for orders came to him to come to New Jersey to be ordained. After all this strain of hard travel and excitement he fell sick and was obliged to delay his return to the Delaware. The kindness of friends to him in his illness astonished him, for he did not think himself worthy of any favor from God or man. When again able to begin work he was overshadowed with gloom. "To the eye of reason," he says, "everything that respects the conversion of the heathen is as dark as midnight."

The obstacles in his way were many. His poor health, his low spirits and especially the lack of confidence the Indians had in the religious life of the white man, made it extremely difficult for Brainerd to win their trust. He took great pains to intercede with the white settlers for more land, where the

Indians might live in peace. Their horrible rites at feasts sometimes overwhelmed him with horror, and on one of these occasions, after a mighty wrestling in prayer he went into the midst of the Indians and persuaded them to cease their wild antics and to gather about him and listen to the Word of the Lord. This was followed by great depression on Brainerd's part, and an illness of several weeks, from which he recovered sufficiently to undertake a journey of four hundred and twenty miles. This trip so far restored him that he was able to undertake another one with a friend to visit the Indians at Susquehanna. An accident occurred on the edge of a precipice, Brainerd's horse threw him and the animal, injuring himself on the rocks, had to be killed. On arriving at the encampment they were cordially received by the Indians and a great hunting expedition was put off at Brainerd's request so that he might have more time to teach them.

They argued with him and raised objections to Christianity, on the ground of the bad examples set by so-called Christians. They had taught the natives much evil and inflamed them with the love of drink. The influential ones among the Indians could not reconcile these things with Brainerd's teachings. Their dread of being enslaved by the white men was very great. Besides, their attachment to their own forms of religion was another obstacle in the way. Brainerd's health constantly

menaced him. He writes: "I long to do much in a little time, and if it might be the Lord's will to finish my work speedily in this tiresome world. I am sure I do not desire to live for anything in this world, and through grace I am not afraid to look the King of Terrors in the face."

Brainerd used an interpreter, his knowledge of the language not being sufficient for his work. This man, after a profession of faith, he baptized in May, 1745. Then they set out on a journey of over one hundred miles to the Susquehanna. This appears to have been Brainerd's second visit to this region. Storms overtook them, their horses ate a poisonous plant, and the only shelter to be found was a little hut of bark. They passed through some seven or eight different tribes, all of whom were hostile to Christianity, and only a few were found willing to listen to Brainerd. Some Indians who had been at his first station recognized him with pleasure. Before the return, or by the time the Forks of the Delaware were again reached, a distance of over three hundred miles had been traveled by Brainerd and his companion.

A little house for shelter had to be built in three localities for the benefit of the missionary, his flock were so scattered. This interpreter and his wife were the first Indians baptized by Brainerd.

The Indians were like children needing constant care and watchful guidance. Brainerd gave his

opinions of the Indian nature, which have been preserved. Some are as follows: "The Indians are a poor and indigent people; they have been brought up in idleness and know little about cultivating land, or indeed, of engaging vigorously in any other business. So that I am obliged to instruct them in, as well as press them to, the performance of their work, and to have the oversight of all their secular business. They have little or no ambition or resolution. Not one in a thousand of them has the spirit of a man. The concern I have had for the settling of these Indians in New Jersey in a compact form, in order to their being a Christian congregation, in the capacity of enjoying the means of grace, the care of managing their worldly business in order to this end, and to their having a comfortable livelihood, has been more pressing to my mind, and cost me more labor and fatigue for several months past than all my other work among them."

David Brainerd now made a small Indian town his headquarters and from there he visited the numerous tribes living in that region. Some signs of success now cheered him; the natives began to show signs of being deeply impressed with his teachings and many with tears sought for grace. A revival began in Susquehanna. The whole Indian population suddenly felt "a most surprising concern." Multitudes came to hear the truth. Brainerd baptized a number of these native converts, amid

a large assembly. After it had dispersed he gave these converts counsel as to their future conduct, and they took hold of each other's hands as a sign of the new covenant of Christian brotherhood into which they had entered. Brainerd visited the king of the Delaware Indians and he tried to converse with the chiefs when they were sober. In visiting the Indians at Invocante Islands he had hard work either to get them together to listen to him, or make himself understood, as he then had no interpreter but a pagan. One priest whom he met seemed struggling diligently to find the true God. On his return to his station he writes: "To be with those seemed like being banished from God and all his people; to be with these, like being admitted into his family and the enjoyment of his Divine presence."

The first congregation that listened to Brainerd consisted of four women and a few children, but ere long crowds gathered to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" The love for drink became greatly lessened among the natives and they began to pay their debts and show more kindly feeling toward one another. During this period of work Brainerd traveled over three thousand miles. He was especially eager to secure funds for a school in which to gather the children. During all this time he was misrepresented by the white men and the Indians, and was constantly exposed to danger. Several visits were made to the representatives of the Society at Eliza-

bethtown, to talk over with them his plans for the enlargement of the work.

Brainerd had a new trial in the illness of his schoolmaster, of whom he took the entire care, greatly impairing his health in consequence thereof. On the recovery of the school-teacher about thirty children were under instruction and fifteen married people came to be taught in the evenings. Brainerd carried out a new plan of taking with him six of his converts on his missionary tours and found them very helpful. He never found himself in danger from the Indians when traveling alone, because he was so thoroughly their friend and they knew it. After setting apart a whole day for fasting and prayer, Brainerd brought his converts together for the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. This solemn transaction was attended with much gravity and seriousness and at the same time with utmost readiness, freedom and cheerfulness, and a religious union and harmony of soul seemed to crown the whole solemnity.

In May, 1747, David Brainerd made a visit to Northampton, and while at the home of his friend, Jonathan Edwards, a physician was called in to see him and pronounced him a confirmed consumptive, with no hope of recovery. He was advised to ride as much as possible; this he did, visiting place after place. In the effort he suffered much. "There is no rest but in God; fatigues of body and anxieties

of mind attend us both in town and country; no place is exempted." We have no record that Brainerd ever went among the Indians after his case was pronounced hopeless.

While in Elizabethtown he was very sick, after which he was able to reach Boston in time to meet members of the Society who were examining into the work. A legacy having been left the Society, a sum of money was appropriated to support two new missionaries, who were to go and work among the Indians of the six nations. These two men Brainerd saw and advised them in regard to methods of work. While at Boston he was very ill, yet able to write to his two brothers, one of whom was to succeed him in the work among the Indians; actually commenced his labors before the death of David. Many ministers and others visited him, and many were the lessons of patience taught by the sight of his young life about to close after such years of toil for his Master. He so far rallied as to take a week's journey to Northampton, riding sixteen miles a day. He was hospitably received at the home of Jonathan Edwards, and Mr. Edwards' daughter nursed him for nineteen weeks. He was fortunately persuaded not to destroy his journals and letters. August 16, 1747, he attended church for the last time. His brother John, who had taken up his work among the Indians, visited him and brought him good news of his people, besides many manuscripts

and his diary which had been left behind. He became greatly attached to the daughter of Mr. Edwards, and his farewell to her was very affecting. She, too, died the following February, in her eighteenth year. On Friday, October 9, 1747, David Brainerd closed his earthly career, leaving behind him a spotless record of a life spent in the service of Christ.

His life and work emphasize the truth of the words written by another, that, "It is happily possible for a white man to have a heart full of Christ-like affection for his red brother, who, on his part, is not slow in reciprocating the fellowship of a common salvation."

REV. HENRY MARTYN, A.B., B.D.

BORN FEBRUARY 18, 1781.

DIED OCTOBER 16, 1812.

The subject of this sketch was born February 18, 1781, in the town of Truro, Cornwall County, England. His parents were of humble life, but had high ambitions for their son. He was not a strong nor precocious child, but a good-natured, plain little fellow, shy and unobtrusive. At seven years of age he was sent to one of the best schools in Cornwall, and although he did not appear to study hard he always did himself credit. One of his chief attractions was a loving, sunny temperament. At fourteen he became a candidate for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but failed to secure it. In after life he was glad that this venture did not prove successful, for being so young then he might easily have yielded to the temptations of college life. Two more years at school were followed by a highly successful career at St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he applied himself assiduously to his work and gained an enviable standing in the examinations. One of his great desires was to gratify his father's ambitions for him. An-

other impetus to work was the influence of a college friend, who, through his school-days as well, had been his champion and adviser.

Henry Martyn was self-depreciating, and at times given to fits of anger of which he was always heartily ashamed afterward. As yet he had not become a Christian. This particular college friend had, he says, "attempted to persuade me that I ought to attend to reading, not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God. This seemed strange to me but reasonable. I resolved, therefore, to maintain this opinion thenceforth, but never designed, that I can remember, that it should affect my conduct." On a visit to his home he regrets deeply that his conduct was not dutiful to his dear father, whom he lost a short time afterward. This sorrow led him to his Bible and he began to appreciate the solicitude of his sister for his salvation.

His college honors were most gratifying to his friends, but he found no complete happiness in them. The University bestowed its highest rewards on him, that of being appointed senior wrangler of his year. But his mind was not at rest until he came under the influence of a certain minister, Rev. Charles Simeon. Under his preaching and personal care he decided to become a Christian and devote his entire life to the service of God. He gave up his previous desire to be a lawyer, and in a letter to his sister he acknowledges that she was the means of

bringing him to a serious condition of mind and a deep interest in nobler, more worthy aims in life.

Reading the memoir of David Brainerd and hearing a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Simeon, in behalf of missions, very deeply impressed Henry Martyn with the desire to work in foreign fields. One of his vacations he spent in a tour among the Welsh Mountains, giving up a great deal of time to thought and study of the Bible. He offered himself to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, but time showed that he was not to be sent out by this means.

Henry Kirke White, a young man of rare abilities, came to St. John's College, and Martyn and he formed a friendship most congenial, which was, however, cut short by the early death of the young poet.

In October of 1803, Henry Martyn was ordained deacon in the Church of England, in Ely Cathedral. He became curate to Mr. Simeon in Holy Trinity Church, Cambridge, and also had the care of the parish of Lolworth, near by. The young preacher was very much impressed by the admonitory advice of an old man who came up to him at the close of a service and exhorted him "to show his hearers that they were perishing sinners; to be much engaged in prayer, and to labor after an entire consecration of himself to Christ."

The opening of 1804 brought disaster to Martyn

and the sisters dependent upon him. This came to them in the loss of their small patrimony. He was at once in a state of indecision as to what was the best course to pursue. By consulting his friends at London, he succeeded with their aid in securing a position as Chaplain to the troops in the East. The East India Company gave him this appointment, but his departure was somewhat delayed, as he was obliged to wait until he was twenty-four years old before he could be ordained priest. Some time was spent in London in preparation for his departure, but in due time he was ordained priest at the chapel of St. James.

Martyn was at no time an eloquent speaker but was pre-eminently earnest in manner. The chapel of St. John, Bedford Row, can still be seen, where he preached several times before leaving for new and untried scenes.

The study of Hindustani occupied much of his time in London, and a source of comfort was found in the friendship of two preachers of eminence, Mr. Cecil and Dr. Newton. On one occasion, when the autograph letter of Schwartz was shown to him by one of these friends, Martyn was overcome with a sense of humiliation, and at the time he first caught sight of the East India ship that was to carry him far away from home and friends, his feelings of mingled joy and apprehension almost overwhelmed him. His nervous system was in a very low condi-

tion, and while on the trip from London to Portsmouth he was attacked with convulsions. At the time of parting with friends a gift of a silver compass from Mr. Simeon and his people was especially appreciated.

In his letter of thanks to them, he expresses himself thus: "Remember me sometimes at your social meetings, and particularly at that which you hold on the Sabbath morning. Pray not only for my soul—that I may be kept faithful unto death—but also especially for the souls of the poor heathen. Whether I live or die, let Christ be magnified by the ingathering of multitudes to himself. I have many trials awaiting me and so have you, but that covenant of grace in which we are interested provides for the weakest and secures our everlasting welfare."

The vessel stopped at Falmouth, and this gave Henry Martyn an opportunity to see for the last time a young lady to whom he was very much attached. Sometime after reaching India he wrote, offering himself to her. But she, from conscientious motives, refused to marry him, though blighting her own and his happiness for life by doing so. It seems she had previously been engaged to another gentleman, but the engagement having been broken, he had married another person; notwithstanding, she considered herself bound to him. Her mother was not favorable to the idea of her daughter's accepting Martyn, so the opportunity of her life was lost. Their correspond-

ence continued, but it was little comfort to the young missionary. On board ship Martyn talked, preached and prayed with the soldiers and many others, with little or no apparent results.

At San Salvador, where there was a delay for some time, our traveler made friends with an interesting family, who gave him a cordial welcome to their house. The son of the household had been educated at a Portuguese university, and as soon as it was learned that Martyn was from Cambridge he was shown unusual hospitality. He visited some Franciscan monks and argued with them in matters of faith in the cloisters of the monastery. Then he was conducted into a cell, where the dispute was continued. He was surrounded by a number of the fathers; the conversation was carried on in Latin; some of them became angry, others were simply jesting. As evening came on, Martyn felt some apprehension, but he was politely and safely conducted to the entrance and given a courteous adieu. His experiences at San Salvador had been so pleasant, that it was with sorrow that he left his newly made friends.

On his return in the boat to the ship he was sorely tried by the songs of the boatmen, all of which were in praise of the false prophet. He talked seriously with a companion, and all the satisfaction he received was, "What more could be necessary than simply to tell mankind that they must be sober and honest."

The young missionary felt thoroughly discouraged and says: "I never felt so strongly what a nothing I am. All my clear arguments are good for nothing; unless the Lord stretch out his hand, I speak to stones."

When the Cape was reached the soldiers immediately began fighting with the Dutch, and all of Martyn's time was occupied in ministering to the wounded and dying. His sensitive nature shrank with horror from the manifestations of exultation on the victors' part.

India was reached on April 22, 1806, and he found that his advent was in direct answer to prayer. Revs. David Brown, Carey and Ward welcomed him. The position of all missionaries in India was anything but comfortable at this period. Hostility and opposition awaited them on all sides. Especially did Martyn stand in a peculiar position as representing the evangelicalism of Charles Simeon. Rev. Mr. Brown became his warm friend. He had a home some miles from Calcutta and in his grounds was a pagoda, which he offered to Martyn as a shelter and study. The latter says: "Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of life, who could have guessed a few years ago that I should have at last found a house in an Indian pagoda." Here he carried on his work of translation, for he determined that the Scriptures should be put into the language of the natives. He had been commissioned to preach to the English and not to

the natives, but his heart was full of love and sympathy for them. He had once said: "To be prevented from going to the heathen would almost break my heart."

His study of Hindustani was most patiently and diligently carried on with the help of a Brahmin. While taking a walk one day, he vainly attempted to rescue a young woman from a burning pyre, where she was sacrificing her life according to the horrible rite of Suttee (widows dying with their husbands).

An attack of fever seized Martyn and reduced his naturally frail constitution so much that he seemed to be on the verge of the grave. He was expected to preach at the mission church and at the New Church, and his belief in justification by faith and his spirituality instantly created opposition and protest.

On the eve of his departure for Dinagepore, a military station some distance up the Ganges, Martyn, with some of his friends, gathered in the pagoda in Mr. Brown's gardens, and again he consecrated himself to his work. Two new missionaries, Corrie and Parsons, together with Mr. Brown and Dr. Marshman, accompanied him a short distance up the river, and after another service in the small cabin of the boat, Henry Martyn was left alone to pursue his way among wood scenes and an idolatrous people. His moonshee, with whom he immediately began the work

of translating the Scriptures, was quite ready during a fierce storm to hope that God would protect them, but as soon as all danger was passed he resumed his spirit of perfect indifference. Martyn followed the plan of leaving the boat every morning and going on shore to shoot game for his meals, as well as to distribute tracts among the natives. Then the remainder of his day was spent in careful work with the moonshee in translating.

His attempts to approach the people were not very successful, for women and children fled from him and the men were entirely indifferent. One day he went into an idol house and talked with a Brahmin, who became sufficiently interested to ask, "Is idol worship true or false?" An accident happened one day which, fortunately, did not prove disastrous. The tow-rope breaking, the heavy old boat went swinging down the river at the rate of seven miles an hour, finally running aground, so that Martyn was able to get ashore. Here he spent a few hours alone in prayer and meditation. On arriving at Berhampore, the first military station, he visited a hospital, where he met a surgeon who proved to be a former school-fellow and townsman. Martyn did not always show tact in approaching others on the subject in which he felt so much interest. For instance, wishing to preach to the soldiers at the hospital, he went there one morning before any of the patients were up and went away greatly disappointed, because

they did not arouse themselves and assemble to hear him preach. This method of procedure made some sneer and others laugh. His moonshee disputed with him the authenticity of the Bible, saying, "How can you prove this Book (putting his hand on the Gospels) to be the Word of God?" The Hindu believed that the actual words of Jesus had been burned by the Jews.

On learning the language, Martyn's method was to carry a notebook with him and write down every new word that he heard. Not only was he busied with translating the Scriptures into Hindustani, but he was learning the Persian tongue, which was to lead to the noblest achievement of his life. His tract distributing was misunderstood by the natives. They supposed that free copies of the sacred book of Ramayana were being given away, and they thronged the boat. Their superstitions, idolatry, and dislike of the English were formidable barriers to the work. Martyn wrote: "What a wretched life shall I lead if I do not exert myself from morning till night in a place where, through whole territories, I seem to be the only light!"

It was after arriving at Dinagepore that he wrote, offering himself to the young lady previously mentioned, Miss Grenfell, and after months of suspense he received her refusal. This was a terrible blow to him, but he found relief in devoting himself still more assiduously to his studies. His

mornings were occupied with study of Sanscrit, the afternoons with the Behar dialects, and the evenings in translating the Parables into the vernacular. He writes: "I peg as hard as ever we did for our degrees at Cambridge. Such a week of labor I have never passed, not excepting even the last week before going into the Senate House. I have read and corrected the manuscript copies of my Hindustani Testament so often that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible, often at ninety-eight degrees, the nights insupportable."

As soon as his duties as Chaplain began he met with the same opposition from the English that he had at Calcutta, and he became extremely unpopular. He remained undaunted, and says: "Let me labor for fifty years amidst scowl and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for my soul in eternity, nor even worse for it in time." There was an idea prevalent that if Martyn preached to the natives the government would be in danger, so when twelve thousand Mahratta troops arrived at the station, every effort on his part to preach to them was regarded with suspicion. So he turned to the children and undertook to support with his own money five schools. Again opposition met him and a panic was created from the fear that he was going to make all the children Christians. Throngs of people collected around one of these schools and the teachers and children fled. Martyn was equal to the

emergency and quieted the excitement and restored order to the schools.

Here and there he found a gleam of encouragement. One officer became a Christian; a learned Brahmin copied the Ten Commandments, which Martyn had rendered into Sanscrit. The ignorance on every side was dense. One Indian princess, to whom he had sent a copy of the New Testament, in Hindustani, wished to know if she should pray, bow or make a salaam to the book, in order that it should be of some advantage to her. Martyn was urged to leave Dinagepore and become the minister of the Mission Church of the Presidency. This he declined.

His literary work was now so absorbing that he had both a Hindustani and an Arabian scholar to assist him. The Prayer-Book was translated into Hindustani, and a Commentary upon the Parables was also prepared. The Arabian, Sabat by name, proved a source of great trouble to the missionary, on account of his terrible temper. He even went so far as to write a letter, complaining of his master, to the British President. This was returned to Mr. Martyn, and he requested Sabat to read it to him. Not wishing to read it, the humbled servant fell at his master's feet, begging forgiveness.

Sad news came to Henry Martyn now of the death of his eldest sister, and shortly after the word that his youngest sister was also gone.

In April, 1809, he was summoned to go to Cawn-

pore to take the chaplaincy of the troops there. It was a most fatiguing journey of several hundred miles, and as April in the upper provinces of Hindustan is a very unfavorable season for traveling, Martyn was very near death's door on his arrival at the home of Mrs. Sherwood, who was always a firm friend of his. After the manuscript of his Persian New Testament had been looked over by the authorities at Calcutta, it was returned to the tireless student for revision. It was said to abound with Arabian idioms. In order to perfect this work Martyn determined to journey to Persia. His work at Cawnpore had been arduous. His custom there was to preach to the crowds of beggars from the veranda of his house. Besides this he instructed the native women and comforted the sick and needy.

Mrs. Sherwood gives a good description of him in her autobiography: "He was dressed in white and looked very pale; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine Charity that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape and form; the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer."

At Cawnpore he was able to open a place of worship, and had the satisfaction of preaching in it once before his departure. At Calcutta, he had the pleas-

ure of meeting his old friend, Rev. Mr. Brown, once again. One who saw him at this time wrote to Rev. Charles Simeon thus: "He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius and what gigantic strides he takes in everything. He has some great plan in his mind, of which I am no competent judge; but as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble and exhausted frame."

All his friends at Calcutta were shocked at the change that four years had wrought in him. He obtained sick leave, and facing this new experience in life, he writes: "I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing the things which shall befall me there, but assured that an ever-faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go." Just upon leaving he preached a sermon at the anniversary of the Calcutta Bible Society, in which he entreated the "Christians in India to do something to supply their nine hundred thousand fellow-believers in that country with the Holy Scriptures." His health improved while he remained at Bombay.

On April 14, 1811, the coast of Persia was reached, and going on shore at Muscat, Martyn wrote to his friend, Miss Grenfell. A slave boy whom he met here in a garden interested him exceedingly, and he gave the lad a copy of the Gospels in Arabic. Martyn at once adopted the Persian cos-

tume and let his beard grow, which necessarily changed his appearance very much.

The journey across the plains of Persia to Shiraz was now begun. The heat was often intense, but sometimes they were able to pitch their tents by crystal streams. At Shiraz he was completely absorbed with the task of translating afresh the New Testament into Persian. A prominent native received him at his house, and this man's brother-in-law became a helper in the work of translation. Many of the great and learned visited Martyn here, and his host pitched a tent for his use in his gardens, but this did not preclude people from thronging to see this stranger, who some thought had journeyed to Persia in order to become a Musselman.

He was presented to a certain noted prince, Abbas Mirzas, and shortly after he obtained leave from a professor of the Mohammedan law to discuss religion publicly. In these discussions with the Molahs, Martyn gained a victory.

A stay of ten months was made at Shiraz, then a long trip was undertaken to Tabriz to secure an introduction from the British Ambassador before presenting his Testament to the Shah. This journey shattered his already weak frame terribly, and but for the kind care he received at the house of this same Ambassador he would have succumbed. From there he started on a journey of thirteen hundred miles to Constantinople. While he was so ill at

Tabriz, his New Testament translation was presented to the Shah. On this last journey he was brutally hurried forward when very ill by his Tartar attendant, and on reaching Tokut, October 16, 1812, Henry Martyn, alone, uncared for and unknown, died a most pathetic death. His mourning friends afterward searched for his remains and found them beneath a huge stone, which a stream had left bare. They were properly reinterred and a stone erected to his memory, with an inscription in English, Armenian, Persian and Turkish, declaring that he was, "One who was known in the East as a man of God."

REV. JAMES CALVERT

BORN JANUARY 3, 1813.

DIED MARCH 8, 1892.

To all who are working and praying for the extension of Christian missions in foreign lands, the life, labors and triumphs of Rev. James Calvert in Fiji are an inspiration and a hope. The glorious result is an example of the wonderful success that may be obtained among a most degraded people. All that was accomplished in cannibal Fiji, where the inhabitants were unrivalled for the blackest acts of savage cruelty, and were sunk in atrocious crimes of the deepest dye, can be achieved in all earth's darkest places, for no horrors were greater and no savagery deeper than among this cannibal race.

Among the names of noble Yorkshiremen, few are more illustrious than that of James Calvert, who was born at Pickering, York, England, January 3, 1813. His early education was received at Malton, and he was then apprenticed for seven years to a printer, bookbinder and stationer.

On April 8, 1831, he fully embraced the Christian faith, and from that time abandoned every evil

way, and earnestly devoted his energies for the good of all men.

After removing to Beverly, and subsequently to Colchester, he qualified himself for a business life; but at Colchester the minister recognized in him unusual talents for great usefulness in mission work. Being urged and inspired by the appeals of his pastor, he went, in 1837, to Hoxton Academy, to prepare for foreign service. Here he met John Hunt, who became his warm friend and co-worker.

As these two young men were pursuing their studies, there came a powerful and most urgent appeal in behalf of cannibal Fiji. They were stirred by the call, and, notwithstanding the hazardous work, they determined to labor for these degraded cannibals in the distant islands of the South Pacific Ocean.

After Mr. Calvert's appointment by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, he journeyed to Buckinghamshire, and there, in March, 1838, married Mary Fowler, whose devoted, patient labors and heroic powers of endurance aided him materially in the success of his work in far-off Fiji.

About one month after their marriage they sailed for New South Wales, from which place they embarked for Fiji, October 25, 1838, with John Hunt and Rev. T. J. Jagger as associates in their courageous work. After a most trying and uncomfortable

voyage, they reached Lakemba, one of the chief islands, in December.

Rev. W. Cross and David Cargill had previously established a little mission on Lakemba. These two were the pioneers who, at fearful cost, had risked their lives, endured persecutions and had struggled on through almost insurmountable difficulties, working, hoping and praying for the uplifting of these cruel, demoralized islanders. With what joy they now welcomed the arrival of James Calvert and John Hunt !

At once, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert began the study of the language. Six months later Mr. Calvert was in charge of a wide and laborious circuit, including thirteen towns, connected by no roads, and with scarcely a safe footpath between them, besides twenty-four surrounding islands, some of which were over one hundred miles distant, with hardly a seaworthy canoe available by which to reach the vicious inhabitants. Yet with patience, endurance and courage each difficulty was overcome, and before many months he had journeyed hundreds of miles, by canoe and on foot, to meet the people.

Mrs. Calvert soon mastered the language, and to her simple island home came the dark-skinned girls and women. With pitying tenderness she patiently taught these unfortunate creatures to sew, to read, to sing and to care better for their families and their homes. Her gentle, unselfish, loving service, her

power to comfort them in their sorrows, her ability to raise them above their sin and degradation, exerted a great influence among the native women. She was in every way her husband's helper.

Constantly working, teaching and ministering, the two toiled on, yet they were continually called upon to endure some personal annoyance, or witness some horrible deed of satanic cruelty. At first, the natives seemed to take especial delight in pilfering various articles from the homes of the missionaries. At one time a bold robbery was cunningly planned by the natives and accomplished with success. A hole was noiselessly and cleverly cut in the reed wall of one of their houses, and through this greedy hands were thrust and many articles of wearing apparel were safely pulled out. The king, however, disapproved of this conduct, and, in true Fijian style, cut off a finger from the hands of several children related to the culprits. Gradually, as Mr. Calvert met the erring rogues in their homes, their feeling of distrust toward him grew into confidence. Nevertheless, the cunning duplicity of these ignorant Fijians was exemplified nearly every day, and each instance called for marvelous tact, perseverance and courage from Mr. and Mrs. Calvert.

The king, Tui Nayau, showed no greater interest now in the Christians and their work than he did in the days of Mr. Cargill, although Mr. Calvert tried to persuade him to accept the truth. Once Mr. Cal-

vert asked him if the people in a certain place might join the Christians if they wished. The king graciously acquiesced and said he believed Christianity was a good thing and people should please themselves in matters of religion. Mr. Calvert started off with a joyful heart, delighted and happy to tell them the good news. Before he reached the town, however, he learned that the king had hastily sent a message there before him, forbidding any one to become a Christian, under penalty of banishment. Did any king ever excel in greater duplicity?

A printing-press was sent out with this missionary party in 1838. Mr. Calvert's thorough and early knowledge of printing and bookbinding was now of great use to him. The natives looked with amazement at the press and the work accomplished by its use. They marvelled at the working of the wonderful machine. They danced about it, bowed to it, knelt to it. "It is a god!" they cried. It was indeed a god, whose power was beyond that of any god they had ever worshiped. Soon a vocabulary and a grammar, in the Lakemban dialect, were ready for use. This printing-press was later moved about from one island to another, and from it were issued thousands of helpful papers, while in 1847 a complete and well-bound New Testament was ready for the natives.

On the island of Oneata the work was productive of great good. A church and school were established and many of the natives took an active part in

the work. Tui Nayau himself showed less hostility, and when, in 1842, he learned that some industrious inhabitants had built a larger chapel, he sent a message requesting all the people to join the "Lotu"—as they called the profession of the Christian religion. Many who were only waiting for this sanction immediately renounced their heathen worship. Among these were the leading chief and the priest of the island. The inhabitants of Oneata were of superior intelligence, industry and enterprise, and so they proved a great acquisition to Christianity in Fiji.

It was remarkable to note what an unexpected sturdiness of character the native Christians evinced. With martyr-like courage and wonderful loyalty, many endured persecution, exile, torture and even death rather than compromise their principles.

Once when a ferocious king came to visit one of the islands, arrangements were made to have the festivities observed on a Sunday, but in this the Christian natives refused to take a part, although in refusing they risked the displeasure of the king, who had threatened to kill and eat any subject who would not obey his commands. When the time came, the Christians were rigidly true to their determination, and strange to say, the king permitted them to do homage and offer tribute on the following day. So well did these people observe the Sabbath that no canoe was seen putting out to sea on that day—unless it was carrying a preacher to some island—and

no bribe was tempting enough to cause a Christian native to climb a tree for a cocoanut. The same degree of energy and force which had been directed to the greatest wickedness was now used for the greatest good. A severe test of their adherence to the Sabbath keeping happened when two of their most popular and elaborate festivals fell on a Sunday. The act of self-denial in not participating in these was most praiseworthy.

The conversion of the daughter of the king had great influence among the natives. She became seriously ill and, according to Fijian custom, the king endeavored to appease the supposed anger of the gods by ordering large offerings to be made. Thousands of fine taro roots were baked. Nineteen large puddings, from fifteen to twenty-one feet in circumference, were baked and presented, but still the king's daughter grew worse. At length Mr. Calvert was called. He left medicine, which, while restoring consciousness, caused her to toss about restlessly. The king, thinking this was a sure sign she was worse, grew angry, and threatened Mr. Calvert, who speedily ran home for his life. The following day the king sent word that his daughter was better. She was finally taken to Mr. Calvert's house, given especial care by his devoted wife, grew strong and well, became converted and was an active worker in the missionary church.

Days and weeks passed in caring for the sick,

preaching after long journeys, teaching crowds and meeting the multitude. Ten years Mr. and Mrs. Calvert lived on Lakemba, constantly enduring hardships, yet ever hopeful and always ready to alleviate, lead and bless.

Mr. Calvert's old friend, John Hunt, who had been stationed at Viwa, died in 1848, and to this island Mr. Calvert now removed.

Mrs. Calvert's intercession before a king for mercy toward human beings who were to be butchered and eaten is a thrilling example of courage. A piratical tribe arrived at the island of Bau. To entertain them in proper style, human flesh, their greatest delicacy, must be obtained. A party of men who were sent forth to capture bodies returned with fourteen women. Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lythe were alone in their home, but hearing of this atrocious act, they, with desperate courage, hastened to the scene. The horrible noise of the death-drums was sounding, when, rushing through the excited, bloodthirsty crowd, they made their way straight to the king and rushed into his very presence, where no woman was ever allowed to enter. Forgetting their own danger, unguarded and alone, they stood before him and earnestly, piteously begged for the lives of the doomed women. The king, startled and amazed at their audacity, and moved by their earnestness, ordered the murderers to desist from their work of debauchery.

The death of a man of rank was always followed by the custom of strangling his wives, his chief servant and his mother. Often these women manifested no desire to escape their fate, but regarded it as a coveted honor. Mr. Calvert did much to abolish not only the custom of killing and eating human beings, but this practice of strangulation.

At last there came the day for which Mr. Calvert had worked, longed and prayed. On April 30, 1854, the chief ordered that the death-drums be now used to call the people together to worship the true God. What was their joy to see more than three hundred wending their way to the large "Stranger's House," and among them was the great chief with his many wives and children. It was a memorable sight, as they now knelt in adoration of the Christian's God.

In 1857, Thakombau, the king, after dismissing his many wives with all their wealth and influence, was baptized. Before his court, his ambassadors, his people, he stood up and humbly confessed his former sins and embraced the Christian faith. One thousand hearts throbbed in excitement as they listened in awe and astonishment to this king who had slain their husbands, strangled their relatives, murdered their friends and eaten their children; and now what was he saying? "I have been a bad man! I have disturbed the country. God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and the true God." The words were ear-

nestly, feelingly spoken by the man who had but a short time before approved of the basest cruelty. Beside him stood his one beloved wife. She had discarded her skirt of woven root fiber, trimmed with long grass fringe, and was neatly attired in appropriate dress. From this time the king worked constantly for the good of his people, exerting more influence than any other chief throughout the islands. One of his last acts as king was to cede Fiji to the Queen of Great Britain, in October, 1874, and to her he sent his old and favorite war club—the only known law in Fiji.

Many times Mr. Calvert's life was in imminent peril, when natives surprised him, gathered about him, brandished clubs, leveled guns and threatened to kill him as they sang their hideous death song. In each instance Mr. Calvert showed wonderful presence of mind, tact and firmness in protesting against their crime, and several times he was rescued by some native who recognized him as having done some friendly act for them. In all his work he ever declared God was constantly his leader and his deliverer.

After seventeen years of labor in Fiji, Calvert returned to England, where, in 1856, he settled at Woodbridge, revising the Old Testament translation for the British and Foreign Bible Society; but the death of the ablest worker at Fiji caused him to return to his former post, where once more he was

on his mission of teaching and ministering. Four hundred chapels, eleven ordained native ministers, two hundred and fifty local preachers and thirteen thousand church-members now formed a striking contrast to the condition of the islands in 1838.

In 1865, Mr. Calvert was again in England, and six years were spent rendering service at home for the work of foreign missions. In October, 1872, he left to aid in the South African diamond fields. His former experiences in church government enabled him to leave the church in a state of order and prosperity.

The Jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji in 1885. Mr. Calvert, hale and vigorous at seventy-two, longed to see his beloved Fijians once more and to rejoice with them, so this veteran toiler set out for his trip around the world. Forty happy days were spent in Fiji. Where there was not a single Christian in 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not an avowed heathen now in 1885. He found over thirteen hundred churches, ten white missionaries, sixty-five native ministers, over one thousand head teachers, over twenty-eight thousand church-members, more than forty-two thousand scholars in nearly two thousand schools and one hundred and four thousand five hundred and eighty-five church attendants out of a population of one hundred and sixteen thousand.

Cannibalism, widow-strangling, and infanticide

were now unheard-of cruelties, and the heart of their old devoted leader was filled to overflowing as he saw the grand results in this heathen island life.

Returning to his home in Hastings, he continued to labor for the people nearest to his heart until March 8, 1892, when his last earthly task was ended.

His was the privilege, given to few, of seeing what great results the Lord had accomplished through his service among the heathen.

REV. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK, M.D.

BORN JUNE 10, 1828.

DIED APRIL 8, 1891.

The great strides made among the missions in Hawaii, Micronesia, China and Japan during the early years of the nineteenth century illuminate the name of Gulick—that most famous family of missionaries.

Few men have been a greater power for spiritual good, have endured more varied experiences, or have left a more enduring name upon the missionary work of four countries than has Luther Halsey Gulick, upon whose plain, gray granite monument at Springfield, Mass., is engraved the simple story: "For forty years a foreign missionary."

In a modest, unpretentious missionary home in Honolulu—that city of perpetual summer—Luther Halsey Gulick was born in the year 1828. His father and mother had reached Hawaii only three months before this event, and for forty-six years they lived among these dusky people, furnishing living examples of prayerful devotion, unselfish helpfulness, self-sacrifice and love. In such an atmos-

phere this first-born son received his earliest impressions, and these were of good to all mankind.

His boyhood days were spent at Koloa, with a year at school in beautiful Honolulu. Then came the long ocean voyage to the United States, the country chosen by his parents for better educational advantages.

We can realize what must have been the pain of parting, the thought that home letters could reach him but once a year; we see the tears of playmates, the grief of the loving mother and the courage of this brave boy of twelve. The eight months' sea voyage called for bravery through weeks of homesick days and for strength to accomplish the daily tasks assigned him of washing, scrubbing, sewing, sweeping, and performing the duties of steward from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night. Weary, yet uncomplaining, he followed the call of duty. Woods Holl, near New Bedford, Massachusetts, was at last gladly welcomed.

The United States seemed desolate and cold to this lonely voyager. He was now a solitary traveler in a strange land, seeking his mother's old home. When once he had found it, the farm life in New Jersey and Connecticut became full of interest to him, and soon he was in the midst of school life at Auburn Academy, making his home with Dr. Luther Halsey, his father's friend of Princeton days. It is not strange that this quiet, thoughtful boy from

Hawaii, who studied when others played, should win more prizes than all the others. A thorough student, ambitious, persevering, and determined to succeed, at the age of fifteen he decided to devote his life to foreign missions, giving his reason in the following words: "It is the duty of each human being to choose his life-work where talent and circumstance will enable him most to glorify God." He then wrote in his journal, "I was born among the heathen. They are my countrymen and now shall I forsake them? No; I will claim the whole heathen world as my countrymen."

Thus early with earnest and youthful loyalty he resolved to take his place among the world's missionary workers.

The year 1846 was devoted to incessant study, and the dawn of each day found him pursuing his medical studies. Every hour grew increasingly precious to this ambitious youth, and in the fall of 1847 he entered the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Each Sunday he spoke in a mission chapel on Fifty-first Street, and the great desire to be a preacher was pre-eminent. To preach, to inspire, to lead, was his one ambition. This led to his organizing a Sunday-school in the same place—the embryo of his later and grand missionary work. With increasing and throbbing interest he watched for news of the movements of foreign nations. He was keenly alive

to each bit of information and his interest grew more intense each week.

How best to unite the home work to the foreign field was the object of the meeting of the American Board at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1849. Here he eagerly listened to those who had aided at home. With what delight he once more met young people from his homeland—playmates from sunny Hawaii—now fellow-students in New England.

His ever-strengthening purpose of life to be a foreign missionary here received a great impetus, and his three years of medical work were now followed by theological studies.

In 1851 the Hawaiian Missionary Society was formed as auxiliary to the American Board. During the summer young Gulick learned that a mission to one of the Micronesian islands had been projected and that the Hawaiian Island Mission was to act upon it the following May. "A Hawaiian mission with Hawaiian missionaries! How much I wish I might be one!" he exclaimed. "Why should I indulge in the luxury of a few more years of study? I will go," and with no regret, disappointment or hint of self-sacrifice, he immediately offered himself to the American Board, was examined, accepted and ordained. The intervening months were spent in hospital practice in New York City, in further study of Greek and Hebrew, in attendance upon lectures, and in reading.

On October 29, 1851, Gulick was married to Miss Louisa Lewis, an unselfish and devoted toiler in the city missionary work of New York, and on November 18 they sailed from Boston to the far-away islands of Micronesia; but as they shut out the world from their lives, each life grew to be more than the world to the other. They were of the last little company which the American Board sent to the Pacific by way of Cape Horn. There was the visit at Hawaii on the way, and what throbbing hearts greeted one another after the separation of twelve years! With what enthusiasm he was welcomed by old friends who were now to give as well as receive! How they crowded about the young man of twenty-four who had consecrated himself to the loneliness of Micronesia and was now to be their missionary in those islands three thousand miles away!

A memorable picture was afforded on that bright Sabbath in June when one thousand Hawaiian communicants celebrated the Lord's Supper. With one accord they heartily arose and freely pledged themselves with prayer and contributions zealously to follow their missionaries year after year "even until death." There was no hesitation; all were filled with the spirit of self-sacrifice, devotion and changeless love for Micronesia and the brave workers they were sending forth.

Nine days later the *Caroline*, under tropical

skies, proudly bore away the little band of heroic missionaries amid the earnest prayers that were being offered in English and Hawaiian, while surging out over the waters of Honolulu bay from hundreds of voices rose and fell the inspiring strains of Reginald Heber's grand missionary hymn.

The schooner gave scanty comfort to the twenty-four people on board, among whom were three foreign and two Hawaiian missionaries and their wives. No staterooms offered rest; no part of the service on that diminutive schooner of only one hundred tons was efficient.

How grateful to the crowded wearied passengers was the first sight of a low-lying Micronesian coral reef, with its long line of tall, graceful cocoanut and pandanus trees towering above the beach of white glistening sand!

On September 6, 1852, they reached the island of Ponape—that beautiful emerald in a setting of silver—the largest of forty-eight islands which form the Caroline group, and the one by which all Micronesia had been judged. Ten thousand bronzed, benighted people from houses hidden by hanging vines and clinging moss gazed, wondered, and then welcomed the weary voyagers. On September 29 the Caroline, their one link of connection with the Christian world, sailed away, and the history of civilization began on that isolated tree-girt island. It began with almost insurmountable difficulties for the

zealous, unshrinking ones who had come to endure, to lead, to wait, to conquer.

During the first months we see them adapting themselves to new conditions, studying the people and their language, preaching, teaching, and ministering to their physical as well as to their spiritual needs. Disappointments, heartaches, discouragements grew at last into a great hope to this tireless man, who was at once physician, carpenter, student, cook, shoemaker, blacksmith, dressmaker and preacher.

Gradually the little class of pupils increased in number. The king, who turned pale with horror when a small boy wrote his name and read it to him, was himself soon learning to read. A curious sight it was to see the tall, brown-skinned, tattooed men, the small, brown-eyed, black-haired women, and the toddling, wondering children—three generations—eagerly bending over the same hand-written, much-worn sheets of Dr. Gulick's Micronesian Primer. The members of this little class were all anxious to write or read their names, a verse or a hymn. They came any time for their lessons. From sunrise to sunset, resplendent in nature's mantle, polished, and shining with cocoanut oil, they crowded to Dr. Gulick's home—a house made of poles, reed wicker work, with a roof of sago leaves, the favorite resting place of scorpions, lizards and centipedes.

In 1854, the little school held its first exhibition,

Some of the women had learned to sew and six girls had discarded the cocoanut-leaf skirt and now stood forth royally attired in blue calico dresses, while four boys felt themselves kings in green calico sacks. Surely encouragement was present in these outward signs of approaching civilization!

Yet the faint glimmer of an occasional light was often eclipsed by utter darkness. Sickness and hunger, verging almost to starvation, was theirs to fight; the hopelessness of isolation and privation was theirs to endure, and from souls full of anguish, if not of despair, came the cry, "Our hearts are sick, our souls faint, our eyes are wearied in the watching." Ships passed, yet not one brought tidings from loved ones at home. They had looked forward to the annual return of the *Caroline* with supplies and the mail. It returned once, then word came the expense was so great, that their mail and supplies would be sent by any whaling vessel that chanced to come to Honolulu. What a piercing blow to missionary heroism! Drearily passed those thirteen months of painful waiting for news of the outside world! Marvelous forethought was required to order provisions, tools, furniture and clothing when the order consumed one year in going, the supplies were one year in coming, and not until the third year could they be used in this island solitude.

Through half of the year 1854 a smallpox epi-

demic raged, sweeping its way relentlessly across the terror-stricken island. Dr. Gulick wrote in his journal: "I have never before witnessed such wretched and harrowing misery." Day after day, as soon as he himself had recovered from the disease, he struggled to abate the ravages of the pestilence. Before the dreadful epidemic ten thousand strong, confident people roamed the island; after it, five thousand bereaved, dazed beings sought for comfort. Confidence in the power of their preacher was strengthened and there was now redoubled energy in Dr. Gulick's labors. He journeyed, preached, prayed and translated for his prostrate people as never before, and they, with renewed zeal, began their reading, writing and Bible work anew. Children taught their fathers, and husbands taught their wives. This indeed lent inspiration, but how slowly and at what great cost was it gained!

A year later Dr. Gulick helped to build the log-hewn, straw-thatched schoolhouse, chapel and hospital—buildings as beautiful in the eyes of the natives as the most magnificently sculptured cathedral or temple of an ancient king. Inexpressible joy it gave to him to see faint lights in the blackness, to inspire life amidst death, to see brutes become men; and for these traces of civilization, for chapels and for converts he had given years of patient, unremitting toil. How little had been the missionary fruit-

age in comparison with the hope! Yet brighter days were dawning.

In 1857 came their first crude printing-press. With what enthusiasm the natives waited for their tiny printed sheets of blue paper, four inches wide and five inches long! How joyfully they scanned the sixteen pages of their books, the leaves of which were lovingly stitched together by hand with thread. Were ever books more prized than this first edition of the first book printed for darkened, unlettered Micronesia? With feeble, tottering steps, with the alphabet, a few spelling exercises, a little catechism, and four hymns, Micronesia stepped into the great literary world. Through the persevering, hopeful guidance of Luther Halsey Gulick a little band of Micronesians had learned of a higher life and were each day conscious of a just and loving Father—a Ruler over all things.

In October, 1860, after nine years of continuous, unselfish service, Dr. Gulick left Micronesia for Honolulu, and from there once more visited the United States, where from city to city he journeyed and lectured, moving the masses to laughter and tears by his brilliant public addresses. He stood before the people as the first missionary who had returned from Micronesia, and their interest gave to him mental and physical strength.

In 1863 he was again in Hawaii, having accepted

the position of secretary of the Board of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. His duties multiplied. For months he was now traveling, counseling, organizing island associations, speaking to the natives, ordaining pastors, establishing churches, besides editing the first weekly newspaper printed in the native language. He was the one genius to organize forces and marshal men. His years of faithful and earnest toil here were productive of lasting results, and the impression of his effective work was never lost. In 1870 his labors at Hawaii ended.

His life at Micronesia and Hawaii had opened the gate to greater work in broader fields. His brothers, six of them, were also engaged in foreign missionary work and a sister joined the same service. The prayer of his aged father, that his children might have the glorious privilege of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, was answered. China, Japan, Micronesia, America and Spain were ministered unto by some member of this great missionary family, and now, when his oldest son was sent to Spain, the heart of the father was touched. The rich Spain of fabled castles and wealth was but a gorgeous and contrasting background to the poverty-stricken Spain of wretchedness and suffering which this self-sacrificing missionary found.

A girls' school was at once established and arrangements were made for work at different points.

Two and one-half years were spent in arduous work, when Dr. Gulick was sent to Italy. In August, 1873, he was in the sunny southland. What a contrast! From the total absence of all art in Micronesia to the very center of the world's art in Florence! He remained here a few months, then traveled extensively through Turkey, Greece and Eastern countries, laying up stores of knowledge for future use.

After twenty-five years of work for the American Board, he now received a call from that other great missionary body, the American Bible Society, and in their behalf Japan and China were offered to him as a field for work.

His work was now in the far East—in the Japan of 1876—full of mysteries, strange Oriental life and dawning civilization. He now adjusted himself to meeting new faces and making new acquaintances and missionary connections.

His wife and little family joined him here in 1877, and this happiness, added to his great and growing success, left no wish ungratified. Large responsibilities were met and conquered. He united the many chains which connected the American Missions in Japan and China with the American Bible Society in America. The circulation of the Bible was rapidly and wonderfully increased. In 1880 the sales grew to be phenomenal. Thousands of copies were sold and a new era of Bible work began

in Japan. He writes: "We printed and distributed more Scriptures than had been printed and distributed during all the previous years of Bible work in Japan—over eleven million pages printed, and over ten millions sold." He felt that the Bible house at Yokohama was one of the grand successes of his life. His plan for enlargement was followed by such rapid results during the first five years of his connection with the Society that in 1881 the larger field of China was assigned to him.

His journeys were frequent; by land and sea, in storm and sunshine, amid comforts and discomforts, he was ever helping to carry the Gospel to those who had it not. From the small beginnings at Micronesia he had moved onward step by step to the largeness of the Orient. Where he had ministered to hundreds he was now helping millions, carrying the Bible to all. Traces of his work were everywhere seen and felt long after he was no more in their midst. From a circulation of 74,800 volumes, in 1878, the number had grown to 252,875 copies, in 1887.

In connection with other work he was regularly preaching in the Union Church at Yokohama, Japan, or in China. Addresses, lectures, literary work on "The Chinese Recorder," and editorial work on the "Chinese Medical Journal" claimed hours of unsparing effort. His great work as agent of the Bible Society for the whole of China, and, finally, for

Siam, demanded more strength than he, in his intense enthusiastic activity, was able to give. He returned to the United States, weary and worn, seeking for renewed strength, which came not. Each faculty had been strained to its utmost. The heavenly gate opened noiselessly and the faithful servant passed triumphantly to the land of rest April 8, 1891.

His power of uplifting, his grasp of practical methods, his ability to organize, together with the lasting impress made upon four countries, has earned for him an unfading memory among those who have engaged in the work of the world's evangelization.

REV. GUIDO FRIDOLIN VERBECK, D.D.

BORN JANUARY 23, 1830.

DIED MARCH 10, 1898.

For nearly forty years Guido Verbeck put forth his best efforts of mind and body to transform Old Japan, with its prejudices, barbarisms and ignorance, into New Japan, with its progress, prosperity and power.

Holland, America and Japan claim this "master missionary" as their son, but it was in the picturesque little Dutch town of Zeist that he was born January 23, 1830. Here in a home of loveliness and peace called "The Koppel," eight little ones were carefully, lovingly trained for life. Under great arching elms, amid the fruit orchards, green meadows, vegetable and flower gardens, little canals and rustic bridges this boy grew to love nature, man and God. In the little Moravian church close by, with its beautiful and impressive ceremony, he was confirmed and admitted to holy communion, and from these good people he received his first desire for missionary work.

In the Moravian Institute and later at the Polytechnic Institute at Utrecht, he spent his school-days,



GUIDO FRIDOLIN VERBECK

excelling in the four languages, English, French, German and Dutch.

In September, 1852, he left Holland for America, the land of opportunity. After spending several months in the west as a civil engineer, he came east and attended the Theological Seminary at Auburn, New York. While studying here for the ministry, he often preached in German to little congregations from the beloved Fatherland.

An appeal from Japan came to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America. Japan needed Christianity. A friendliness had long existed between Japan and Holland, and as the Reformed Church of America represented both Hollanders and Americans, it was eminently fitting that the "future maker of Japan" should receive and accept the call to labor in that eastern land of thirty million souls.

On Monday, April 18, 1859, he was united in marriage to Maria Manion, who for forty years was his devoted helpmeet and wise counsellor. A month later they sailed from New York with two other missionaries and their brave wives, and on November 7, 1859, after stopping at Java, Hongkong, and Shanghai, their little vessel steamed up the beautiful Nagasaki harbor, its waters bathed in moonlight, and its city nestling at the foot of Japan's verdure-crowned hills.

This youthful missionary was now confronting a

land whose peculiar policy of isolation had for ages separated it from other nations; whose ruling dynasty boasted of forty-six centuries of unbroken succession; whose allegiance to Buddhism since its introduction, in 552 A. D., was a mighty influence; whose old systems of intrigues, feudalism and inquisition, which resulted in torture, imprisonment, crucifixion and impalement on the bamboo cross, had been countenanced for centuries. He was confronting a people who, since 1624, had banished from their shores all foreigners except the Dutch and Chinese, and who had forbidden their own inhabitants to leave the country. He had come with the hope of gaining a triumph over a religion which had no moral code, and consisted largely in imitation and deification of illustrious ancestors, veneration of fire and light and inculcation of obedience to the will of the great Mikado.

Nagasaki was then the only port which had any foreign intercourse, commerce and traffic with Europeans and Chinese. Here Dutch ships came bringing stray bits of news; Chinese junks brought an occasional book, European trading vessels left some trifle of the outside world's new science.

Slender threads were these, yet the great Murato had once picked up a book from the waves and sought to learn its contents; other men had begun to think seriously, and in 1859 there were in Japan hundreds of persons seeking for light, inquiring into

the secrets of power held by western nations, and even wishing and waiting quietly for the overthrow of the Yedo government, priestcraft, and the old dynasties.

After much difficulty and continued search Mr. Verbeck at last found a house. Among the eighty thousand inhabitants few knew he was a missionary, and this was well. His first aim, like that of a true teacher, was to gain the confidence of the people. Patiently he waited, not yet preaching, as he had before him the tedious and arduous task of learning the Japanese language. Then, too, was he not bound by treaties and authorities to desist from open propagation of a prohibited religion? Did he not see and read on little notice boards in all public places of the reward offered for violators of this law? So, quietly in his study, with eyes weary and inflamed from constant study of the queer Japanese and Chinese characters, he daily bent over his grammar and dictionary, happy in the present, trusting for the future.

This "foremost teacher of the Japanese" commenced his great work with a little Bible class of two young men. For these two he labored, preparing "helps," explaining phrases, discussing thoughts, and assigning work. They also came to him for English lessons. This work was a stepping-stone to the reading of the New Testament and Constitution of the United States.

Political clouds gathered. At Yedo, the regent had signed the Harris American Treaty. What enemies this act caused! What intense anger was aroused! On March 23, 1860, a band of men attacked the regent's escort and a battle ensued. Assassinations, incendiarisms, threatenings, conspiracies, murders were perpetrated.

A political upheaval ensued and troubles so thickened that at one time the lives of all foreigners were in danger of being sacrificed. Mr. Verbeck was warned to flee for his life, and with his wife and family he sought shelter on the island of Deshima, fronting the town, and later fled to Shanghai; but at the first opportunity, when the outlook for peace was more hopeful, he was again back at Nagasaki. Although actual danger was past, great apprehension still prevailed.

Squadrons from Great Britain, France, Holland and the United States had gathered, fought and conquered, and the Japanese had become convinced that in warfare with these foreigners they were at a disadvantage. These secluded people, who had obstinately lived in the darkness of antiquity in their "holy land of mists and riddles" emerged through shot and shell, conquered by a mightier force, a superior skill. Wise was their resolution not to oppose foreigners, but learn of them the full secrets of their greater power. Doors of greater usefulness were

opening and opportunities for higher work were coming to Mr. Verbeck.

The government soon founded a school of foreign languages and sciences, and Mr. Verbeck was made its principal at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, enabling him for many years to be a self-supporting missionary. In 1866, this leading educator of Japan assisted two young Japanese students to come to America, the first of a host, and the beginning of that mighty westward movement which followed. These young men were helped in various ways by the Reformed Church and Mission Board through the intercession of Mr. Verbeck.

From the powerful Murato came messages, asking for explanations of the Scriptures or requests for Chinese literature. In May, 1866, what was his joy and surprise to see Murato appear at his home with his two sons and a long train of followers. He said: "I am ready to believe what Jesus taught and follow him." He related the touching little story of how he found a book on the waves, that it proved to be the New Testament; he told of his difficulties in securing its translation, of its great comfort to him. The interview lasted for hours. Then Murato asked to be baptized. On the following Sunday he, with his two sons, quietly, solemnly received baptism in Mr. Verbeck's little parlor. How happy was the patient toiler! This, his first baptism of Christian

converts, filled his heart with gratitude. Until his death Murato faithfully followed Christ's commands, and at one time devoted himself assiduously to translating portions of the Bible from Chinese into Japanese.

Japanese princes sought Mr. Verbeck, extended favors to him, and earnestly begged that he would establish schools elsewhere. Distinguished men of great influence came to seek his counsel; young men who afterward held various government offices as heads of home and foreign departments, cabinet ministers and diplomatists, were daily under his influence. How largely that influence was exerted for all that is highest and noblest in a nation's life the results accomplished in later years demonstrated. Was not his studious Soyèshima in 1873 received at Peking by the Chinese Emperor as an envoy plenipotentiary from Japan? Did not his attentive Okuma become a member of the privy council of the Governor-General of Krushiu, and was not his aid of inestimable value in the revision of the nation's constitution?

In 1868 occurred the rise of the princes against the Shogun. After a brief revolution feudalism was overthrown, the Tycoon retired, the government was changed to its ancient form, the Mikado became the only ruler of Japan, and the empire took an important place in the family of nations. This march of events led to more liberal views in regard to

religion. New activities opened for this tireless leader of men. In October, 1868, he sailed for Osaka, that great commercial center of Old Japan. Here, with the eye of a practical engineer, he noted improvements in buildings, streets, bridges and waterways, but with the eye of a far-seeing missionary he noted the intelligence of the people, their capabilities, vigor, industry and increasing thirst for knowledge.

A movement was made for the establishment of a government school in Yedo, with Mr. Verbeck as one of four teachers. Instruction in military science, in political science, criminal law and medicine was desired. Who would not urge forward this movement? Mr. Verbeck, ever ready for the higher advancement of his people, favorably considered this government appointment, and so, after ten years of quiet, unseen, yet far-reaching, and solid foundation work in the safe, southwestern port of Nagasaki, he came to Yedo, the Eastern capital and the nation's center, to labor among a people who cherished a strong, anti-foreign feeling. Larger opportunities for shaping the nation's course here awaited him. Education, the foundation of a nation's advancement, and Christianity, the mightiest power in true civilization, were now largely directed by him. An Imperial University was the secret hope of all. Thirty-six of his old pupils followed him to Yedo, and hundreds of young people were soon under his

direct influence. His teaching, lectures, addresses, translations of works on law and political economy, together with New and Old Testament translations, catechisms, and tracts occupied every hour of each day and far too many of each night.

During 1869 the name of Yedo was changed to Tokio, and on the first day of this year the foreign quarter of Tokio, as well as Niigata, were opened to trade.

Japan, that secluded, ocean-bound nation, had opened its gateway to enlightened civilization. The United States and Europe served as models for many improvements. In the army and navy, in merchandise, machinery, telegraph and railway systems, in law, medicine and all sciences, western systems were introduced. There was everywhere a demand, a yearning for western knowledge. More students sought for admission into the great school. By 1870 Mr. Verbeck had engaged twelve foreigners to teach in the college of which he was principal, and in March, 1871, he wrote: "At the opening of our new term a month ago, we had one thousand students minus four; more than two hundred having been refused admittance for want of accommodation." Surely he was no longer working unseen, unknown, for throughout the entire empire his work, his life and his success were known, honored and loved.

He was constantly consulted by government officers with reference to national affairs. It was he

who recommended that German be Japan's medium of medical science; it was he who advised Iwakura that Japan form a national army, navy and coast defence; it was he who, always ready and ever wisely, gave these people his advice upon matters vital to the best interests. His wisdom was a potent factor in the development of the country. So great was the reputation he had gained, so great was the confidence he had won, that from any and every part of the empire came people from the highest to the lowest class to consult with him upon any and every subject—and all this was given freely, willingly, lovingly, and in five different languages.

Among the world's great events of 1871 was the dispatch of Japan's great embassy to America and Europe. In this supreme movement Guido F. Verbeck was the wise originator, the silent organizer; for, two years previous, on June 11, 1869, he had proposed, outlined and sent to Okuma this wonderful plan. By this embassy Mr. Verbeck hoped to accomplish, or at least bring nearer, the desired toleration of Christianity in this Sunrise Land. What an awakening soul-satisfying visit was that of Japan's leading statesmen to western countries! What a wise route had been planned for them by their great educational leader! Through them their nation solved the problem of the greater power in other countries—learned that Christianity stands first and foremost. Impressions and convictions tel-

ographed by them to their home country caused new life-giving currents to set into motion the nation's vast, yet unused machinery of capabilities. Anti-Christian edicts, prohibiting the introduction of foreign religions, disappeared from the public walls of the cities; the old order of things was fast changing to the new. The time for which Guido Verbeck had longed, prayed and worked was near at hand.

Modestly, but with characteristic tact, Mr. Verbeck wrote out and gave to the Minister of Religious Affairs a "Rough Sketch of Laws and Regulations for the Better Control of Church Affairs in Japan," showing what might be done. These eighty-one articles had required hours of the deepest thought, but how cheerfully given to a land awakened, inspired, triumphant; where toleration had been won, fanaticism conquered, persecution abandoned, priestcraft rebuked, Buddhism disestablished, Christian churches organized, and civilization adopted.

After occasional visits to his old home in Zeist, to other European countries, and to the United States, after speaking everywhere for the cause of Japan, he was again back among his people, offering incalculable aid to the government, being in 1874 its direct adviser. In 1877 his services with the government ceased. As a testimony to his long, loyal, and valuable service, the Emperor bestowed upon him the decoration of the third class of the Order of the Rising Sun.

With great activity he now devoted his superb energies to organizing churches, lecturing, preaching, translating and teaching. In July, 1887, he completed his translation of the Psalms, one of the most beautiful and successful of missionary translations. In 1889 he was in Europe and America visiting and speaking in many of the Reformed Churches. In the fall of 1897 his health demanded a lessening of labor. The life given unceasingly for others wore out rapidly, and on March 10, 1898, the telegraph wires carried the sad news of his death.

A faithful leader, a devoted friend, a loving brother, constantly ministering to his fellow-men, ever toiling for their highest good, and for their country's greatest power had been the aim of this unselfish worker, "Verbeck of Japan." It was largely his discernment of capabilities, his direction, his advice, that helped Japan to surprise the world in 1894.

What heights may yet be attained by the Japanese, what goal may yet be won, actuated by his power and influence, the future alone can show.

ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

BORN APRIL 25, 1806.

DIED FEBRUARY 12, 1878.

Conspicuous among those whose achievements have formed an essential factor in the enlightenment of India is the name of Alexander Duff. He was born on a farm in the little village of Moulin, Scotland, on April 25, 1806. His parents belonged to that sturdy race of Scottish yeomen whose self-reliance and dauntless courage have contributed greatly to Scotland's success. His father's deep sympathy and interest in foreign missions were imparted to his boy, and some of the granitic power and endurance of the distant Grampian hills seemed to become a part of his character.

In 1814 he attended an academy near Dunkeld, and then spent three years at Kirkmichael School. Later, at the University of St. Andrews, under the ennobling influence of the great Dr. Chalmers, that ardent and enthusiastic worker and eloquent preacher, he was aroused to offer his life for foreign missions.

Nothing deterred this young man of indomitable energy, and with his youthful wife, his constant and

faithful helpmeet, he sailed for Calcutta, India, on October 14, 1829, on the *Lady Holland*.

Few voyages have been more perilous. One danger was passed only to meet a greater in the destructive force of raging winds and waves. At Madeira, where they landed, a violent hurricane struck the ship and ruthlessly swept it out to sea, where for three weeks its fate was unknown. When it returned and the passengers re-embarked, they immediately learned of neighboring pirates, and for safety sought the protection of the Cape Verde Islands. On the African coast a furious gale dashed the fated ship on hidden rocks. By skillful management small boats brought the passengers through the driving surge to a desert island, where for some time they subsisted on penguins' eggs, which they cooked on fires made of dried grass and seaweed. All their possessions, including Mr. Duff's large and valuable library, were lost in this shipwreck. A brig from Cape Town at last rescued them, but here they were again delayed until, by the payment of two hundred and sixty-two pounds more than the original fare, they secured a passage in March, 1830, on a long-looked-for ship bound for Calcutta. Destructive winds constantly impeded their course for eight weeks, when the storm-tossed ship at last reached the mouth of the Ganges; but immediately upon the dropping of the anchor, a fierce monsoon came sweeping upon them with terrific fury, and the rag-

ing cyclone which succeeded tossed and whirled their little ship, and at last lifting it, dropped it upon the shore of an island shattered, shipwrecked, sinking—a piteous spectacle. In extreme peril, the twice shipwrecked passengers, by means of trees, were dragged to the shore of a Hindoo village, where a temple afforded shelter until boats came which conveyed them to Calcutta.

Despite eight months of continual peril and danger, Dr. Duff's heart was full of hopefulness, faith and courage. Robbed of all but a Bible and Psalm-book he yet possessed all in his never-failing faith in his Divine Protector. The superstitious Hindoos, learning of his frightful disasters and miraculous escapes, at once believed the gods favored him above all others, and on account of these very hardships, they were ready to give more willing heed to his message.

Dr. Duff immediately began organizing work. Although vigorously opposed, he decided to open a school in Calcutta, instead of in some neighboring town as other missionaries had done. Rammohun Roy, a high caste Brahman, who had denounced the corruptions of Brahmanism and was then at the head of the reformed party, had a school of his own. He learned of Dr. Duff's plan and knew that he could secure neither rooms nor pupils because the Bible, that book of horrors to the Hindoo, was to be studied in this new school. When the object seemed hope-

less to Dr. Duff, Rammohun Roy came forward and not only generously offered his support and sympathy, but said, "You may have the building in which I have my school." Not fully satisfied with this noble offer, he added, "I will influence my own pupils to attend your school." This, to Dr. Duff, meant success, and from that time the two men were warm friends and labored for a common cause—Christian education.

The school opened July 13, 1830, with a satisfactory number of pupils. Dr. Duff, expecting opposition to his plan for Bible readings, fortified himself by procuring copies of the Gospel in Bengalee, and also by learning the Lord's Prayer in Bengalee. The moment came. Unflinchingly he stood before them, and phrase after phrase of that prayer was unfalteringly uttered and dutifully repeated by the pupils. His personal magnetism, together with his strength and firmness, carried them all word by word to its close. Then came the most critical test. With no sign of weakness or distrust he distributed copies of the Gospels and requested a pupil to read. Silence followed. An unmistakable disgust was discernible on the faces of the superstitious pupils. A threatening murmur of rebellion arose against the contaminating books, when instantly Rammohun Roy rose, and in the kindest of tones said to the pupils: "I have read this entire Bible all through. I have received no harm from it. You will receive no harm

from it." Words of assurance followed, and when he finished speaking, the students were ready to read the Gospels. A victory was won, and from this began Dr. Duff's startling inroads on the prejudices and superstitions of Hindoo families.

Dr. Duff's originality and enthusiasm in his work brought such unexpected results and universal admiration that he was soon earnestly solicited to open a school of similar character in Bengal. His constant aim was to enlighten the husbands, fathers and brothers of the land. Lectures were given to about fifty young Hindoos of high caste, and so wisely did he lead them that at the close of the season four young men became converts and abandoned the debasing traditions of their fathers.

Being constantly encouraged, he urged the advisability of establishing a college. Aid in the project came unexpectedly from Lord Macaulay, that famous English essayist and historian who was sent out in 1834 as an additional or law member of the Governor-General's Council. His first question to consider was whether the higher education of the natives should be carried on in the Eastern classic or in the English language. This was a question strongly debated and disputed, but Macaulay presented the advisability of using English with such convincing clearness that after a warm argument the measure was carried. English language and literature were to be studied in all established colleges under British

control. Schools and colleges should admit all classes and caste distinctions should be abolished. This was another great victory, and to Dr. Duff's untiring efforts a great share is due.

His next great plan was to establish an English college of medicine. The Brahman's superstitious prejudices of touching a lifeless body must be overcome for the advancement of anatomical knowledge. His own pupils were soon led to see the wisdom of his plan, and became enthusiastic. On January 28, 1835, an order was issued by the Governor-General for a college. Hundreds soon came for instruction; the number increased daily; the thousands now prove it to be one of the largest medical institutions of the world, and Dr. Duff was indirectly one of the originators of that great work which has brought alleviation to the physical sufferings of India's millions.

The old Kirk of St. Andrews, established twenty-two years previous, had passed through troublous and unfortunate years. Dr. Duff, already overworked, was assured he was the only one who could take the place of the departing and toil-worn Dr. Bryce. Duty and love found a way to assume this added work. Beginning with twenty members, in less than a year he was preaching to eight hundred earnest souls. His influence as their pastor was greatly extended. One of his first reforms was to bring about an observance of the Christian Sabbath.

Everywhere he was changing laxity and skepticism into strength and belief, yet all was done delicately and skillfully.

His work was interrupted for a time. A deadly pestilence swept over the land. A missionary journey in the interior through a cyclone-devastated and pestilential district caused the exhausted man to succumb to jungle fever, a further recurrence of which necessitated a voyage to England.

Dr. Duff found his home people indifferent to missions, but after a few addresses by this earnest, eloquent speaker, enthusiasm was aroused. His speeches caused a deep sensation. He was soon urged to speak in many churches of Scotland. He was so eloquent, so devoted, that his hearers sat spellbound as they listened to his graphic descriptions of that land enslaved in ignorance and superstition. His name soon spread throughout Scotland. Everywhere he enlisted aid and sympathy for India. He traveled continually for two and one-half years, greatly increasing the interest in foreign missionary work, materially increasing the annual revenue, and arousing four young people to engage in the work, whose labors to-day are a lasting monument to Dr. Duff's consecration, earnestness and inspiration.

In the autumn of 1839 he returned to India. Gratifying indeed were the results which he now saw of his ten years' work there. Here was a new church with consecrated workers; trained physicians greeted

him, and the astonishing growth of his own institution, with its seven hundred pupils, filled his heart with gratitude.

With zeal greater than ever, he again took up his work. Now he was making arrangements for training the native teachers to be effective helpers, again he was lecturing, organizing classes for Sunday readings, establishing mission schools and preaching.

The foundation principles of the ancient and independent Kirk of Scotland were threatened, and finally the British Parliament was called upon to pass judgment. A succession of unfortunate collisions between the ecclesiastical and civil courts led to catastrophe, disruption and final separation from the Established Church of Scotland. The "Free Church of Scotland" was born in 1843 and, in the annals of church history, no event is more unique. This disturbance in Scotland affected the Scotch missions in India. Disruption meant for Dr. Duff the severance of many sacred ties of long standing. It seemed doubtful if the Free Church could support the missions. An offer to pay for the great college and its belongings was made, but as the overtures were not met favorably, Dr. Duff left the buildings, opened another college in March, 1844, with the same teachers, the same missionaries, and over one thousand students. Donations poured in for the new buildings, and the movement, which was so

threatening, served but to stimulate, for remarkable spiritual activity was now seen. Many baptisms of influential Hindoos soon followed, but each conversion aroused such intense excitement and indignation among the bigoted natives, that the life of Dr. Duff was at one time in danger. Arrangements were made with hired assassins to kill him, and thus arrest the spread of the new religion. Warnings were given him by devoted Hindoos, and his life was spared.

In 1844, beside accepting the duties of editor of the *Calcutta Quarterly*, he used every effort to establish a public hospital in Calcutta, an institution sadly needed in those days of sickness and destitution. The plan resulted in the erection of the largest hospital in the world. It adjoins the Medical College. Christian doctors and nurses were trained for the work and are now in attendance. One-third of a million people are annually nursed and tenderly cared for within its ten buildings.

In 1847 Dr. Duff traveled extensively through Southern India. In almost every town he preached and examined the schools. Now he was pained at the horrors of ignorant idol-worship, superstition, animism, and fetishism, and again he was rejoiced to find Christian schools supplanting devil-temples. This southern trip was followed by long journeys throughout Northern India.

In May, 1850, he was again in his native Edin-

burgh. Here he was needed, and to him was given the work of putting the foreign missions of the Free Church on a firm and independent basis. This he consented to do, but declined the honor offered to succeed Dr. Chalmers as principal of the New College in Edinburgh. With a magnificent, yet practical sweep of oratory he delivered five great speeches before the General Assembly of the Free Church. For over three years he gave his entire attention, strength and time to the work of addressing every presbytery, synod and congregation of Scotland connected with the Free Church. Thousands came to hear this man and five hundred associations were organized, which still contribute generously a reliable income to the foreign missions of the Free Church.

In February, 1854, Dr. Duff came to America, where in all the large cities east and west he received such overwhelming support and applause that he writes: "I am lost in wonder and amazement." Everywhere he aroused the people to the necessity of enlightening and reclaiming India's outcasts. Few missionaries, or indeed great orators, were ever received and greeted with such enthusiasm.

While the expression of such deep interest was most gratifying, the constant requests for addresses, never refused, were responded to at the cost of the very life of this self-sacrificing, self-denying missionary. "Never did any man leave our shores so

encircled with Christian sympathy and affection" has been said of Dr. Duff's departure. His long and arduous travels for five years resulted in a mental and physical prostration, which compelled him to seek a prolonged rest. This time of recuperation he spent in Southern Europe and the Orient.

In 1856 he was once more in Calcutta, advising, organizing and planning greater deeds.

In 1857 Dr. Duff and his dear ones were in the midst of the horrible and well-known mutinies of India. The severe blow to the prestige of British power had been given. They were on every side exposed to imminent peril. Panics, massacres, tortures rose to an unparalleled height of cruelty. Each day there occurred new and worse tortures. Barbarity and treachery ruled everywhere. India was at last saved to England, but at what a cost of life!

In 1863 Dr. Duff bade farewell to India. Valuable presents were given to him, addresses were made in his honor, University Scholarships were endowed with his name, and Scottish merchants presented him with a house in Edinburgh and eleven thousand pounds, but his most lasting monument in India is his good work left upon thousands of souls.

Public duties and large responsibilities claimed him until his death in February, 1878.

He grandly evinced a constant devotion to Christ to the last day of his life. He gave such a new impulse to civilization in India by his schools, missions,

churches, colleges, medical institution and hospital, and by his promotion of arts, sciences and Christianity that the new order is his most enduring monument. In him was the embodiment of those qualities which ever promote the highest progress of civilization.

CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D., LL.D.

BORN JANUARY 5, 1811.

DIED AUGUST 8, 1900.

A genuinely Christian and true educational influence throughout all Turkey was exerted through the efforts and achievements of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. No matter what other and greater triumphs may be attained, or what other men may arise, Dr. Hamlin will always be famous for laying one of the corner-stones in the foundation of the educational structure of Turkey. The great work upon which his enduring fame is based is Robert College, the country's marvel and pride, "a beacon light on a headland, throwing its bright rays into the darkness as far as the horizon line."

When Cyrus Hamlin was born, January 5, 1811, there were few prominent and wealthy families in Maine, his native State. None were more worthy and respected members of society than the village lawyer, doctor, merchant and the intelligent farmer, the latter, a numerous and powerful class, from which Cyrus Hamlin descended. He was born at a time when the infant days of manufactures compelled home weaving and spinning; when travel was

limited ; when the people were obliged to practice the most rigid economy ; when the Sabbath was kept religiously, and when sons did not think of abandoning their fathers' farms, but stayed, toiled and overcame all obstacles. These efforts through necessity have called out a self-reliance and inventive genius from our country's sons, which have in later years, largely and unquestionably, contributed to its great and unparalleled success.

Every person in the Hamlin home worked. Idleness and luxury were unknown in their modest farmhouse at Waterford, and the boys early did the work of men. Now they were busy planting, haying, harvesting, making a potato cart, a hay cart, a gate or an ox yoke, the latter being pronounced a marvel by all who saw it when completed. A rich reward was reaped in later years, far away on the Bosphorus, from the tact and skill developed in these early years of farm life.

At his home, Cyrus Hamlin was favored by the best example and noblest teacher which this world can afford ; a loving, intelligent, God-fearing mother, whose culture was widely recognized and to whose ambitions the town indirectly owed many of its intellectual pursuits and beneficial improvements.

Just after his sixteenth birthday, Cyrus Hamlin left home for Portland to become an apprentice to his brother-in-law, a silversmith. The forty-mile journey not only seemed a great distance but served

to mark a great event, for now the farm life closed. The days in Portland were full of work, earnestness and study. Here he joined an evening school, and thus commenced an educational enthusiasm and activity which lasted through life. While here, he received his first encouragement to study for the ministry, and two years later he entered Bridgton Academy to prepare for college.

Later, at Bowdoin College, the example of his professors, men of power, inspired every effort and influenced him to emulate them and guide others to intellectual heights. His college friend's words: "Aim for the first rank and take it for Christ and his cause," were never forgotten. His college and life work testified to the fulfillment of his unwavering aim. Offices and honors, conferred upon members of the highest rank, were taken by him, "the young student of marvelous activity, executive ability and dauntless heroism." His mechanical skill was most publicly demonstrated when he made the first steam-engine in the State, a work inspired by a lesson in physics and a lecture by Professor Smythe. None of the students in the class had a clear idea of the steam-engine. They had never seen one. Cyrus Hamlin declared he could make one and immediately embarked upon the task. Weeks of research, thought and work were given. It was a success, and the college gave him one hundred and seventy-five dollars for it.

Three years of study at Bangor Theological Seminary followed the work at Bowdoin College, where, in addition to his regular work, he now added a course of lectures on Africa and also delivered many temperance addresses.

In 1838 he was ordained and was accepted by the American Board as a missionary to Turkey. January 17, 1839, after a voyage of forty-five days, he was in Smyrna, and two weeks later he arrived in Constantinople, where he was to labor, to teach, to triumph. Anxious days passed when reports were current that all the missionaries were to be driven from the empire. Not only persecution, but exile was threatened to Drs. Goodell, Schauffler, Dwight and Hamlin, the four missionaries then in Constantinople. Numerous changes in the fiscal system of the empire occurred, which struck a blow to that domineering aristocracy which had been such a hindrance to the progress of truth, and the hand of injustice was averted.

Dr. Hamlin at once began studying the Armenian language, in which he made great progress. His one great aim was to establish a school for Armenians. In November, 1840, a house was secured at Bebek, on the Bosphorus, about seven miles from Constantinople. Here he opened his boarding-school, "Bebek Seminary," with two pupils, the beginning of his great educational work in the East. The number soon increased. Youths from fourteen to twenty,

thirsting for knowledge and deliverance from the shackles of past generations, daily became more interested. Soon visitors came, marveled at the experiments in chemistry or physics and were amazed at the electrical wonders. The teacher was quietly, yet patiently, leading his pupils onward. He purified and enriched the Armenian language, giving much time to the translation of text-books, among the best being the work on Mental Philosophy by Upham, and that on Moral Philosophy by Wayland.

On account of the phenomenal success of this school, the wrath and indignation of the Armenian patriarch was aroused. He was urged by the bankers to destroy it, and take away every Armenian student. This the patriarch attempted to do, but his plan failed through the wise actions taken by Dr. Hamlin. The enmity of the bankers and many others was groundless and unjust, more injurious to themselves than to him, for the little seminary seemed to succeed best when its enemies were most determined to destroy it. After a three weeks' vacation the pupils returned in increased numbers and with renewed determination.

In 1841 Mr. Hamlin was compelled to procure a larger house for his school, and rooms were obtained in an old palace built by a Greek prince. Bible classes, lectures, addresses, preaching services, visiting and teaching were the means of converting several Ar-

menians. These Armenians who accepted Christianity were at once deserted by their families and were practically outcasts.

Nearly all the pupils of his school were pitifully poor, many of them having no means of procuring suitable clothing. What could be done for these persecuted students? Dr. Hamlin's quick forethought and ready mechanical genius soon solved the problem. He had already fitted up a workshop for manual training, and as there were no furnaces or fireplaces in the city, he directed his pupils to make sheet-iron stoves and stove-pipe, knowing the sales would prove a grateful source of income. During the winter of 1844 the pupils made in addition to stoves, fire-shovels, ash pans and other valuable articles. What a spirit of self-reliance was developed among the now neatly clothed students! Young Armenians, hearing of the wonderful results attained in this school, walked great distances, enduring fatigue, suffering and danger if they could but reach Dr. Hamlin and become a member of his school, where opportunity was offered for Christian work and Christian education.

As the weeks passed, Dr. Hamlin saw that the poor and persecuted class could be saved only through industries, which must go hand in hand with mental work. He lost no opportunity to lift them to this high plane of labor.

As there was no bakery in Constantinople where

fresh, sweet bread could be obtained, Dr. Hamlin decided to establish a bakery. Ever fertile in expedients, he gave his attention to that which would promote the happiness and improvement of his people, even if it required that he become a miller and a bread-maker. He lost no time; saw no failure.

The buildings were erected, the mill established, steam-engines ordered, machinery set up, the great ovens built, the flour ground, the bread made, sold, delivered and money for same received. Success again came to him who had met and conquered each obstacle. Each loaf, fresh and sweet, was as much above the legal weight as Constantinople's dishonest bakers had made their leavened, sour loaves below that weight. In eight weeks the patronage was far beyond their expectations. There was a constant demand for the new flour and the new Hamlin bread. His men were industrious, eager, enthusiastic and intelligent. Each day he saw some one developing an insight or ingenuity most unexpected and gratifying. This was the first step that led to the higher learning.

Soon, through the outbreak of the Crimean War, he was surrounded by thousands of troops. In the Scutari Hospital hundreds of neglected soldiers were dying each day. They refused the city's sour bread. Each morning six thousand pounds of sweet, wholesome bread were sent to this hospital from the famous Hamlin bakery, and later a contract was

made to supply rations for eight hundred Russian prisoners, the profits of which were used for creating a fund which materially aided the erection of churches for the native Protestants. Thousands of pounds were also daily sent to the camp at Hyder Pasha. Invalids and wounded soldiers filled the hospitals and the rapid increase was not met by a corresponding corps of surgeons and nurses. The death rate was appalling. The disgraceful failure of the British medical department stirred the heart of Dr. Hamlin. Hospitals were proving almost useless, for men succumbed faster to disease, starvation and neglect than to Russian bullets. Misery and disorder prevailed until Florence Nightingale, with her forty assistants and twelve trained nurses, arrived to transform everything. Fresh clean clothing was urgently needed for the soldiers. No washing had been done. Soiled clothing had accumulated, to which no care had been given. Again Dr. Hamlin's skill and invention seemed like a merciful Providence. He erected a washing establishment and invented a washing-machine by which each day thousands of garments were washed by himself and his assistants. The profits of this good work were devoted to Christian purposes, building the little church at Bardezag and clearing off many debts.

When the cholera finally broke out among the soldiers and the poorer classes, Dr. Hamlin prepared a medicine which was most successful, both in per-

forming efficacious cures and in arresting the spread of the terrible disease. With unflinching courage and fearless devotion he went from one stricken family to another in the pestilential districts, prescribing, nursing, advising, sympathizing, praying, as ready to give assistance to the beggar as to the Sultan. At this time he seemed to be everywhere at once, always counseling, never disheartened, never conquered. These services endeared him to all.

After eighteen years of constant toil in the East, Dr. Hamlin visited America, stopping in many European cities on the way. Thousands of dollars were given to a church building fund, then much in need of just such aid, for the erection of thirteen churches with school facilities. Everywhere crowds listened to his story of the religious freedom of the thirty-five churches, of his school with its progressive system of education; the press with its volume of biblical and educational literature, and, most practical of all, of the industries which had helped so many to rise from degradation to respectability. In America he was warmly welcomed, and crowded assemblies became enthused regarding this great work in Turkey. On his return through England, arrangements were made for forty days of public meetings in behalf of the Turkish Missions Aid Society. He met many able and distinguished Europeans, among them the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose deep sympathy

and interest he enlisted in behalf of the work among the Armenians.

But the brightest gem in the coronet, with which he should be crowned, is the founding of Robert College, the first Christian college in Turkey, to the establishment of which he now directed all his energies. As Mr. Christopher R. Robert, of New York, an American philanthropist, had been in correspondence with him in reference to the establishment of a college in Turkey, Dr. Hamlin, in 1860, resigned his connection with the American Board, after twenty-three years of work in its service, and from this time his one aim was for the college. It is doubtful if, in all the world, there is an institution whose history is more eventful, romantic and unique than this, or one which has exercised a greater beneficent influence. As the years pass, this noble work stands out brighter and grander, a fitting monument to the labors of Dr. Hamlin. Who can measure the widespread influence from its moral training, analyze its power for good or comprehend the far-reaching results from its complete mental discipline?

After thoroughly investigating twenty-four sites, he selected the first and best, that prominent and splendid site overlooking the Bosphorus from the high hill north of Constantinople. Here would be his college; but permission to buy, to build or to organize was denied him. Opposition—cruel, unjust, merciless—met him at every turn. For seven

years one vain attempt followed another to purchase the ground for the college. The trying history of those days will never be fully written or realized. The apparent hopelessness of the enterprise would have disheartened any other man but Dr. Hamlin. The sovereign's refusal, repeatedly given, was obstinate, overwhelming, convincing. Yet Dr. Hamlin was not deterred from his plan. Time after time the subject was reopened until the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, said in despair: "Will this Mr. Hamlin never die, and let me alone on this college question?"

At last the long contest with the Turkish government ended and the unexpected Iradè of H. I. M., the Sultan, came to Dr. Hamlin. After guarding the Bosphorus for four centuries against any intrusion of this character, the great honor was given to America.

Dr. Hamlin, though having four plans at his disposal, was practically the architect of this college, and utility was studied rather than architectural effect. Always present upon the grounds during the erection of this magnificent edifice, he settled disputes, inspired the workmen, lent constant aid and advice. Bribes, mysteries, controversies were at last cleared away, and on July 4, 1869, amid joyful ceremonies, and with a speech by Hon. E. J. Morris, the American minister, and addresses by eminent Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians and others, the corner-stone was laid. On May 15, 1871, the college opened. All

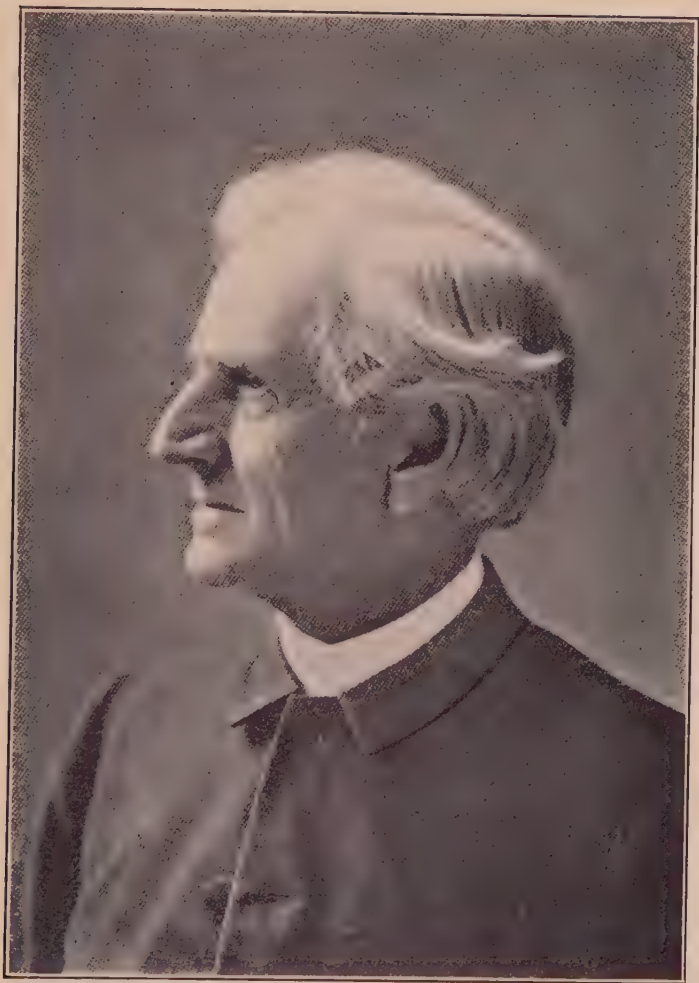
Turkey could view the grand work; a Christian college now offered to them every facility for acquiring a complete education. Tears came from many, thanksgivings, blessings and praise were bestowed upon the one man above all others who had accomplished this great work. The college was opened to every nationality and sect of the empire; an education was now offered that assured the safety of the state and of society and that opened the long-shut gates to civil and military employment. Its course of instruction is as thorough as that in any similar institution in America, and to-day thousands of honored men in the East owe all they are and their entire means of livelihood to Dr. Hamlin's industrial and educational efforts. Marvelous was the victory of those seventeen years of absolute devotion given for this college, above which the American flag floats. And was the price paid for the enlightenment of these people too heavy? Not for the man who overcomes all obstacles; not for the educator doomed to disappointment in the four years of almost fruitless efforts for an endowment; not even for that missionary hero who after returning to America learned that he was not to return. With a full heart, Hamlin accepted another work, that of Professor of Theology at Bangor Theological Seminary. Here he remained three years and then accepted the Presidency of Middlebury College, which office he resigned after five years of noble work, characterized by remarkable

energy and administrative ability. At the age of seventy-five, after forty-five years of active and varied educational work, he retired to his home at Lexington, Mass., where he died August 8, 1900.

Few men have gained a more intimate knowledge of every phase of human life from the poorest street beggar to the ruling sovereign, and to few has been accorded the power of promoting the welfare of so many in a work so substantial, extensive and far-reaching in its results.

In the midst of discouragements, Cyrus Hamlin was always brave; in counsel always wise; in service always ready. To civilize Turkey, to make it educationally and religiously powerful, to raise it in the scale of nations, was the ever-present aim that animated his existence. And this aim he pursued constantly like a giant of destiny with no regard for losses, defeats, humiliations or obstacles.

He must ever be classed among those benefactors who have truly understood the vital principles of a nation's progress, for there is hardly an element of power, law or order in Turkey which he did not ably and powerfully help to secure.



DANIEL BLISS

DANIEL BLISS, D.D.

BORN AUGUST 17, 1823.

On February 7, 1856, the Rev. Daniel Bliss landed in Syria. On January 13, 1902, he resigned his more active and public duties in that land. Of these forty-six years, only the first six and a half were spent in what is ordinarily understood as mission work, in connection with one of the great foreign missionary Boards; and yet he has been chosen for these pages as the representative Syrian missionary. How eminently this choice has been justified will appear from the following brief review of his life-work.

Daniel Bliss was born in Georgia, Vt., on the 17th day of August, 1823, being the fifth son of Loomis Bliss and Susannah Farwell. He belongs to the seventh generation of the descendants of Thomas Bliss, of Belstone Parish, Devonshire, England, a Puritan landlord, reduced from wealth to poverty during the great persecution under Archbishop Laud. His son Thomas, after suffering imprisonment for his non-conformity, embarked from Plymouth for America, in the autumn of 1635, with his wife Margaret. From this couple are descended most of the Blisses found in the United States.

When Daniel was about twelve years old, he emigrated with his father to Ohio. For four years he worked on a farm, attending the village school for three months each winter. The next four years he served as apprentice to the tanner's and currier's trade, which he prosecuted till he was twenty-three years old.

During all this time he had longed for a liberal education, and when at last, in 1846, he entered the Academy of Kingsville, Ohio, he felt that he was handicapped by beginning his education so late in life, little dreaming that the patient business habits, the practical knowledge of men, the mechanical and manual skill, all acquired by his arduous training, were in almost prophetic preparation for a career, which would involve the purchase of lands from men more subtle than those who sold the cave of Machpelah to Abraham; the erection of buildings, with all the details of stone and iron and wood kept under his own strict supervision; the control of Arabs, Syrians, Greeks, Egyptians and Mesopotamians. In the autumn of 1848 he entered Amherst College with a somewhat defective preparation, but so concentrated and keen was his application to study, that, notwithstanding the amount of time that he was obliged to devote to self-support by bell-ringing, teaching, managing a boarding club, acting as librarian to a literary society, etc., he was graduated in 1852 among the upper third of his class. His un-

doubted popularity was not achieved by kind conformity to college traditions, which indeed he sometimes antagonized and remodelled, as when, by a ringing speech, he induced his class to abolish the customary hazing of Freshmen. His chief success in regular college work was in mathematics and oratory, but his literary instincts were sound and sure, leading him, through a study of Milton and Shakespeare, to form a style of notable simplicity, purity and depth.

Soon after entering college he joined the Congregational Church and the Missionary Society, and these steps were soon followed by his decision to study for the ministry and to devote his life to missionary work. At Andover, where he was graduated in 1855, he came under the influence of Professors Park, Shedd, Phelps and others. His valedictory address before the Society of Inquiry, entitled "The Claims of the Missionary Work upon the Mental Strength of the Ministry" (published later by the American Board as No. 14 in its series of tracts), unconsciously foreshadowed the line which his life-work was to take. Before his graduation he was accepted by the American Board as missionary to Syria. On December 12, 1855, he embarked from Boston on the *Sultana*, with his wife, Abby Maria Wood, whom he had married on the 23d of November. The *Sultana* was a bark of only three hundred and fifty tons burden, and her

stormy voyage to Smyrna took forty-two days. Proceeding thence by French steamer, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss arrived in Beyrout, February 7, 1856.

Never has the *personnel* of the Syria Mission been higher than it was at that period, including, among others, "whose names the Lord knows"—to employ a quaint Armenian phrase—Eli Smith, associated with Robinson in the first scientific exploration of Palestine; Van Dyck, world-renowned scholar of Arabic, into which he translated the Scriptures; Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book;" Calhoun, the "Saint of Mt. Lebanon;" W. W. Eddy, compiler of Arabic commentaries; and H. H. Jessup, who arrived with Mr. Bliss, and whose name is known throughout all the churches. The Mission at that time was divided into five stations, or centers of work, Beyrout, Sidon, Tripoli, Hams and Abeih, Mt. Lebanon.

During the six and a half years spent by Mr. Bliss in ordinary mission work he was a member of the Abeih Station, at first directly associated with Mr. Calhoun in Abeih itself, and later in Suk-el-Ghurb. So-called "ordinary" mission work is in fact extraordinary in character and variety. Preaching in the vernacular, superintending schools, itinerating among the villages, acting as advisor in legal cases, managing accounts—these are the salient features of a work whose details are beyond enumeration. This regular work was partly

interrupted in the year 1860, during the Civil War, or rather the massacre of Christians by the Druzes, which resulted in the reconstruction of the Lebanon Government, with a Christian Governor, under the protection of the Powers. But the crisis brought with it other labors—the distribution of relief funds sent from Europe in forty-five villages, the care of widows and orphans, and the superintendence of road-building by peasants able to obtain this relief by work.

For some years the question of higher education had loomed large in the discussions of the missionaries. While the Abeih Academy met the particular wants of the Mission in furnishing school-teachers and other native helpers, it was felt that there was a growing demand in the land for an institution at once more general and more specific; more general in that it should give a broad foundation for any career, more specific in that it should include special technical departments, such as medicine, law, etc.* That such a college was beyond both the scope and the means of the Mission was clear. That it should be conducted by Protestant Christians in full sympathy with the Mission was equally clear. During the year 1861 the matter was long and carefully dis-

*While Biblical studies were to hold an important place in the curriculum, a theological department was not contemplated, the feeling being that the training of ministers should be left to the mission.

cussed between Dr. Thomson and Mr. Bliss. It was brought to a head on January 23, 1862, when the Mission voted that these gentlemen be a committee to prepare a minute in relation to a contemplated literary institution to be located in Beyrout. Much to his surprise, it was suggested that Mr. Bliss be set apart as president. The committee reported favorably to the scheme, and their minute was forwarded to the Board for ratification. After careful consideration the consent was given, thus enabling Mr. and Mrs. Bliss to reach New York, September 17, in full time for the annual meeting of the American Board at Springfield, Mass., a few days later. Mr. Bliss's eloquent address on the need of reinforcements in the missionary work stirred the heart of Mr. W. E. Dodge, Sr., and thus by drawing the attention of this eminent philanthropist to the speaker, at once laid the foundations of the financial success of the college. But not alone was its financial success advanced. Toward the college his son, the Rev. D. S. Dodge, D.D., has borne a three-fold relation: first, as constant contributor of money; second, as professor, and with the president as overseer of the actual construction of the buildings; and third, as the secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees in New York, where for the last thirty years he has devoted two hours a day to the affairs of the college. It is impossible to overestimate what this institution owes to the double bond which has

always united Dr. Bliss and Dr. Dodge, a bond not alone of a common interest, but of a deep personal affection.

During his stay of two years in America, Mr. Bliss continued his connection with the Board, acting for several months as secretary in New York, and making addresses over the country, in which he represented the college as the outcome of mission work. The Syrian Protestant College is not only the child of the Syria Mission, but it has always kept in close touch with its parent. Organically they are separate, as the college was incorporated as an independent institution by the New York Legislature; but they have a higher bond of union in a common faith, and in common aims. The Syrian missionaries have always constituted the majority on the local board of managers. The students who form the true nucleus, giving its unique tone to the whole college, have had their earlier training in the mission schools, or come from families which are under mission influence. The candidates for the majority of the scholarships are proposed by the missionaries.

By the Autumn of 1864, Dr. Bliss (who had received the degree of D.D. from Amherst at the previous commencement) had collected over \$100,000 toward the endowment. Currency, however, had greatly depreciated during war times, and it was deemed wise not to touch the principal until par values should be restored. In the meantime the pres-

ident made a sojourn of a year and a half in England, where with the backing of men like the Duke of Argyll, Lords Shaftesbury and De Redcliffe, John Bright and others, he collected about \$30,000, a sum more than sufficient to start the work.

The institution was opened in a hired house in October, 1866, with sixteen Freshmen as students, and with Dr. Bliss and two tutors, one a Frenchman, the other a Syrian, as instructors. In 1902 there were six hundred and twenty-six students, divided among five departments, preparatory, collegiate, commercial, medical and pharmaceutical; there are forty professors and tutors, twenty-four of whom are Americans. The campus, gloriously situated on a plateau immediately overlooking the Mediterranean and with a full view of the Lebanon, covers forty acres, dotted with twelve buildings, including an assembly hall, library, museum, observatory, dormitories, lecture halls, etc., etc. The students come from all parts of Syria and Palestine, from the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, from Cyprus and the Isles of Greece, from Asia Minor and Armenia. They represent the various Christian sects, Papal, Greek, Armenian, Copt and Protestant, and Druzes, Jews and Moslems. Of the latter there are over fifty, and include two descendants of Skhaled, the "Sword of God," who conquered Jerusalem for Islam. Thus the college has an opportunity to reach Moslems, which has thus far been practically denied to ordinary mission

work. The number of students enrolled since the beginning, for longer or shorter periods, is two thousand seven hundred and seventy-three. The number of graduates from all departments consists of over eight hundred individuals, some of whom have completed several courses. These fill positions—some of great importance—in all parts of the Orient from the Soudan on the south to the Black Sea on the north, from Persia on the east to Morocco on the west. Two are in the Philippines, one in Porto Rico, three in Brazil. While its endowment is inadequate to its growing needs, in the matter of self-support the college compares favorably with the most flourishing American institutions.

It is significant that this sketch, nominally of Dr. Bliss, should have been so largely taken up with the inception and development of the Syrian Protestant College. The man is the college, and the college is the man. The grounds contain no road which he has not laid out, hardly a tree which he has not planted, hardly a course of stone which he has not seen laid in place. When asked why he did not write a church history, Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock replied, "I prefer to stamp individuals." Beyond brief manuals of mental and moral philosophy in Arabic and a few sermons, Dr. Bliss has published nothing, but he has stamped his impression, not only upon students, but upon the institution itself. The faculty has steadily increased in numbers and in efficiency, but the pres-

ident has always led. Although indifferent as to the origin of any plan, whether his own or that of one of his colleagues, when a great crisis came he never hesitated to assert his right to control. In matters of discipline his firmness was tempered with humor, delightful illustrations of which are related by old graduates. In proof of his unerring foresight, it may be noted that with the exception of the change from Arabic to English as the general medium of instruction, necessitated by the lack of sufficient textbooks in the vernacular as well as by a real demand for English, the policy of the college has been continuous and steady. Not only has no territory been abandoned, but no avenues to further development have been closed.

But the story of Dr. Bliss' administration would be incomplete without a reference to his function as a *teacher* and preacher. In the early years he taught various branches, but as the faculty has increased, he has confined himself to the chair of Moral Philosophy and Biblical Exegesis. Drawing from the wide and deep experience of his life, he invests the eternal, ethical and religious problems with a power and practicality doubly attractive in a land where these problems have long been matters of indifference. As to his intellectual virility, it need only be noted that his best sermons have been written since he was seventy and one of his most eloquent speeches was made in his seventy-ninth year.

The occasion of this speech was a meeting held in the Assembly Hall, June 19, 1902, when a committee representing the graduates, students, and a few friends of the college, presented Dr. Bliss with a gold medal, and a further gift, in recognition of his services to Syria. To Mrs. Bliss was presented a silver coffee set, and it was gratifying to the president to know that the public appreciated what he had known for forty years, namely, how much the growth of the college owed to his wife's co-operation. Various speeches, expressing appreciation and affection, were made. And then the president replied.

We have refrained until now from describing his personal appearance, but in closing this brief sketch we may look at him as he stands, now facing the committee on the platform, now turning toward the vast and sympathetic audience. A tall, straight figure, high forehead, clean-shaved face, determined chin, thin lips, strong Roman nose, hazel eyes, both keen and sweet, abundant silver hair, hands eloquent in gesture, voice still clear and ringing; such is the president of the Syrian Protestant College during the last year of his active service. As President Emeritus his counsel will be still available, as well to the faculty in general as to his son, the Rev. H. S. Bliss, D.D., who has been appointed to succeed him in the presidency.

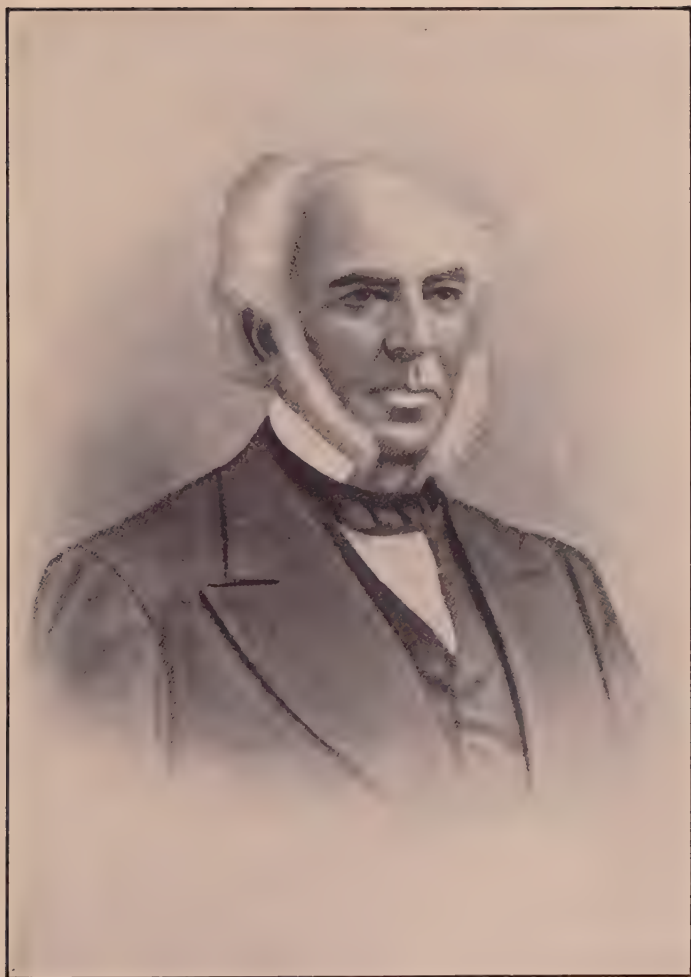
REV. AND HON. PETER PARKER, M.D.

BORN JUNE 18, 1804.

DIED JANUARY 10, 1888.

Among the medical missionaries of the world, none have won greater and more incalculable triumphs than the Reverend and Honorable Peter Parker, the first medical missionary to China. This father of medical missions—this missionary physician and diplomatist—was born at Framingham, Mass., June 18, 1804. Surrounded in his childhood by the stern, strict aspects of Christianity, instead of by the gentle, persuasive teachings, he grew thoughtful, serious, and at times evinced an indifference for religion, but after a long mental struggle he united with the Church at the age of sixteen. From this time onward his one desire was to aid humanity. At nineteen he became a teacher in a Sunday-school—a most exceptional service to render in those days by one so young.

Interested and helpful friends removed one by one the barriers that, to this farmer's son, prevented an education, and in 1826 he entered Wrentham Academy, and a year later he was pursuing his studies at Amherst College. Here, in his religious life he



PETER PARKER

showed an absolute fearlessness and intense earnestness. Believing he might obtain greater influence for usefulness, he decided to complete his college course at Yale. He had decided to devote his life to foreign missions, and neither pinching poverty, trouble, care, misfortune nor illness diminished his constant determination to excel. If he were to be a missionary, he would be the best possible; if he were to enter a foreign field, it should be one of greatest need, and he regarded China, with its perishing millions, as the field of greatest importance.

While in college he visited the poor and suffering families, convicts in prison, the poor at the almshouse, and in surrounding towns he alleviated distress. Even in the face of the cholera, which then prevailed in New York and New Haven, he visited the sick ones.

After pursuing his regular college work and finishing his theological studies at the Yale Divinity School, he was, on May 10, 1834, ordained to his sacred work. In the two-fold capacity of ordained and medical missionary he received the charges and instructions of the American Board, and was publicly dedicated to God as a missionary to China.

On June 4, 1834, Dr. Parker sailed for his chosen field of labor. No day in that young life was wasted; every opportunity for doing good was embraced. Even on the fine ship Morrison he held services with the passengers; he established evening

worship in the cabin; he interested the sailors in concerts for missions; he organized a Bible class; more than twenty times on the voyage he rendered his services as physician. When not busy with these duties he was assiduously applying himself to the study of the Chinese language.

On October 26, 1834, he arrived at Canton. At once he began studying the lives, habits, religion and government of the swarming multitudes. The life of the beggars, the poorer classes, arrested his attention. In two months he departed from Canton and began work at Singapore. His efforts in alleviating the bodily sufferings of the people admitted him where many another would have been denied admittance. During morning hours he attended the sick, often seeing fifty patients; then followed divine services with a little band of Chinese. He soon won the confidence of the natives. His medical and surgical practice was awakening widespread interest.

On account of impaired health he left Singapore and returned to Canton. To better prepare for presenting the Gospel, he established in Canton a hospital, which at first was intended for the treatment of eye diseases, but later it was deemed advisable to include other diseases. The formal opening of the Ophthalmic Hospital in Canton, which occurred November 4, 1835, marked the commencement of Dr. Parker's great life-work. Private enterprises had been prosecuted, but now, this founder of medi-

cal missions, this missionary, full of exceptional enthusiasm and ability, began a work that has made his name famous throughout the civilized world. By the establishment of this dispensary and hospital, for the free treatment of natives at Canton, a new avenue was made, leading straight to the hearts of the Chinese, and the gate of prejudice was unlocked. No branch of mission work in the East had been, and still is, more sadly needed; not one has been more universally successful. Although local authorities doubted the success of Dr. Parker's experiment, they were convinced in twelve months of its need. Thousands were seeking admission. Christian merchants of Canton, England and America began to give generously for the maintenance of this great work.

Among the people, from the first, the hospital, and the remarkable cures of Dr. Parker occasioned wonder and admiration, which gradually deepened into gratitude, confidence and adoration. Every morning the streets were crowded with patients coming for aid. From the blind beggars to the highest functionary of the Imperial government came the same prayer of "Cure me! Save me!" So eager were the people, that many, with great pain and toil, would rise at midnight and congregate at the hospital entrance; others would spread their mats the previous evening and sleep by the hospital thresholds, that they might be the first to be admitted in the morning.

Here, the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see and the lame to walk. In all China no such cures had ever before been known. Surgical operations of the most delicate nature were successfully performed by Dr. Parker. The number of the blind Chinese was so great that Dr. Parker gave this branch of the work special attention. Many days he prescribed for more than one hundred persons. Often he was so weak and exhausted by night that he was in fear of falling or fainting, but the next day he was again at his post, advancing his great work of truth, faith, civilization and life to China's four hundred million inhabitants. In twelve short weeks the successive cures from this hospital accomplished more in removing that impenetrable wall of Chinese prejudice and restrictive policy than could have been accomplished in years by the customary missionary work. Sufferers for years were made whole. How receptive, under such conditions, were these grateful patients to the preaching of the Gospel by Dr. Parker, who preached to the people, both collectively and individually, of the Great Physician who could give immortal life. They listened, and one by one expressed a desire to embrace that religion.

Was not this institution a mighty spiritual power? Was not such a work steadily winning an entrance for the Gospel? Could any other agency have so quickly effected a road to the love, confidence and

trust of the Chinese? Did not hundreds of afflicted ones from China's eighteen provinces hear the news of salvation preached while under treatment at this hospital? By this means, did not the Christian religion extend to far-away districts, which, without Dr. Parker's great hospital work, would have still lived in darkness? Dr. Wilson has truly said: "Among the most promising means now employed for reforming, or rather revolutionizing, the moral, intellectual and social condition of the Chinese, we would rank the medical missions."

Before two years had expired, Dr. Parker was among the best known foreigners who lived in Canton. His praises were everywhere related; his cures were pronounced miraculous; his friends were of every rank and order, from near and distant provinces. Several young men were acquiring a knowledge of English, hoping to study medicine; others had applied for situations in his hospital.

So greatly was this work valued by the Chinese, by all foreigners, and by missionaries, that, in order to make it secure financially, there was established in 1838 the Medical Missionary Society in China. This marked an era in the history of modern missions. The Medical Missionary Society was the first society organized with the object of combining the healing of diseases with the teaching of the Gospel. As soon as it was deemed advisable, the Ophthalmic Hospital at Canton was placed under the patronage

of this society. One object of this organization was to encourage those in the medical profession to come and practice gratuitously among the Chinese. The hospitals which to-day are found in China, with their corps of trained physicians and able assistants, are largely the outgrowth of Dr. Parker's efforts. He was urgent in his desire for training young men for medical service, and for the education of Chinese youths in surgery and medicine.

In 1839 and 1840 occurred the Opium War, that bitter conflict between China and England. Such hostilities took place that Dr. Parker was at last compelled to close his hospital for a time, and after seven years of constant and arduous toil he returned to America for rest and recuperation.

When in his native land, he related to vast audiences the story of his labors in China. He visited Washington, where he interested our government to make an effort to establish friendly relations between China and America. At a personal interview with Daniel Webster, he suggested the expediency of sending a Minister Plenipotentiary to China. Measures then advocated bore rich fruit in a short time. After visiting the large cities of the United States he sailed for Europe, and in England, Scotland and France urged the importance of medical missionaries in China. He created wide and enthusiastic interest; his measures met with the highest commendation, and his plans obtained a firm support. Co-

operation was secured with newly organized societies. After visiting the large cities of England and Scotland and holding many meetings, he went to Paris. While in Paris he met Louis Philip, King of France, and other noted persons. During his visit to Europe and America, nearly seven thousand dollars was raised for the Medical Missionary Society. Besides this sum, he had awakened a new and a general interest in medical missions; he had received pledges of annual donations; definite plans had been matured for sending forth physicians and surgeons for the advancement of the great work, and arrangements had been made for educating, both in England and the United States, Chinese youths for the medical work.

On June 13, 1842, he sailed again for China, but this time there sailed with him a loving helpmeet, for, in 1841, he was married to Miss Harriet Webster, of Washington, who was a relative of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. On November 5, 1842, they arrived at Canton. As Mrs. Parker was the first foreign lady to reside in Canton, great curiosity was manifested by the natives, who, from boats, housetops and streets, attempted to see her.

With unremitting energy and unfaltering courage, Dr. Parker resumed his work, and the hospital was again thronged. Although there were times when their lives and property were in danger, times that demanded watchfulness and caused suspense, times

of fearful conflagrations, when one thousand houses were burned and they were compelled to flee from the flames, yet with faith and determination the great work was uninterrupted.

The United States Government at last arranged for terms of intercourse with China, and Caleb Cushing was sent as Commissioner to negotiate a treaty between the two nations. The result was that Dr. Parker was appointed by the President, Secretary and Chinese interpreter to the Legation to China. This appointment Dr. Parker accepted, although he knew that to seek a recognition and a definite commercial standing for the United States in China was a colossal undertaking. Obstacles, one after another, disheartening and apparently unsurmountable, called for great firmness, patience and judgment, yet Dr. Parker was the one man to conquer, step by step, until the end was attained. The substance of programmes, then wisely initiated by Caleb Cushing and Dr. Parker, have since been essentially carried out by the United States Government in its relations to China. His one aim was that China might change its restrictive policy, discontinue its bigotry and idolatry, its prejudice and oppression and stand forth like other nations, taking its place among the Christian governments of the world. For this purpose he bent his energies, framed, addressed and translated important documents to both the Chinese Emperor and authorities, as well as to the Secretary of State

in the United States. Ever watchful was he of the best interests of both his native and his adopted country, and it was his earnest aim to act impartially, and by negotiations a treaty of peace, amity and commerce was finally concluded between the United States and China. The treaty brought about was at length formally ratified on August 4, 1845, and the rights of Americans residing or conducting business in China were duly recognized.

In 1846, Dr. Parker received the appointment to act as *Chargé d’Affaires*, ad interim, occasioned by the death of Mr. Everett, who was Commissioner to the Chinese Empire. The labors attendant upon this honor and position were arduous in the extreme. The magnitude of this work would have appalled an ordinary man, for no former duty was laid aside or diminished. Redoubled efforts were made to effect important results. A series of fruitless formalities, continuing day after day, at last resulted in the meeting of foreign and Chinese Ministers. These services for the government, with hospital duties, church services and all the duties met by teacher, preacher, doctor and diplomatist, together with endless efforts, vast responsibilities, bitter disappointments and heavy trials, made a burden too great; so weary, worn and ill, he was compelled to resign his position and return, in 1855, to America.

With the long sea voyage, health and strength gradually returned, but the troubles in China steady-

ly thickened. So grave was the situation, so complicated the relations between American merchants and Chinese authorities, that Dr. Parker was urgently requested to accept the President's appointment and return at once as United States Commissioner to China. Dr. Parker accepted, and in five months was again in China, striving, hopeful, confident of access to the Manchoo Court; seeking to suppress the state of revolution and anarchy; aiming for the development of a progressive, strong, commercial standing, and praying that China should acknowledge England, France and America as her equals and friends. One of his first measures was an attempt to discontinue the revolting traffic in Chinese coolies, many of whom were barbarously seized, cruelly sold into slavery, or atrociously murdered.

Affairs continued to grow worse, American boats were fired at, foreigners were threatened, riots ensued, hostilities increased, and the courts became more involved. Unremittingly, with vigor, spirit and perseverance unsurpassed, Dr. Parker labored to create a better feeling toward Americans; prepared schedules, decrees and regulations, which should be enforced; but the continued stubborn attitude and the cool indifference of the Imperial Commissioner Yeh seemed immovable. Firm protests and tedious, repeated controversies occurred concerning the revision of the treaty, but at length, in part, the much coveted concession was secured. To

be instrumentally the cause of such an undertaking is in itself a life-work. With the firm conviction that he had accomplished all that was possible, Dr. Parker resigned and left China, August 27, 1857. The revision of the treaty, which was formally ratified, October 24, 1858, was largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Dr. Parker. It permitted a resident Minister at the Imperial Court of Peking; it made provision for the revision of tariffs; it contained a full statement of religious toleration. Many of the opportunities now given to Americans who reside in China, and the commercial advantages concerning both importation and exportation of goods, have been largely due to these labors of Dr. Parker.

Upon his return to America, honors from many societies were conferred upon him. While living in Washington, he was ever doing for the advancement of the country, until on January 10, 1888, at the age of eighty-three, his life-work closed forever. His interest during these last days was as constant, as full of trust and faith, as in the earlier days. Conspicuous and widely beneficial had been his achievements, both in China and in America. To those of coming generations must be given the work that was taken up, carried onward, and borne upward by such a mighty man of unbounded faith and determination.

JOHN SCUDDER, M.D.

BORN SEPTEMBER 3, 1793.

DIED JANUARY 13, 1855.

Among the names which stand high in the annals of Foreign Missions is that of Dr. John Scudder. The family, including the wives, has given almost six hundred years of service among heathen nations.

The founder of the *Missionary* family was Dr. John Scudder—the subject of this little sketch. He was born on September 3, 1793, in Freehold, N. J. His father, Joseph Scudder, was a man of note in the community, a lawyer of no small ability, and fairly well-to-do—a strong, stern man. His mother, Maria Johnstone, was of an old honored family, refined, cultured and withal very religious.

John was one of several children, and consecrated to God, as he was, from infancy he early showed traits of a devotional and godly nature. A testimony of his mother is, "I scarcely know when he was converted; he was always good." Notwithstanding this fact, however, he had no idea that he was a "saint," and felt keenly the shortcomings and faults, common to all men.

Faithful in his studies, he entered Princeton Col-

lege in his sixteenth year, and was graduated in 1813. It was his great wish to be a minister of the Gospel, but his father was opposed to it, and so he chose "the healing art" as being one in which peculiar opportunities would inevitably present themselves for speaking "the word in season." Putting himself under the care of the then eminent Dr. David Hosack, of New York, he worked so hard and efficiently, that in 1815 he was graduated with honor from the New York Medical College. Truly, "there's a Divinity that shapes our ends." This compulsory "choice" of profession made Dr. Scudder the first medical missionary to India, and possibly to the foreign field anywhere; and in fulfilling the law of obedience to parents he secured also the longing of his heart, and was in due time ordained to the Gospel ministry. But we anticipate.

After graduation, of course the next thing of great importance was to find a suitable place in which to practice his profession. He prayed over the matter, as he did over all his affairs, and chose as the best opening New York City, then, as now, the magnet drawing professional and commercial men to itself. He was introduced by a friend to a family named Waterbury, living in the eastern part of the city. The widowed mother, two unmarried daughters and two sons formed this cultured household, and the young doctor thought himself fortunate in finding so good a home for himself. Being positively re-

ligious in his own nature, he grieved to find that these, who were so lovely in all other ways, cared but little for the Christ he so adored, and therefore he set himself at work to win them to the Saviour.

He felt drawn very especially toward the eldest daughter at home, Harriet, who was a beautiful girl, of engaging manners and gentle spirit. She responded, not only to his affection, but also to his efforts for her true conversion to Christ; and to her, under God, may be ascribed much of his after success in life, for as his wife she was his "helpmeet" in every particular.

Nor did he rest with the conversion of Harriet, but with earnest prayer and judicious conversation he succeeded in making his Jesus so attractive that the entire family became Christians.

As soon as possible, after finding a temporal home, the doctor sought a place which would be to him a spiritual home. He settled upon the Dutch Reformed Church, in Franklin Street—the Rev. Christian Bork, pastor. Here he found the strong meat suitable to his strong soul and rejoiced in it personally; but he discovered that the preaching was exclusively to the converted portion of the congregation. This was not in accord with the evangelistic ideas of the young enthusiast, and he often conversed with his pastor upon the propriety of "calling sinners to repentance." Finding his arguments of no avail, he, with his pastor's full consent, made

special effort for the conversion of the youth of the church, and before long blessed results followed. He also worked in the chapel of the Rutgers Street Presbyterian Church, for his heart, though loyal to the church of his choice, was with all God's people of any and every evangelical denomination.

Dr. Scudder's success as a physician was conspicuous. Thoroughly skilled in his profession, his faithful and intelligent care of every case, together with a bright, cheerful, attractive manner, made him many friends and gave him a lucrative practice, the income from which far exceeded their needs, and enabled him and his dear wife to live in great comfort.

And now occurred one of the "little things" which sometimes count for so much. He was visiting, professionally, at one of the Christian homes in New York, and while waiting admittance to the sick room picked up a booklet with the title, "The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six Hundred Millions, and the Ability and Duty of the Churches Representing Them." He borrowed the book, read and re-read it, until his whole being was aflame with the subject matter. He prayed over it, and was soon convinced as to the necessity and utility of foreign missions. He heard the call, "Come over and help us," and cried out from the bottom of his heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do;" for his duty in the matter was not immediately clear to him. His

wife married him as a rising New York physician, not as a foreign missionary, before whom were unknown hardships. His baby girl, two years of age, was it right to take her to a heathen land? His father, a stern autocrat of the old school, positively forbade his son's wild scheme to give up all his worldly prospects of fame and fortune, and threatened to outcast and disinherit him if he dared disobey him. His large circle of patients who trusted and depended upon his skill appealed to him strongly, and the Christian work he was doing in a wicked city was not to be lightly given up. But through all, and in all, came a voice saying, "Go preach the Gospel to the heathen," and beyond all, and above all, was the Saviour himself—"Follow me, and I will make you a physician and preacher to the benighted ones." The wife was to be made the test as to the call. If she agreed there would be no further doubt. Again prayer, long and eager, and then the conference between the two whose lives were linked together. The noble woman responded nobly to the great call, and the decision was made. Nor was this an easy task in those days. Then it meant, in all probability, life-long separation from all the dear ones at home. It meant children born and reared in a land of moral and spiritual darkness. It meant "enduring hardships." It also meant following Christ, and that was enough to counterbalance all.

Just about this time, the American Board of Com-

missioners for Foreign Missions, of Boston, was looking for a Christian physician to send out with a party which were soon to start for India. Dr. Scudder offered himself, was accepted, and began to make preparation at once for sailing. When the little family—for of course little Maria must go also—left New York, the Fulton Street dock was crowded with friends, who wished them “Godspeed.” The doctor, with enthusiasm and delight in every feature, appeared as if he were going on a mere pleasure trip. “Only give us your prayers, that is all I ask,” were his parting words.

On June 8, 1819, the missionary party, consisting of Messrs. Scudder, Spaulding, Winslow and Woodward, and their wives, sailed from Boston on the brig *Indies*, Captain Wills, bound for Calcutta. With such a goodly and godly band, it would have been strange had not goodness and godliness prevailed on that memorable voyage of four months. Great blessings followed the services held, and many were converted. All arrived safely at Calcutta about the middle of October, 1819. Mrs. Woodward became ill, and consequently Dr. Scudder and family had to stay, while the Winslows and Spauldings soon left for Ceylon.

On October 22, little Maria died suddenly and was buried in Calcutta, and very soon after Dr. and Mrs. Scudder went to Jaffna, their appointed station, where, within a few weeks, they were called upon to

lose a second child of a week old, on February 25, 1820. Plunging into the work of learning the Tamil language, they in due time acquired it, and from that time on the great and sole object in life was to make known to all around them, high and low, the Saviour of mankind—the “Jehovah Jesus,” as he delighted to name him. Schools were started, and personal work among the children was begun.

That which distinguished Dr. Scudder from all his contemporaries was the fact that he combined *medical* and *surgical* aid with the preached word. It was this which gave him so much influence. Those who have been, or are being relieved from bodily pain or infirmity, will listen kindly and patiently to the healer, even though his teachings do not coincide with their own ideas. Thousands came to be cured, and none left without having heard the message of truth and the invitation of Christ to “come and be saved.” Another and important part of the doctor’s work was the training of medical students, who afterward did much good to their fellow-countrymen.

Dr. Scudder could not remain in one place. He saw the need of evangelistic work among the outlying masses of the people and he was continually on the move, touring from town to town and village to village. He soon found also that the population was so great, that the same places and people could not be repeatedly visited and instructed in Christian knowledge, so he was indefatigable in the distribution of

Christian literature, Bibles, tracts (many of which he himself prepared), and leaflets were scattered, not broadcast, but most judiciously, wherever he went. His custom in this distribution was to discover whether the applicant or recipient could read, and then to give the book or tract with his own hand and with a word of warning and exhortation. In this way, during his many tours, he distributed literature, literally, by the "cart-load."

Excessive work and exposure to the heat told on even his large and robust frame, and as early as 1821 shattered his constitution, and in 1828 he was ordered to go to Madras and thence to Bangalore, for the purpose of recruiting his health. The change did him good. The trip also opened the way for founding an American Mission in Madras and, in 1836, the Board appointed him and Mr. Winslow to that city. The scope this gave for more extensive touring and enlarged spheres of usefulness was eagerly accepted, and now Conjeevaram, Vellore, Tiruvaarmamalai, Pondicherry, Mayaveram, Kambakonam, Tranquebar, Nyapatam and many other important centers of heathenism were visited. He was opposed, persecuted, stoned, but all to no effect; he kept on preaching the word, distributing Bibles and tracts, and healing the sick, until finally, in 1841, his health failed utterly, and his left arm was partially paralyzed.

During these twenty-two years fourteen children

had been born to these devoted missionaries. The first four were early laid to rest, but the others, eight boys and two girls, grew up to manhood and womanhood. Some had been sent to the home-land, there to be cared for by friends or to struggle for themselves as best they could; the younger ones were still with them. When he found nothing else would save him to further work, he consented to take furlough to America. He began at once to improve on the voyage, and by the time he reached New York was able to work again. For he could not be silent. If he could not preach *to* the heathen he must preach *about* them; and this he did. From north to south, from east to west he traveled, telling his experiences, arousing interest in foreign missions, and especially in his beloved India.

He did a most wonderful work among the children. Wherever he went the little ones flocked to hear him. Many received from his hand little books in which he wrote their names and his autograph, with often a special message or verse of Scripture. In this way great enthusiasm was enkindled among the youth, and hundreds received impressions which were lasting, and resulted, in not a few instances, in conversion and consecration to the service of the Lord, either at home or abroad.

A great joy of this visit home was the reconciliation of father to son. The stern old man had never forgiven his boy. Letters came regularly from

India, only to be burned without being opened; or, after years had passed, to be given to the dear, brave, praying mother. But when the long-lost son stood suddenly and unannounced in his presence, the true paternal feelings overbore all else, and the arms of love were opened once more.

Home and friends and children and comforts of a Christian land could not, however, hold this devoted man from his chosen life-work. "There is no place like India. It is nearer heaven than America," he would say; and in the autumn of 1846 he and his faithful wife and two daughters, Harriet and Louise, sailed again for the East.

Arriving in Madras, he worked with increased and increasing zeal; praying, preaching, healing, writing both for Christians at home and heathen around him, taxing his strength to the utmost, and rejoicing in his work amid sorrows and trials.

The Madura Mission, recently organized, needed his services as a veteran of experience and physician of ability, and he was accordingly transferred to that place for a time. Here, too, he threw himself, body and soul, into the work of evangelizing the surrounding district, and his name is still cherished by many in that region.

In 1849, he is again found in Madras with two of his sons, Henry and William, who had returned to India as missionaries, and again there is the strenuous life of touring, distributing, healing the sick and

writing for publication. The great blow of his life now fell upon him, for on November 19, 1849, after only a very short illness, his beloved wife died. He was heart-broken, and although he bore up wonderfully under this and other trials—among them the news of the death of his son Samuel, which event occurred in America three days before the death of the mother—he was never again what he had been before. He worked harder than ever, but with greater strain upon his powers.

Another son, Joseph, joined the Mission in 1853, and with his brothers helped formed the Arcot Mission of the Reformed Church.

In 1854, Dr. Scudder's health was so poor that he was urged to return to America. This he would not do. "I wish to die in India. There I would be buried, side by side, with my beloved wife," he said. At length, in November, he was persuaded to try a sea voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, with the expectation that the change might restore to him some of his former vigor. The voyage and rest benefited him so much that the veteran warrior, never content unless on the heels of the enemy, preached and worked unremittingly for several weeks, and then feeling quite strong and well, passage was engaged for speedy return to India.

But the "Well done" of the Master—his Jehovah Jesus—was heard, and on the closing day of the week, at about the closing hour, on January 13, 1855,

in the sixty-second year of his life, "he was not, for God took him." A service had been appointed for the evening. He lay down to rest in preparation. He slept and awoke in heaven, for his earthly work was finished.

Sorrowfully and tenderly Joseph took the body to Madras, where, in accordance with his wish, it was laid beside that of his dear wife, among the people whom he loved and for whom he labored for thirty-six years. A blessed heritage have his numerous descendants and the Church of God in the memory of this good man.

A consideration of some of the characteristics of Dr. Scudder may not be amiss.

In appearance he was tall, well formed, strong; an athlete in mould and power, full of ardor and vigor. He was a gentleman by birth, breeding and instinct; refined and intellectual, with pleasing address and manner—one who could stand before princes and hold his own. He was tender and true as husband, father and friend, though his intensely religious nature made him severe, even stern toward those who were dearest, if they did wrong or were impenitent.

He was full of enthusiasm in regard to his profession of medicine, but used his art solely as a means to an end. His main business was "Preach the Gospel," and all things and powers were impressed into the service, but made subservient to that end. He

was simple-hearted in his belief and preaching. The straight Gospel message was enough for him, and he marveled when hearers would not believe. His theme constantly was, "You are lost! Jehovah Jesus has made atonement, believe and be saved!"

He was deeply, sincerely spiritual. With some, this trait is unattractive. Not so with him. It was his charm. In conversation he invariably introduced religion, and did so without giving offence. He was a tall man in every particular—in body, mind and spirit—and his whole being was entirely consecrated to his God. By earnest Bible study, prayer and fasting he entered into "the deep things of God."

And he received the reward of the righteous. He lived a life of usefulness to his fellow men. His mind was full of faith and love, and his end was peace. All his children became true Christians; nine of the ten became foreign missionaries—the other died in preparation for the same great work. Twelve of his grandchildren are, or have been, in the foreign field as missionaries, and most, if not all the others, are Christian workers; and through these "he being dead, yet speaketh."

WILLIAM MILLER, D.D., LL.D.

BORN JANUARY 13, 1838.

Scotland may well feel proud of the noble band of missionaries which she has sent forth to proclaim Christ to the heathen world. They have earned highest distinction and achieved largest success in all fields of missionary service. Such men as Livingstone and Duff, Keeth, Falkner and Mackay reveal not only the highest nobility of Scottish character, they also illustrate the best traits of Christian heroism and missionary power.

At the present day, that wonderful land of John Knox has not a more distinguished representative in missionary service than the Rev. William Miller, the missionary educator in India. In that greatest of all fields of missionary activity, where an army of nearly two thousand five hundred missionaries—men and women—are devoting their lives of high culture and deep consecration to the regeneration and salvation of its three hundred million souls, no one has done more faithful or more efficient service and stands in higher esteem and appreciation among his missionary brethren than he, the Principal of the Madras Christian College. This is the more remarkable since only a few years ago both he and his work

were held under suspicion and were roundly abused by a host of missionary brethren in that land. To him, more than to any other man, is due the credit of fighting and winning for the higher educational work a recognized and honored place in the economy of missions in that land of the East. By the distinguished success which he has achieved, and also by his force and nobility of character, he has dispelled every cloud of doubt and overcome every obstacle to the hearty recognition by the whole missionary body of the legitimacy and importance of the educational work of missions.

Dr. Miller is the chief apostle of this educational department of missionary activity. Even as Alexander Duff was the father of higher education in missions, so is Principal Miller its chief and best exponent in India, if not in all mission fields to-day.

No one can overestimate the value and importance, in such a land as India, of those missionary institutions which are devoted to the work of imparting on Christian lines, to non-Christian youth, the highest culture, the best thought and the soundest philosophy of the West. This leavening of the thought and the institutions of that land, through our high-grade Christian institutions, stand among the highest ambitions of modern missions. It has also been the most fruitful in results. The thirty-four Protestant mission colleges in India (with their 22,084 students) are wielding a power in the transformation

of thought and in the introduction and enforcement of the highest Christian ideals to the cultured and ruling classes of the land, such as no other department of missionary work can claim. These institutions stand at the apex of a system of six thousand Protestant schools, in which not far from half a million of the brightest youths of the land are being trained and led into the mysteries of our faith in its best thought and life. More and better converts to Christianity are made through these schools than through any other agency of modern times.

Miller was born on January 13, 1838, at Thurso, in the northernmost county of Scotland, the son of a merchant and ship owner. He distinguished himself in his studies at Aberdeen and Edinburgh universities. He began life as the assistant of Dr. Candlish, in Edinburgh, and soon manifested great ability and energy. He arrived at Madras in December, 1862, a young man of twenty-four years, as a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, and entered at once upon his duties as secretary to that mission in Madras. In that capacity he zealously engaged in all departments of work—outdoor preaching, congregational work, female education, medical aid and school work.

Soon, however, he found his special sphere of activity and entered heartily into the task of reorganizing and strengthening the college established by that noble man of God—Rev. John Anderson. Thus,

from 1863 until the present, he has presided over the destinies of that great institution, and by his wonderful organizing genius, his intellectual power, his force of character, and moral and religious purpose and ideals, he has built it up until it stands supreme as the largest and best institution of learning in India and in all the East.

It has more than seventeen hundred students, of whom nearly seven hundred are in the college classes. It has a body of loyal alumni, more than two thousand strong, of whom nearly two hundred and fifty are Indian Christians. Its staff of professors are the peers of any in the East, and its spacious halls and splendid equipment furnish it with abundant opportunity for thorough work.

This institution not only stands pre-eminent in the work which it is accomplishing in the lives of its students and alumni; it is also, in the excellence of its organization and in the height of its moral purpose and depth of its Christian spirit, the ideal and model which inspires and directs all the other Christian schools of the land.

In the development of the Madras Christian College, Dr. Miller has not only had controlling influence and leadership because of the supremacy of his powers as an educator, organizer and Christian statesman; as a man of commanding wealth also he has been able to maintain and push forward his beloved work as ordinary missionaries could not. In

the erection of the stately halls and splendid hostels, or homes of the institution, and in the general conduct and improvement of its work, he and his family have invested financially a large fortune; and he still gives lavishly of his inherited wealth for the wisest development of the work. Rarely have been combined in one man such large resources of money, of mind and of spirit.

Dr. Miller has not confined his energies and his wisdom to the institution of which he is the head. He has done excellent service to the country as a leading member of educational commissions, notably the one of 1882, when he not only gave signal aid in shaping the educational policy of the government of India; he also valiantly championed the educational work of missions, and won for it from the State that appreciation and sympathy which educational departmentalists have always been anxious to take away from it. There is indeed no man living who has done more to shape the educational policy of India and to further the interests of higher and popular education alike than has Principal Miller.

Lord Napier made public recognition of this in the English House of Lords, when he spoke of him as "A missionary teacher, known alike for his piety and public zeal, whose services in the cause of higher education are probably unsurpassed in India."

His services to the Madras University as a leading member for many years of its syndicate have been

even more marked. His voice in its councils has added wisdom to its deliberations, and his judgment has been impressed upon all its affairs.

In like manner, his presence and voice have exercised great influence during more than a third of a century in the large and important missionary gatherings in India. More than anything else, it has been his presence at missionary conferences, and his weighty deliverances to them, which has allayed the bitterness and animosity of many too ardent "evangelistic missionaries" against educational missions, and helped to work such a transformation in sentiment as to give this department of missionary labor great popularity among missionaries of all societies. If "imitation is the best form of praise," certainly the larger portion of the thirty-four Protestant mission colleges of India are a pæan of praise to Dr. Miller and his colaborers. And the fact that more than eighty foreign Protestant missionaries are to-day engaged in the same department of work in that land, is one measure of the esteem in which that work is now regarded by the missions of the land.

The Madras University and the Madras Government alike evinced their wisdom in inviting this man of broad views and strong principles to become a member of the Madras Legislative Council. And as a member of that august legislative body he has rendered for years distinguished service to that great

land, and especially to that "benighted Presidency of fifty-three million souls."

Not only as educator and administrator, but also as public speaker and writer, has Dr. Miller always found most interested audiences. He is not a great pulpit orator, and yet his sermons are always strong and instructive. He has enjoyed the unique distinction of being twice invited to deliver the Convocation addresses of the Madras University; and never was more thoughtful advice offered to the graduates of that institution than on those occasions.

Thus in the many departments of missionary educational and civic life has the subject of our sketch found distinction and most useful service; and it has been not only because he is a man of intellectual power, of commanding personality and of religious conviction; it has been also owing to this deepest sympathy with India and her people, and his genuine appreciation of all that is good and permanent in the civilization and religion of the East. India has never found a truer friend nor a more sympathetic helper than he. He has coupled with his many patient endeavors for the land and people an abiding hope that the future destiny of India is grand and inspiring.

Listen to these words from his Convocation Address, delivered to the graduates of the University of Madras in 1894: "I cannot lift the veil that hides the future. Nevertheless, I am sure that if life's burden is wisely borne, and its commonplace duties

patiently discharged by you, and by the generations to which your character and influence will of necessity be handed down, there will yet arise in this land of yours some community or race, some city or institution, something (I know not what) in which men's thoughts will find noble utterance, and from which their energies will flame nobly forth; something that will make India a leader in the march of mankind toward its appointed goal."

No man can be of great service to India who is not imbued, as Dr. Miller is, with a strong hope in the future greatness of that people of ancient glory in the East.

He has also written several books which reveal the mastery of thought and nobility of purpose by which he is possessed.

The world is not insensible to sterling worth and noble service, even in a far-off missionary of the cross. The subject of our sketch has been honored both in his native land and in his chosen land. The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland—his own church—appreciates his services and ability. In 1893 it appointed him to the Professorship of Theology at the Free Church College, Edinburgh. This was an honor, however, which he, without hesitation, declined. In 1896 it again unanimously chose him to be its Moderator—the highest honor within its power to confer. As this did not interfere with his life-work in India, and as he felt that it was more

a compliment to the missionary cause than to himself personally, he accepted and gracefully occupied the position, which very few of the most distinguished sons of that denomination are permitted to enjoy.

It was while he was Moderator of the General Assembly that his Indian students and friends presented a unique address to the General Assembly. This address, which was signed by more than twenty-two hundred native gentlemen—including some of the most distinguished men in South India—is a beautiful tribute of appreciation and affection to the man “whose services in the cause of higher education, extending over a period of thirty-three years, have never in this part of the world been surpassed, and who will himself live in the memory and affection of many a generation to come.” They expressed to the Free Church their deep gratitude for giving to their country Principal Miller, and such as he, and for honoring him with the highest gift in their possession. The large majority of signers of this address are non-Christians.

And it is these same men, the graduates of the Madras Christian College, who recently revealed their love to their principal by a unique method. Unwilling to await his decease or departure from India, they determined to give expression to their love and admiration and to commemorate his self-denying services by erecting a marble statue of him in the city of Madras. This statue was, a couple of

years ago, unveiled by the Governor of Madras. It is, if I mistake not, the only statue erected by the people of India to a western benefactor, as it is the first tribute of the kind ever erected in that land for a Christian missionary. With many other things, it goes to prove that no other missionary educator, nor any other educator whatever, has so influenced the young men of the land and gained their loyalty and affection as Dr. Miller. And more beautiful than the splendid buildings of his beloved college, stand the noble band of cultured men, who trace to him some of the highest blessings of their life; more enduring than marble statue is the many-sided, ennobling influence which he has transmitted to his "dear boys," and which will pervade the myriad lives and institutions of that great land.

In like manner, the government has felt the royal worth of such a man as Dr. Miller, and has set its seal of honor upon him, not only in the positions of large influence which it has been glad to offer him, but also in the distinguished Order of the Companion of the Indian Empire, which it conferred upon him. But no honor received by him has in any way intoxicated him or diminished the value of his service for his beloved land of India.

Though seriously impaired in health during the last few years, and abundantly entitled to permanent rest and retirement, after his arduous labors of nearly forty years in the tropics, he prefers to remain at

his post and to serve his Master and the people of India, far away from his beloved hills of Scotland.

It is the enlightened efforts and the devoted services of such a man of God as Principal Miller that India specially needs to-day. Such a man is worthy to lead the hosts of the Lord in the Christian conquest of that historic and most interesting people. Such a life is also a vast power in that it illustrates to the millions of India, and especially to the cultured and ruling classes, the strength as well as the beauty of the Christian life. He has revealed to the young men of the land not only the sweet reasonableness of our faith, but also the glory and strength of that life which is hid with Christ in God.

JOHN MURDOCH, LL.D.

BORN JULY 22, 1819.

The missionary of the past has been almost exclusively a clergyman. Ordination has been deemed all but essential to him. The broadening of the field of missionary service and the multiplication of departments of missionary activity are necessitating a change in this particular. The layman is becoming an increasingly important factor in missionary effort and achievement. The subject of our present sketch neither sought ordination nor has he given himself to the direct work of preaching the Gospel. And yet he has been one of the most faithful, devoted, capable and successful of the noble band of men who have given themselves to the regeneration of India. And he stands at his post to-day, with zeal and vigor unabated, though he has spent fifty-eight years of ceaseless toil for his Master and is the oldest Protestant missionary in the land.

John Murdoch was born at Glasgow, July 22, 1819, and is now, therefore, in his eighty-fourth year—verily a ripe old age for a man of his nervous energy and incessant toil. He was educated in his native city and took a partial course in the Glasgow

University. To this he added a normal training course.

In 1844 he received appointment as Headmaster of the Government Central and Normal Schools at Kandy, Ceylon; and from that day to this he has given himself without stint to the intellectual and spiritual elevation of the people of India and Ceylon. In length of service he stands first among the missionaries of that land. Fifty-eight years of strenuous endeavor in the tropics—how few are permitted to enjoy it!

How many changes has he been permitted to witness in the civilization and how much in missionary achievement during his nearly six decades of residence in the East! It took him nearly four and a half months to travel from his native land to Ceylon, in 1844. Now he makes his annual visits to Great Britain in four times as many days as he then required months. And he has lived to see the Protestant Christian population of India rise from seventy-five thousand souls to more than a million, and he has the blessed satisfaction of knowing that he has had a laudable part in this great ingathering of souls.

He has had conspicuous share in increasing the number of Protestant schools in India from less than two thousand to fully six thousand in number, with a school attendance of nearly half a million—a total seven times that of 1844. The teachers of India

also, in whose training Dr. Murdoch has had so prominent a part, have multiplied many-fold during this same period.

And not only has this growth been great extensively, intensively also has the development been equally marvelous. The character of the schools, of the teaching, of the Christian community and of the Christian agency and Christian literature of India to-day, as compared with those of half a century ago, is such as to bring cheer and confidence to the friends of missions in that land. And yet we hear some still ignorantly declaiming about "the failure of missions."

Until 1849, Dr. Murdoch gave himself to educational work, and in this found excellent preparation for his life-work as the Nestor of Christian literature in the East.

During his holidays as a teacher he was accustomed to visit mission stations, and he found them very deficient in evangelistic literature and in school books. To meet this want he established a Religious Tract Society, in 1847, for the work of which he took over a small printing-press from the Baptist mission.

In 1849, he gave up educational work and devoted himself to the supply of Christian literature. In 1855, he was recognized in this work as an agent of the United Church of Scotland. Even while engaged in this line of activity he did not forget other

departments of missionary labor. He visited the coffee plantations of Ceylon and took an active interest in evangelistic labors for the Indian coolies who were imported from the Peninsula. He visited Tinnevely with a view to request the Church of England mission to take up definite work for these much-neglected coolies. He was successful in inducing them to organize the Ceylon Coolie Mission, which has since flourished and has been a great boon to many thousands of these plantation laborers.

In 1858, the Christian Vernacular Education Society was established as a memorial of the Indian Mutiny. The subject of this sketch became at once the India agent of this society. This new society had three objects in view—the training of teachers, the support of day schools and the supply of Christian literature, especially for schools.

Of the three training schools established, only one is continued, and the society is now devoting its strength almost entirely to the production and dissemination of literature. But the six hundred and seventy teachers trained in its schools are still perpetuating its influence in the land.

From the first, Dr. Murdoch has been the animating spirit of this society. With a view to the preparation of the best school-books, he visited and studied the problem at first hand in many lands. From China and Japan, in the far East, he came to this land of the remotest West, and brought all his observa-

tions under tribute to the highest usefulness of the society, whose well-being was so largely entrusted to him. Since those days, this society has been rebaptized into a new name, and occupies a more definite province of labor. It is now called the Christian Literature Society, and gives itself to the work of producing a general, as well as a school, Christian literature.

So versatile and vigorous has Secretary Murdoch been during the last few years, that his society has sent forth an ever-increasing number of books, pamphlets and tracts from his pen. They have been addressed with equal definiteness to Viceroy, Government, Educational Department, Missionaries, Christians and non-Christians, and have impressed upon all the veteran's convictions of what India needs and the duty of all alike to meet that need. Books on social reform, upon religious reform, upon caste, debt, poverty and upon a dozen other subjects of deep interest in that land have been sent forth from the press in quick succession, and most of them were the products of his earnest energy, and the silent witnesses of his marvelous fertility in a ripe old age.

Dr. Murdoch has also, since the year 1866, been the India agent of the Religious Tract Society and has had largely the management of its extensive work in the Peninsula. He also visited China in this capacity and brought his practical wisdom and large

experience to bear upon the subject of a Christian literature for that great land and people.

When he is not writing and transacting the direct business of the two societies, at his headquarters in Madras, he is traveling all over the land, superintending the various branch societies and stimulating the many missions which he visits in the two departments so dear to his heart, those of the creation and of the dissemination of a healthy Christian literature. Even upon his long voyages to England and return he never spends a day idle. The writer once voyaged with him from England to India, and was greatly impressed with his unwearied diligence in his favorite occupation of preparing manuscript for the press. A more absolute devotion to his life-work no one has ever shown than has this good Scottish bachelor brother, who is undivorcably wedded to the pen and the press.

Among the many results in India which can be traced more to the initiative and the organized effort of Dr. Murdoch than to those of any other man in all the history of missions in India, are the following:

(1) Mission Presses. That little press bought by him, in 1847, was one of the first of a great host of mission presses and the beginning of mission printing establishments for India. From so small a beginning has grown this rapidly multiplying mission agency. There are to-day forty-one presses and

publishing houses connected with the Protestant missions of India, and these give employment to at least two thousand men, in the purely mechanical work of creating this Christian literature, which annually reaches an aggregate of two hundred million pages.

(2) To this we must add the eighteen Christian Tract and Book Societies, which are vigorously pushing the sales and disseminating the output of these and other presses in the land. The Madras Tract Society alone (of which Dr. Murdoch is the agent) has issued forty million copies of its books and tracts. Dr. Murdoch's other society, the Christian Literature Society, publishes in eighteen languages, nearly sixty million copies of books and tracts annually. Who can measure the influence exercised by these societies!

(3) Looking again at the character of this literature we find no little encouragement.

Though we must think of the department as having not as yet passed its infancy, it is nevertheless producing much that is wholesome and strong for the enlightenment of the people. Considerable is published with a view of counteracting the pernicious influence of the western infidel literature, with which the land is flooded. Much also is sent forth by our presses to show the error, absurdity and inanity of the writings of Hinduism. Millions of pages are issued with the special object of commending our

faith as a system of truth and as a source of life to non-Christians.

Add to this the rapidly developing literature that has as its aim the nourishing of Christian thought and life in the Christian community, and those higher grade books which are intended for mission agents and others who seek guidance into the deepest mysteries of our faith. School-books and other literature for the young also command and receive considerable attention.

In all these departments of Christian literature, Dr. Murdoch has been a pioneer; and he has spent many busy years in the direction and encouragement of others in the same line of effort.

(4) Following his initiative, largely, others also have entered vigorously into the work of publishing Christian magazines, both in English and in the many vernaculars of the land. At present, one hundred and forty-seven Christian newspapers and magazines, each one having an average circulation of one thousand copies, are published by the Protestant missions of India. These periodicals are doing a wonderful work in the creation of an *esprit de corps* among Christians, and in the dissemination of Christian truth among non-Christians.

What we especially need in India to-day is a growing number of men upon whom the mantle of Dr. Murdoch may fall; men who shall give themselves entirely to the all-important work of creating a worthy,

because a convincing, an inspiring, and a winning Christian literature for that great people. The writer will never forget the strong and exceedingly pathetic appeal made by Dr. Murdoch before the great Missionary Conference at Bombay ten years ago, in which, after nearly half a century of service, he called upon younger men, in large numbers, to take up this most important work. There is certainly not a more inviting department of missionary activity than this, and it promises to become in the near future that department of effort which will stand supreme in influence and paramount in the pervasiveness and permanence of its power. Beyond even the preacher, the teacher and the administrator is the Christian writer in India to become the man of blessed opportunity and of supreme power.

Nor is it enough that a worthy literature be produced and published; it also must be disseminated. To circulate and scatter broadcast over the land such worthy books and tracts as are available requires much wisdom and perseverance. Without success in this, the pen and press are all but useless. And here again Dr. Murdoch has been eminently active and successful. He gave himself no rest in his effort to bring all the Christian literature of the land within reach of those who most needed it. And the many book depositaries, found scattered over the Peninsula bear testimony to his organizing power and wisdom in this direction.

The work which has been accomplished by this man of God is not yet adequately appreciated, even in India, where he has spent his life. It is true that the university of his native city long ago recognized his sterling worth by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. His fellow-missionaries also have presented to him warm testimonials of their love and high esteem. But he is very retiring and modest; he dislikes and flees from publicity. But the day will reveal the character and permanence of the results of his work, and future generations of missionaries and native Christians in India will rise up to call him blessed.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR

BORN JUNE 12, 1843.

DIED MAY 21, 1891.

Many years before the subject of this sketch came upon the stage of life, the way was prepared in Mongolia for the coming of a bright, energetic young Scotchman, who was to bring spiritual succor and medical aid to the wandering tribes inhabiting the Mongolian plain. As early as 1817, a mission was established among the Mongolian tribe of the Buriats. Self-sacrificing men had taught, healed disease and translated the entire Bible into the language of the people. The country these wandering people inhabit lies between Siberia on the north and China on the south. It was not long before the work of the first missionaries there aroused the suspicion of the Russian Government, and accordingly they were banished from Siberia, just as their work was becoming encouraging. Twenty-five years later, the London Missionary Society re-opened the mission, making Peking their headquarters.

Not far from Glasgow there lived a Scottish family remarkable for the number of its boys and the particularly strict training under which they grew. One of these six sons was James Gilmour, and he,

with his playful, happy temperament, combined with a deep undertone of earnestness, was the one destined to go alone to instruct and help the solitary inhabitants of the wild and lonely plains of Mongolia. He was a brilliant student, and after receiving the degree of M.A. at Glasgow University, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, in September, 1867. Then entering Cheshunt College for a theological training, he won all the honors that were obtainable. At Highgate there was an institution for the especial instruction of those who were to serve in foreign fields, and young Gilmour was transferred to this school, in 1869. About this time he met an interesting woman, a Mrs. Swan, a survivor of that small band of missionaries who, a quarter of a century previous, had been compelled to leave their work in Mongolia by the order of Emperor Nicholas. This lady, able to speak, read and write in the Mongol tongue, inspired the eager enthusiast, who heard her stories of life among those far-away people, some of whom sent letters of Christian greeting to her after the lapse of so many years.

Undaunted by the prospect of a lonely life, full of hardship, amid unknown and partially wild tribes, James Gilmour set sail for China, in the spring of 1870. Peking was to be his headquarters, for in the winter he would have opportunity to work among the Mongols, who visited the capital on government duty, or for trading; and during other months of

the year he expected to share their life on the plains. He had instructions to "study their language and literature, make acquaintance with the Mongol people, gather information respecting localities most suited to closer intercourse with them, and the forms of labor best adapted to accomplish the great purpose of evangelizing them." Mr. Gilmour reached the capital of China, May 18, 1870, and shortly after the foreign population of that whole country were alarmed by news of a massacre in the city of Tientsin. It was feared that Peking would also be the scene of bloodshed, and it was understood that the day had been appointed for the extermination of foreigners there. But on that day a violent hurricane arose, followed by a rain, lasting twenty hours; and thus were the evil intentions of the mob frustrated.

James Gilmour now concluded that if he were to reach Mongolia at all, he must take his opportunity while there was a period of quiet and peace. Accordingly, he started, in company with some Russian merchants, on a four days' journey to Kalgan, a market-town near the great wall of China. The Mongols frequently resort to Kalgan to purchase goods—their name for the place is "the Gate." Our young missionary decided to adapt himself, in the matter of food and comforts, entirely to the mode of life of the people among whom he had come to work and live. A friend wrote of him thus: "Gilmour

spared himself in nothing, but gave himself wholly to God. He kept nothing back. All was laid upon the altar. I doubt if even Paul endured more for Christ than did James Gilmour. I doubt, too, if Christ ever received from human hands or hearts more loving service."

After a journey of fifty-four days, diversified by many adventures, James Gilmour found himself in the city of Kiachta on the Russian frontier. A trader gave him shelter, and here he succeeded in obtaining a lazy and incompetent teacher. Finding this a poor way of learning the new language, he determined to try another plan. So leaving the town behind him, he crossed the frontier into Mongolia and took up his abode with a Mongol priest, who promised to teach him. Here he lived on very limited fare, called "meal tea," and occasionally frozen meat boiled. He was fond of this tea in the porridge stage, so it was reserved for him by the natives and called "Scotland." His manner toward them and their love for him were attested by the name they gave him, "Our Gilmour."

He learned the Mongol language faster by listening to the talk of the old priest's callers than by the formal lessons which his host thought necessary to impose upon him. After a time he learned to escape these lessons by taking long walks into the country. After securing a good working knowledge of the language he began regular trips of exploration into

the surrounding country. On one of these trips he found for his cheer some of the old converts of the first missionaries to Mongolia. Their pleasure at meeting him and their fondness for their departed teachers were very touching. This visit to the headquarters of the first mission was a comfort and encouragement to Gilmour, but for a while longer we find him gaining new experiences and overcoming fresh difficulties in his novel life among the Mongols.

It was a matter of wonder to his new friends that a grown-up man could not ride horseback, and much amusement was afforded them by his attempts at horsemanship. To show them what he could do in this line he started to ride some hundreds of miles to Kalgan, taking with him only one companion, a Mongol. He was so fortunate as to reach the place just before the rainy season, and obtaining a comfortable room, he began serious study of the written language. He advanced so much that ere long he could read the Bible, and compose and write in Mongol. Then followed another trip to the "Grass Land," accompanied by great discomforts, such as diet of the poorest, tents overrun with insect life, and the annoyances arising from the privilege which all Mongols assumed of entering his presence at any time and at all hours. In the fall of 1871, Mr. Gilmour, now an expert in the Mongol tongue, returned to Peking, after having been absent fifteen months in Kalgan and the Mongolian plains.

In order to determine whether the nomadic Mongols or the agricultural Mongols could be the most readily reached by mission work, our missionary took an early opportunity to visit the Mongol settlements northeast of Peking.

The latter were found in Chinese villages, and one working among them would have the disadvantage of being obliged to put up at Chinese inns, and while they could visit you, you, on no account, would be allowed to visit them. The wandering tribes were hospitable and there was freedom in gaining access to them, and if a missionary possessed a tent and a camel he could go where he liked. These people, however, were afraid to have foreigners with them lest they should die on their hands, and so get them into trouble with the Chinese Government. The advantages and disadvantages of work among either class were about equal. The Bible had been translated into the written language of the Burists, and this was understood by the Mongols of the north, some of whom were able to read. For the use of the southern Mongols there was a catechism fitted to their needs and comprehension.

During the summer of 1872, Mr. Gilmour spent much time in Peking, still studying the language of Mongolia and taking up also medical study. Here he found pleasant friends in Mr. and Mrs. Much, the former of whom he had known at Cheshunt College. It was a great pleasure for him to meet them often,

and enjoy their hospitality. Here he heard much of a certain winsome young sister of Mrs. Much, an English girl, and hearing her letters read aloud, and seeing her photograph, increased his growing interest. He rapidly came to the conclusion that this "young lady in London" was the one who would be a most desirable and helpful companion in his work. So this quaint courtship was carried on with all speed, and in the autumn of 1874 his English bride sailed for China. Her future husband awaited her arrival at Tientsin with some impatience.

Not careful about his personal appearance, he had arrayed himself in an old overcoat with a thick comforter about his neck; thus attired he presented himself to his bride. His friend, Mr. Much, accompanied him in a lighter some way down the river to meet the steamer. But as the latter was progressing toward the port the captain could not allow them to board the vessel, so they had to follow in a miserable flat-bottomed boat.

The English girl's first view of her future husband was probably not altogether prepossessing. The next day a tiresome journey of eighty miles was begun in springless carts to Peking, where the couple were to be married. Such was the introduction of a delicate young woman into the new life she was to lead among the isolated plains of Mongolia. The year following their marriage was spent in Peking, there being work there which demanded the atten-

tion of Mr. Gilmour. However, in 1876, they journeyed into Mongolia, Mrs. Gilmour for the first time accompanying her husband. They carried with them two tents, one for servants, the other for their own use. Thus they hoped at times to have a little freedom from interruption, for the Mongols think if they cannot enter one's tent at all times something must be wrong. They cannot comprehend the idea of a man's abode being, if only a tent, his castle.

Mr. Gilmour had arranged one tent very comfortably with fringes at its base to keep out the breezes and a cloth door, to be buttoned at night; also a double roof. He was much distressed lest the natives should think him "effeminate" in all this. He says: "Rather than that one would prefer broiling in the sun and shivering in the wind." The long journeys across the deserts were times of suffering from more than one cause. Intolerable thirst frequently made even the "dirty, delicious Mongol tea" a treat. Sometimes adventures of a serious nature overtook them, as on one occasion, when camped for the night, a violent thunderstorm burst in fury upon them. On one side of their tent was a river, and Mr. Gilmour discovered that on their left side also water was flowing in a steady stream. So surrounded by floods and beaten upon by violent winds they waited in anxiety, expecting at every moment to be swept away. Through this peril they were safely brought. Such experiences told on Mrs. Gilmour's health. Never

before had her husband felt more keenly the need of a medical colleague. He thought it most important that every missionary should have some knowledge of medicine. One incident of this medical work was this. "A man came for eye medicine for his wife. The woman's eye was soon cured, and some time afterward, the husband being attacked by the same malady, had some of the medicine applied. He passed a restless night with pain in the eye, and in getting up in the morning asked his wife to examine it and see what was the matter with it. 'Cursed!' exclaimed the wife, 'the pupil has been destroyed!' 'Patricide!' roared the husband; 'so it has; I can't see' (these two epithets were meant for me), and taking the little bottle containing the medicine, dashed it to pieces on a stone. For some days he was in a state of fever and rage, believing all the stories told of our cutting out eyes, etc., to be true, till in due course the pupil again contracting, he saw as before, and found his eye cured. Such at least was the story current in his neighborhood. Next time I came along, he begged more medicine, made presents of white food and is now my firm friend."

In 1877, Mr. Gilmour took up work to aid Rev. Mr. Lees in Peking, or rather in the country surrounding that city. In addition to his Mongolian tribes he found time to visit the Tientsin outstations once or twice a year. His fondness for argument was very great, and his usual ending to a discussion

was, "Ah, well, may you be forgiven. Nevertheless, I love you still."

As many as fifteen hundred Mongols were to be found in Peking living in what were known as the "outside" and "inside" lodgings. Mr. Gilmour thus describes them: "If any one wants to see Mongol life without going to Mongolia, the Li Kean (or inside lodging) is the place to see it. In the open space that forms the market are seldom wanting a few tents, standing at the door of which a spectator may see the inmates boiling their tea, cooking their food, washing their faces and sitting about, all in true Mongol style. Round their tents are placed creels of frozen game and poultry, and outside these again are ranged the camels, or oxen and carts, which formed their means of conveyance."

Here Mr. Gilmour placed a bookstall, with a Chinaman in charge. He often himself went out with bags of books, searching for the Mongols in their trading places and lodgings. They usually wanted books read to them before buying, so in this way they heard many truths of Christianity from Mr. Gilmour's lips. Sometimes they gave him curious things, such as cheese, butter, millet-cake and sheep's fat, in exchange for books.

Our untiring missionary found that when the dwellers on the plains clearly understood his object in coming to them, he was not received so pleasantly. Some regarded his efforts with uneasiness, others

thought it improbable that any Mongol should ever renounce Buddhism for Christianity.

In 1882, Mr. Gilmour, wife and children went to England for rest. Mrs. Gilmour was in very frail health. Many became interested in their work, and a charming book by Mr. Gilmour, entitled "Among the Mongols," attracted numerous readers. On returning to China, work was taken up among the Chinese in Peking. Just before this, a short visit on foot was made to Mongolia. In genuine tramp style, Mr. Gilmour started on this trip, with his belongings slung across his shoulders. His feet, unused to long travel, became blistered. The mandarin of the district received him heartily, offering tea as refreshment. Soon a crowd gathered to welcome him. At this very time his heart was gladdened by the first confession of belief in Christ by a young Mongol. Not long after this same young man was baptized by an American missionary, Rev. W. P. Sprague, because Mr. Gilmour's work in Peking prevented him from visiting Mongolia. His friend, Mr. Much, being absent from Peking for eighteen months, he carried on evangelistic work in that city. In the chapels the audiences were good and attentive. His work was so absorbing that he did not realize that his wife was slowly fading away from life. She longed for a tender nurse and, fortunately, one was procured, who cared for her very lovingly. Her little ones learned to hear of her going from them

as going "Home." Very sad and hard indeed was it for her brave husband to be left alone with three small boys, one a baby; but harder still, when he parted from two of the children, sending them away to be educated. Then cheerfully he took up work among the agricultural Mongols who lived east of Jehol. He remarked: "God having cut me adrift from all my fixings, I am ready to go wherever the Lord leads."

In this new district he chose three centers for work, viz., Ch'ao-yang, Ta'ssn-kon and Ta-chery-tzn. This was a hard field, but his untiring devotion secured success. He walked long distances to get at the people, and for the very reason that he traveled on foot he was refused admittance to the inns, so had to find shelter at the tramps' tavern. Very soon he took important medical work, in which he became deeply absorbed. Purchasing a small tent, and setting it up on the day of a great fair, Mr. Gilmour freely dispensed his medicines to those who applied for help. During seven months of 1886 he was able to relieve between five and six thousand persons. His need of a helper in this particular work was very great. He says: "May he come. I hope he can pray. If so he can commence work at once."

On another occasion he wrote to a friend: "You are in a great fix about the land question at home. I see it all fought out under my eyes here. But for opium, whiskey and tobacco, the land could carry,

I should guess, thirty per cent. more of population, perhaps even a larger proportion than that."

This field was a difficult one, and the cold and hardships to be endured were such that no Peking Christians would accompany him. The latter part of 1887, Mr. Gilmour having been absent eleven months took a rest in a visit to his friend, Dr. Mackenzie, of Tientsin. The latter was a warm admirer of the earnest missionary. Dr. F. C. Roberts, who was to be the long-desired colleague of Mr. Gilmour, was also in Tientsin, studying Chinese. On returning to Mongolia, some matters pained the faithful worker, such as the prospect of one convert going over to the Roman Catholic faith, while the consistent life of another Chinese convert cheered him. Some of his flock were eager for a chapel, thinking that would do everything for them.

Dr. Roberts, on reaching the scene of work, was struck by the entire surrender of Mr. Gilmour's heart and soul to his arduous labor of healing both bodies and souls of men. He, in the matter of food, descended to the level of those about him. Only a few weeks did he enjoy his new assistant. Sudden news came of the death of Dr. Mackenzie, and of the appointment of Dr. Roberts as head of the hospital at Tientsin. Mr. Gilmour writes: "My faith is not going, but I must confess that I am walking in the dark."

In summing up the work of the year, it was found

that only three men had been baptized, but they represented the three centers of work. Finally, after more lonely labor, another assistant, a Dr. G. P. Smith, was appointed medical colleague. Mr. Gilmour was cheered further by increase of interest among his people, sometimes twenty to fifty gathering at the rooms for worship.

Exposure in traveling across the district, one hundred miles in width, and low diet had told on the health of the self-sacrificing teacher to such an extent that his new medical assistant advised immediate rest. So he was persuaded to take a trip to England. On this voyage his brain was full of plans for the Mongol mission. He was anxious for a band of lay helpers, also very desirous that candidates for church membership should pledge themselves to total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. Some of his fellow-workers did not second his views heartily. These were not the only matters that caused him anxiety. He was a fond father, and his visit with his little ones was full of pleasure to him. It is touching to record that their boyish letters to him were stitched together and carried with him on all his long tramps in Mongolia. His health improved while in England, but he was restless to return to his adopted country. He did good work while absent in visiting many churches as a deputation from the London Missionary Society. It was thought that he had a leaning toward what is known as the

"Larger Hope." One or two expressions in letters of his show his views on this subject. "Honestly, and to come to the point at once, I do not see that the restoration theory can stand on the statements of revelation. This doctrine does not seem to me to be revealed. I think as clearly that the Scriptures does not necessitate us to believe the darker doctrine of eternal pain."

Mr. Gilmour gave liberally of his means, which were small and were the result of years of economy, to the Society's funds. Dr. Smith, in company with a friend, visited the rooms Mr. Gilmour occupied in Mongolia, and they were found to be of the very simplest, with most desolate surroundings. Here this great man lived and worked, "well content to live upon the cheapest rice, if God would only give him souls."

When the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society took place in Tientsin in 1891, Mr. Gilmour was present as chairman. He was then looking remarkably well and enjoyed a number of the services held. Toward the close of the meetings he was taken ill, and what seemed to be an ordinary fever developed into typhus. During the second week of his illness his mind became clouded, and he said to his nurse, "Where are we going?" She replied, "To heaven, to see the Lord." "Oh, no," he replied, "that is not the right address." "Yes, it is," the nurse repeated; "and shall you not be glad to

go in and see the Lord?" He comprehended her words, and his eyes filled with tears and he bowed his head in assent. There was no hope of recovery, and rapidly he sunk into a delirium. The grief of his native preacher was extreme as he stood by the bed of the dying missionary and piteously called his name in Chinese. The funeral took place at Tientsin, and at the services the native version of "In the Christians' Home in Glory" was sung as Chinese boys threw flowers into the open grave.

Mr. Gilmour's chief characteristics were utter and absolute consecration of himself to his work and intense perseverance and honesty of purpose in that work. His nature was cheerful and fun-loving, and the discipline of life served to broaden and deepen his faith, so that at last he stood as nearly a perfect specimen of fully rounded character as could be met with in a lifetime.

His work in eastern agricultural Mongolia resulted in the establishment of three churches in the three centers which have been mentioned.

JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS, D.D.

BORN MARCH 4, 1829.

DIED OCTOBER 19, 1893.

Previous to the year 1652 Johannes Nevius emigrated from Holland and came to New Amsterdam, now New York. Here, as custodian of the city property and its records, he lived in the City Hall, then on Wall Street. It is said he received permission to sow the broad surrounding fields with grain, and the authorities allowed the good secretary to pasture his cows on the lawn adjoining the State House.

Eight generations removed from Johannes, we find the name of John Livingston Nevius, who was born in the little cottage farmhouse in the Lake country of western New York on March 4, 1829. Here on the farm, midway between Ovid and Lodi, the bright, happy days of his boyhood were spent. Seneca Lake, with its ever-changing and beautiful scenery, was only two miles distant, and many an adventure, hunt and ramble were taken in early years and tenderly recalled in later life by John Nevius.

After attending the academy at Ovid, this ambitious boy of sixteen was prepared to enter Union

College as a Sophomore. So, in 1845, he made the journey to Schenectady by canal boat. College life and study alternated with surveying, teaching and farm work.

In 1850 he began his studies at Princeton for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. While at Princeton he one day listened to an address on foreign missions by Hon. Walter Lowrie, whose broad intelligence and interest in all missionary work is seldom surpassed. The deep interest and vital question of his own personal fitness and duty presented itself so strongly to John Nevius that in 1853 he decided to go as a missionary. In April of that year he sent his application to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. His early decision was never regretted. Devotion to duty was paramount throughout his life.

On June 15, 1853, he was married to Helen Coan, and three months later they boarded the Bombay for Ningpo, China. Heroically the young wife and her husband ventured upon the perils of that long, stormy six-months' ocean voyage in the old, unseaworthy East Indian trading vessel. Hours of reading and music compensated for the hours of discomfort and seasickness; their strength and courage overpowered the dangers and storms; their love and happiness conquered all misgivings and doubts. After many weeks they landed at Ningpo, that "City of the Peaceful Wave." This city, with its three

hundred thousand souls, proved the best of training schools for Dr. Nevius.

No time was allowed to waste. He at once began to study the language—classed with those which are most difficult in the world—and at the end of nine months he had acquired sufficient proficiency to be able to engage in chapel work. Here at Ningpo he mastered the Chinese language in its written and spoken forms. In one year he was traveling and preaching. His marvelous progress was due to unremitting labor, for he devoted himself so exclusively to that one work that it is recorded that for ten years he did not read one book written in English.

Preaching tours in the country were frequent. Although five ports had been opened to foreign residents, it was many years before they were permitted to go farther than thirty miles into the interior. Little missionary work in the country had been done previous to this time, and Dr. Nevius was rejoiced when he saw how readily the people responded to kindness. Often he would speak in six or seven places in one day, and with little indication of weariness.

The superintendence of missionary work, the many preaching services, the daily calls, the study, several Bible classes and a theological class, added to his superintendence of a boys' boarding school, left little time for rest and pleasure. In 1857 Dr. Nevius made an exhaustive study and wrote many valuable articles on the religions and superstitions of China,

which several years later became incorporated in his book entitled "China and the Chinese."

The fruits of his work in Ningpo soon became apparent. Several families cast away their idols; others, in the face of the most malignant and persistent opposition, embraced Christianity. They were frequently disinherited, made outcasts and abused, but they continued in their unfaltering faith and courage. The San Poh station flourished, and later there were two or more churches. At Hang Chow, which is to-day a mission center of vast importance, Dr. Nevius would have stationed himself. But political affairs in China had reached a crisis. Rebels had entered the province and all parts of it were in a state of alarm.

Dr. Nevius and his wife were but settled in their rooms in an old temple here, when they began to receive official letters from the district magistrate to return to Ningpo. Untrue and most absurd stories of the treatment of foreigners were circulated. It was solemnly reported that Dr. Nevius had in seclusion a regiment of powerful soldiers, and many began to suspect the earnest missionary and his devoted wife of monstrous crimes. They were hourly exposed to danger and death, and it was considered wisest to return to Ningpo. They were practically driven away. Soon after their departure the city was captured amid scenes of great atrocity and cruelty.

A brief time was spent in Japan; in Kanagawa Dr. Nevius commenced the study of the Japanese language. While here he was studiously engaged in the study of Chinese classics and in writing a manual for the native preachers, called "The Disciples' Guide."

In May, 1861, Dr. Nevius and his wife started for their new home and work in Shantung. With what wonder would those brave earlier pioneers, Dr. Nedhurst and Mr. Stevens, have now looked upon Dr. Nevius, who, with his colleagues, began establishing churches the length and breadth of that peninsula!

Here, at Shantung, was the principal scene of the life-work of Dr. Nevius, and here his later years were spent among its hardy thirty million souls.

Already Dr. Nevius had some knowledge of Mandarin, the court dialect, which is most widely spoken throughout the northern provinces. At once he began preaching, teaching and winning the hearts of the people in this province, where, two thousand years ago, the great Confucius was born and died.

They were for a time in Tung Chow, on the northern shore of the Shantung promontory. In 1862 the cholera raged frightfully among the natives at Tung Chow. In the absence of a physician, Dr. Nevius and his wife prepared great quantities of cholera medicine and freely dispensed it to all who would accept it. Hundreds of lives were saved by these faithful benefactors.

Mrs. Nevius aided her husband by establishing a boarding school for girls. In 1863 two of Mrs. Nevius' boarding-school pupils, with some others, were received by baptism into the church. The natives were becoming startled to see so many of their friends embracing the new religion. Soon grave and alarming reports were circulating throughout the place. These reports declared that Dr. Nevius and his wife possessed some charm or power over all who came within their influence. Some asserted it to be the "evil eye"; others pronounced it a sort of witchcraft; while others averred that a potion was stirred into the tea which Mrs. Nevius often served to their friends. A few tried to convince others that this missionary and his wife poured a magic potion into their wells and mixed it into the flour used by the city bakers. Forthwith several natives arose, offering to clean out wells, and when their work was accomplished they craftily and shrewdly held up before the well owner a small red bag containing powder.

Many of the natives believed the object of Mrs. Nevius' school was to collect as many girls as possible, then send them off in a great steamer to a foreign land, where their bodies would be boiled and an oil extracted. And this oil was used in the preparation of the mysterious potion which Dr. Nevius and his wife were using! Excitement prevailed. Doubts and suspicions arose. Threats were even

made. Under such trying circumstances as these and others of a similar character, the missionary's diligent, faithful work went on. After a time the excitement abated.

In 1868, after a six months' visit in England, Dr. Nevius was again in China pursuing his work as before, but with this change, that many who were his old students were now being ordained for the work of the ministry. Dr. Nevius was greatly interested in the progress of his theological students. Throughout his work in China one of his great aims was to establish a theological seminary in China. He wished to train the natives for the ministry, for he knew such work must eventually be performed by them. He also presented the advisability of the establishment of a Synod. This he accomplished, and the first Synod of China was held at Shanghai in the autumn of 1870.

In the fall of 1871 Dr. Nevius and his wife removed to Cheefoo, and here it was that Dr. Nevius built his pretty home, the "Nan Lou," superintending the work to the minutest detail, and many times at this pretty residence were entertained acquaintances from home, foreign guests and Chinese visitors. Here there were hours of music, singing, story-telling, as well as hours filled with study and discussions of vital questions pertaining to China's temporal and spiritual condition. Everywhere, whether on the American platform before hundreds

of enthusiastic listeners or in his quiet room in China, Dr. Nevius gave full credit to the Chinese for their good qualities. He accorded them the highest praise when possible. He was in full sympathy with them. He loved them.

In the spring of 1873 Dr. Nevius started on a long tour of about six hundred miles—a busy, weary country tour—yet the rough life agreed with him. Many a day, with his guide, he walked between thirty and forty miles. Few men could eat a coarse supper in rooms dense with smoke and then sleep sweetly and soundly in shed-like structures filled with dust and rubbish, where men sat talking, laughing, brawling, where doors were slamming, and where, in the yard, donkeys were braying and fighting. Yet Dr. Nevius could sleep through this and pursue his journey next day with renewed vigor.

These long country tours brought varying results to the devoted worker—results which only a missionary can understand. On one tour he would be rejoiced to see the churches growing and extending their influence under the care and leadership of their native pastors. Again, on another tour he would constantly meet with disappointment and discouragement. As these long tours extended over a country three hundred and thirty miles long, which numbered a population of five millions, it is marvelous that Dr. Nevius did not return to his home more greatly fatigued, since his field for work was new

and little had previously been done in this part of the country selected by him.

Dr. Nevius was each year more and more rejoiced to see the gradual but sure breaking down of a long established precedent. He earnestly believed that the great empire of China was destined to make rapid strides and many changes, and that she would eventually follow Japan in adopting foreign ideas. He esteemed it a "God-given opportunity to cast into that huge lump of humanity the leaven of Christianity." While the harvest was small, while many hesitated on account of opposition and banishment, the outlook was encouraging.

In 1877 came the terrible famine in Shantung. At this time Dr. Nevius assiduously devoted his time to saving lives and relieving the suffering ones in the widespread famine district.

Nearly half of those people living in the famine district were surviving from day to day upon the buds and roots of trees. Good land was offered for sale by the famishing population for one-half of its value. Tottering skeletons were seen feebly sweeping up the grass seed to eat it. Many offered their wives and children for the price of a few days' allowance of food. Little girls from six to seven years of age were sold by starving parents for a sum of money less than two dollars. Girls from ten to twelve were offered for four dollars. Men sold their clothing, and naked forms were seen carrying the

boards of their own houses several miles, where they would receive fifty cents for the building material. The inhabitants were content to live in caves. East of Ching-chow were four underground pits, where hundreds of starving souls took refuge, breathed the fetid air, and here scores were dying daily.

Into such a frightful famine-swept district came Dr. Nevius. He took up his quarters at Kao-yai, and from this point as a distributing center his great work was done. Plans for a relief corps and for raising funds abroad were adopted. He was the one man, fearless and faithful, to organize and to execute.

The donations came in, and through representatives the little sums were distributed to the starving people. Famine refugees swarmed into Kao-yai and other towns. The awful distress on every hand was at length somewhat lessened, but still over the rough mountain paths came the starving ones, hoping to reach a place of sustenance, begging aid and dying by the way. Many wandered as far as Chefoo, and here Mrs. Nevius cooked corn cakes and distributed them to the long procession which came day after day—one day numbering nine hundred persons.

Dr. Nevius was at the same time sending forth help in every possible way. Thousands of dollars were received and justly distributed by him. He aided over thirty-two thousand people, and sent rep-

representatives with help into nearly four hundred little villages. At last the wheat and silk crops gave partial relief.

By this one great act of Dr. Nevius many were led to believe in Christianity and investigate its truth. During this trying period he had been preserved, almost miraculously at times, from violence and danger. Never before had there been such a tax upon the nerve and strength of this leader, whose strong body, well-trained intellect, sound judgment and firm will were so needed at this time, and were again brought into requisition in 1889, when a second time he relieved the famine-stricken people in a similar manner.

Meanwhile he was speaking in the open courts or streets, distributing books, visiting native churches, examining applicants, baptizing converts or listening attentively to inquirers. The doctor was usually occupied in reading, singing, reciting or study on these tours.

Two good barrow men, with one to help pull, could, on a good road, take the load of four hundred pounds forty miles between sunrise and darkness. Wonderful was their muscular power and endurance, for they would often travel five miles before resting, and over roads rough and hilly they would travel faster than a horse could walk. Often the roads were almost impassable, but through rain and

mud, wind, storm and mire, through gales and sleet they trudged onward. Over hill and down dale, fording swollen streams in the face of biting winds and blinding storms, a brave heart urged them forward. And the brave heart of the missionary never quailed, even though the shelter offered was but a mud house, with earth for the floor and the cracks and holes in the wall admitted the night storms. Thousands of miles like this Dr. Nevius traveled. Well might his heart keep brave when he learned that fifty souls were waiting for baptism, when he was informed of how the good work was spreading, how God was setting his seal of approval by bringing these precious souls to light.

In 1882, between two and three hundred were baptized in the country stations. The work, while encouraging and wonderfully progressing, brought its arduous tasks. Cases of discipline awaited him; many professed Christians had to be suspended from the communion of the Church; religious persecutions and lawsuits demanded attention, as well as the regular work in training classes, theological classes and lectures.

In 1887 Dr. Nevius gave up his work in the country stations to competent co-laborers. During his work in China he enjoyed several trips, including several months spent in the Holy Land, Japan, Europe, and many visits to his loved home scenes in

America, and everywhere he spoke with fervency and earnestness of the work in China, in which his heart was engaged.

In 1893, when planning for work one October morning, he was quietly and suddenly called to higher labors in his eternal home. In a quiet Chinese chapel his burial service was conducted, and a simple monument in the cemetery at Chefoo marks the resting place of this "faithful, loving, devoted missionary," who for forty years was a missionary to the Chinese.

JOHN EVERETT CLOUGH, D.D.

BORN JULY 16, 1836.

In 1836 the first missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union was sent to Telugu Mission, and in the same year, July 16, a boy was born near Frewsburg, in Chautauqua County, New York, who went out twenty-eight years later to give his life to the work of that mission. John Everett Clough was to render special service, and God prepared him for it. At the very outset he was given by inheritance the instincts of the pioneer. To settle in a new country and to go forward in the face of obstacles came to him naturally. One grandfather served seven years under Washington; the other grandfather, about the year 1790, cut his way four miles through the forests of Pennsylvania and bought the site of what is now the village of Fairview. Of Welsh-Puritan descent on his father's side, of Scotch-English descent on his mother's side, a typical Yankee, he inherited the practical ability of his race, mingled with Puritan faith and Scotch piety—a goodly heritage.

His father was a wealthy man when he was born, but by a deed of friendship he lost his property at a stroke, and the son grew up in the hard, but clean,

poverty of a rudimentary civilization in the new States of Illinois and Iowa. Thrift ultimately prevailed, and in 1853 the family, consisting of five sons and two daughters, owned a farm at Strawberry Point, Iowa, comprising sixteen hundred acres. But meantime the future missionary had learned in the school of poverty, and many a time he has said to the destitute Pariah in India: "You can't tell *me* anything about poverty!" It made a strong bond of sympathy.

When he was seventeen years old, young Clough was invited by a party of United States surveyors to go with them as chain and hatchet carrier into southern Minnesota. He went, and with his quick perception of what was wanted, he used the following winter vacation for the study of surveying, algebra and trigonometry. When spring came and the surveying party again started out, the compass was put into his hands. The third and fourth years he was sworn in as United States deputy surveyor, and was sent by his chief with a party of fifteen men under him to complete a contract for the government. Not yet twenty years old, he went with his men over the wild prairies of Minnesota in the days when Minneapolis was a mere village. Courage and self-reliance grew apace up there in God's broad country, for God wanted a man for his work in India whose methods would have the element of fearlessness in them, lest he be afraid of a mass movement toward Christian-

ity. And the certificate as United States Deputy Surveyor was respected by the Indian Government when he applied for engineering contracts in behalf of thousands in the days of famine.

With money enough invested for a five years' course of study, he asked his surveying chief, in the fall of 1857, for the best school in Iowa, for he wanted to be one of the wealthiest lawyers in the State by the time he was forty. He was directed to Burlington College, and here he became poor in spirit, and the crisis of 1858 made him poor in pocket. His ambitious plans were forgotten, and as a humble follower of Jesus he went out, a Baptist missionary, to that forlorn hope—the Telugu Mission.

Until he went to Burlington, religious influences had been strangely lacking in his life. There was no family altar in his home, no Sunday-school for him out on the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, no church in the wilds of Minnesota. But at Burlington he found professors and students who were earnest Christians. His room-mate, A. D. McMichael, announced at the outset his intention of reading the Bible and praying before retiring at night. Clough said, "I guess I can stand it, if you can." At first he continued his studies while McMichael prayed; then he closed his books and listened, for his room-mate was praying for him. When finally he too knelt, McMichael went to Pastor G. J. Johnson: "I think

Clough is not far from the kingdom; he kneels with me in prayer." Half an hour later his pastor knocked at his door and found him over his Bible, anxious to know the way. With the prompt decision which has been one of his marked characteristics all through life, he took for himself the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, and was baptized February 11, 1858.

During the same year Dr. S. M. Osgood, returned missionary from Burmah, came to Burlington, and after a public appeal for workers, visited Mr. Clough in his room. He kept it to himself, but in mind he thenceforth felt committed to become a missionary. On account of the Civil War, Burlington College was practically closed for a time. Mr. Clough therefore graduated at the Upper Iowa University. In 1862 he was married to Miss Harriet Sunderland. For a year they together taught the graded public school at Colesburg, Iowa. But his heart was set on other work. He became colporter in eastern Iowa, under the American Baptist Publication Society, and for a year he was zealous in the house-to-house visiting, which proved to be excellent training for later village itineracy in India. Then came the call to go with Rev. L. Jewett to work among the seventeen millions of Telugus in Southern India. With his wife and a son one and a half years old, he sailed in 1864, going around the Cape of Good Hope.

The mission to which Mr. and Mrs. Clough were

appointed was known as the "Lone Star Mission," because, with its one station at Nellore, it was a "Lone Star" in the firmament of missions. There had been thirty years of almost fruitless toil. Twice the Board in Boston talked of giving up this barren field. But the pioneers of the mission, Day and Jewett and their wives, held on. They labored and they prayed. They prophesied that "God has a great people among the Telugus." While the missionary for Ongole was yet a surveyor on the prairies of Minnesota, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett and three of their native helpers knelt one morning at sunrise on a hill overlooking Ongole and prayed for a man to bring the Gospel to this dark place, where few as yet had ever heard the name of Christ. Twelve years later the man for Ongole began his work, and in the sight of "Prayer Meeting Hill" thousands were baptized in the years that followed.

It was not a matter of mere chance that the Ongole mission became a Pariah mission. Mr. and Mrs. Clough passed a crucial test at the very outset, and probably that whole mass movement lay in the balance. They had friends among the Brahmans, whom they hoped to win for Christ. But when, one day, a company of Madigas came and asked for Baptism, the Brahmans intimated that if these were received they must withdraw.

In their perplexity the missionaries opened their Bibles at random, and their eyes fell on the verse:

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many are called noble; but God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (1 Cor. 1:26-27). Those words seemed to settle the problem before them. They feared to turn away those Madigas, lest they turn away the Christ. The Pariahs were baptized and the Brahmans withdrew. The die was cast. Henceforth it was true of the Ongole mission: "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

The first ten years at Ongole, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, one hundred and eighty miles north of Madras, were years of blessed seed-sowing. The work was almost wholly among the Madigas, one of the aboriginal tribes of Southern India. Leather-workers by trade, their very occupation is abhorrent to the caste people, who would never kill a living thing. Poor, despised, ignorant, they were coming in increasing numbers. Mrs. Clough gathered children into her school at headquarters, but also the men and women of zeal, who must learn to read their Bibles before they could go out to teach or preach. There was steady growth. In 1876 the converts numbered three thousand two hundred and sixty-nine, and this increase would have continued at a rate sufficiently rapid for the resources of the mission. But the famine of 1876-78 came and wrought a crisis. It ushered in as a catastrophe what would otherwise have been the result

of normal growth—ten thousand were baptized in one year, and an overwhelming responsibility was laid upon the mission.

Seldom in modern times has there been a famine in India with so much loss of life. It lasted nearly three years. In order to provide food for the starving of his district, Mr. Clough took a contract from the Indian Government for digging three miles of the Buckingham Canal, undertaken between Madras and Bezwada, about two hundred and fifty miles, as Famine Relief Work. He had a village of palm-leaf huts built and wells dug, and to this camp at Razupallem he invited all who could come and work. There were three thousand there all the time, many coming and going. The sick were brought on litters; many who walked from villages afar off grew exhausted and lay down on the road to die. His staff of preachers, thirty in number, were his overseers. Each was responsible for a company of one hundred diggers, and soon became acquainted with them. If any sat down for a short rest, the preacher joined them and heard of the scattered families and those who had died. The fear of starvation and cholera was in the hearts of all. Never were those words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and others like them, more in place. They sank into the minds of the listeners not only as balm, but as seed for future harvest.

While the famine lasted none were baptized.

Hundreds came, but were told to wait. The preachers, going about on their fields, saw that whole villages were ready. They were a remarkable group of men, though of very meager education. Some had the gift of the evangelist, others were pastors, some developed ability under stress of circumstances, but a spirit of service for Christ was abroad among them and carried them forward. In June, 1878, Mr. Clough wrote to them to come to Vellumpilly, ten miles north of Ongole, that they might reorganize for work, but to leave the converts behind. When he arrived there, however, he found a multitude waiting for him. He mounted a wall to look into their faces, and told them he had no more money to give them, and asked them to go home. They cried: "We do not want help. By the blisters on our hands we can prove to you that we have worked and will continue to work. If the next crop fail, we shall die. We want to die as Christians. Baptize us, therefore!" He dared not refuse longer to receive them into the Church of Christ.

Inquiry meetings on a large scale were now held in a tamarind grove near by. Each preacher gathered the converts from his special field together, and with the heads of households to assist him, he conducted his examination. Searching questions were asked, and many were sent away. On the first day, July 2, 1878, a beginning was made—614 were baptized; on the next day 2,222 followed; on the third

day there were 700 more—making 3,536 in three days. The multitude gathered on the bank of the Gundlacumma River, where the water at this season of the year is fairly deep. The six ordained preachers took turns, two officiating at a time. The names of the candidates were read. Without delay and without confusion one followed the other. As one preacher pronounced the formula: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," the other preacher had a candidate before him, ready again to speak those words and to baptize him likewise. And thus it was not difficult to immerse 2,222 in one day. Mr. Clough did not baptize any during those days. He stood on the bank, overlooking the scene, helping and directing. Before the year was over 9,606 members had been added to the Church at Ongole, making a total membership of 13,000.

And this ingathering continued. The Madiga community was shaken to the foundations; the old gods were forsaken and evil customs put aside. In every case the individual had to give an account of his faith in Christ, but after that the gregarious character of a tribal movement had its effect. Families came; villages came. The movement extended over seven thousand square miles, and the country became dotted with hundreds of Madiga Christian hamlets. In 1883 Dr. Clough had a membership of twenty-one thousand in his mission, and the nominal

adherents counted from four to five times that number. The burdens and responsibilities of those years were exceedingly heavy, but his physical endurance kept pace, and he had reason to be thankful that he was of a hardy race of American pioneers, reared to manhood in the pure air of God's unsettled country. He might have continued at the head, keeping his great flock together, with Ongole as headquarters and men working under his direction. But this method did not insure the stability of the work. Moreover, an organization of this kind would have been un-Baptistic, resembling a bishopric. Dr. Clough loved his people when he gathered them in by the thousand, but perhaps he never loved them better than when he set off portion after portion of his great field. In 1883 the four Taluks—small countries—lying farthest from Ongole were made separate mission fields, under new missionaries. In 1893 the proportions had again become unwieldy, and again four Taluks were cut off. This time Dr. Clough kept only about one Taluk besides the one in which Ongole is situated. When he passed his beloved Kanigivi Taluk, with four thousand Christians and a staff of preachers who were his choice fellow-workers, over to a younger man, he said to him before a great congregation: "I give you the apple of my eye. Take care of that field." Thus the territory once occupied by one missionary is now superintended from nine mission stations, with a

membership of fifty thousand, and many more if the adherents were counted.

Dr. Clough visited America three times. The first time, in 1873, he collected an endowment of \$50,000 for a theological seminary among the Telugus, which has done excellent work. The second time, in 1883, he secured \$10,000 to erect an adequate building for the high school in Ongole, and \$15,000 for mission houses in Madras and Ongole. The third time, in 1890, he called for twenty-five men for the Telugus and collected \$50,000 to send them out, build houses for them and establish new mission stations. He claimed that the time had come when the high school at Ongole should be raised to the grade of a college, and collected \$50,000 for an endowment, thus bringing a college education within reach of Telugu lads. In 1893 his wife died, greatly beloved among the Telugus, having two sons and three daughters. Two of her daughters married missionaries, and are at work in Ongole and Madras. Dr. Clough married again, in 1894, Miss Emma Rauschenbusch, who had previously been a worker in the mission. Famines have of late visited India, and twice he took contracts, under government, to furnish relief for the thousands of the starving. Nor have the ingatherings ceased. In January, 1901, he baptized more than fifteen hundred men and women, and many more, he knew, were waiting for the ordinance out in the villages.

While in the midst of this ingathering in camp, twenty miles from home, he fell and broke his thigh. For weeks he lay at death's door, and when finally he was compelled to start on his journey to America on a stretcher, the native Christians began to come to Ongole in order to see him once more. Word was sent out not to come; if they loved him to stay away. About two thousand came, nevertheless. It took three missionaries to manage the crowd. They promised to be silent if he could be brought on the veranda to say *salaam* to them. They kept their promise, and when later he was carried to the railway station on his cot, they took off their sandals and followed silently through the still, starlit night. They and he are waiting and praying for the day when he will have recovered and he can return to them.

REV. JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR

BORN MAY 21, 1832.

Few records of consecration to the evangelization of the world have shown such phenomenal results as those of the China Inland Mission. Its origin, formation, extension and success are to be largely attributed to the constant and devoted life service of James Hudson Taylor.

Throughout his boyhood he was surrounded by the most helpful and inspiring of precepts and examples. To the tactful and prayerful guidance of a Christian mother the achievements of his life are largely due. Her love, sympathy and prayer was his guiding star.

His firm and unchangeable faith in prayer is dated from the time of his remarkable conversion. One day his mother, while eighty miles distant from him, experienced an intense longing for the conversion of her son. She sought the solitude of her room and prayed earnestly for this one object. Her son, at that very hour, was impelled to read a Gospel tract that presented the truth in so simple and convincing a manner that at that time he decided to become a Christian. Two weeks later, when he learned from

his mother of the strange coincidence, the boy felt the force and power of prayer, and throughout his life has been a firm believer in its unfailing efficacy.

After deciding to devote his life to the uplifting of humanity, he became convinced that the needs of Christless China were at that time most urgent. He decided that his work should be in that land, even if it cost him his life, for at that time China was practically closed to foreigners.

His attention was directed to the inestimable value of medical and surgical study as a wise preparation in connection with his work of preaching the Gospel. He accordingly studied medicine at Hull, and later at the London Hospital. Every opportunity for thoroughly fitting himself for future work was embraced. He learned of and alleviated poor families in distress and suffering ones among the lowest classes. He, in anticipation of possible famine in China, decided to live with the greatest economy; so we see the young man daily walking eight and nine miles to the hospital after his usual frugal breakfast of brown bread and water; a lunch of two or three apples and a supper composed of the remainder of his two-penny loaf of brown bread with water completed his daily bill of fare.

In 1853 he was sent to China by the Chinese Evangelization Society. He knew, on that September morning, that he was sailing for a land far from human aid, and he fully realized that he would be

compelled to place entire dependence upon God for daily protection, daily guidance, and even daily bread.

Weeks followed, bringing equinoctial gales, tempests, calms, perils and imminent danger. At one time it seemed miraculous that their ship was not wrecked upon the coast of New Guinea. Had this occurred, they would have fallen into the hands of cannibals, who were distinctly seen running up and down on the sands of the coast, eagerly lighting fires, preparatory to seizing their prey, who were helplessly becalmed and drifting surely toward the reefs close by. Again an answer came to Mr. Taylor's earnest prayers, and brought safety; for a breeze—most unusual at that hour of the day—arose and bore them speedily away from the dangerous reefs which were in such close and threatening proximity.

At last, after a six months' voyage, Mr. Taylor reached Shanghai, and here, in 1854, he began studying the language and daily ministering to the people. A band of rebels in the city and the Imperial army of fifty thousand were a constant source of danger to Mr. Taylor. He was informed it would be certain death to pursue any journeys inland, as he had planned.

Narrow and almost miraculous were his escapes. Coolies with whom he was one day talking were shot, but Mr. Taylor was unhurt; again, when engaged in conversation with a friend, a ball passed

between them, leaving them uninjured. Skirmishes, horrors and atrocities were continually perpetrated, and many days brought misery, hunger, isolation and discouragement.

After a little time he adopted the native costume and attempted short journeys inland. Often the officials threatened the lives of Mr. Taylor and his companions. Disorderly crowds and riotous mobs about them were no unusual occurrence, and once when Mr. Taylor and the Rev. J. S. Burdon attempted to enter T'ung-chau, against persuasions and warnings, they were brutally seized by the native soldiers, who pitilessly hurried them through street after street, dragging, driving them on, and at times knocking them about in a most inhuman manner, until they nearly fell from exhaustion and faintness. They were taken before the chief magistrate, who, fortunately, treated them with courtesy, listened to their story, received their New Testaments and tracts, and ordered that they should be unmolested while distributing their literature in the city and that they should depart in peace. This deliverance was a supreme joy and encouragement to the faithful laborers and a direct answer to Mr. Taylor's prayer, that such a work as they were thus enabled to do in the city should result.

Later, with Rev. William Burns, of the English Presbyterian Mission, he journeyed, evangelizing cities and towns. Living in their boats, they fol-

lowed the course of the streams, preaching and distributing their books at the many settlements. Before they left some towns many of the inhabitants expressed a desire to embrace the Christian religion, and these expressions, coming from a people who lived in wild, lawless sections, were most encouraging.

In March, 1856, Mr. Taylor began his work in Swatow, a busy and populous city on the coast. Visits to the perishing humanity in the adjacent districts were commenced, but the constant intrigues, barbarous seizures and the universal contempt apparent rendered his labors here almost as impossible as they were imprudent. Only God's special protection saved his earnest-hearted laborers.

While at Swatow the local mandarin was dangerously ill. Native physicians were not able to relieve his sufferings; and as he had heard of Mr. Taylor's wonderful benefits to the sick, he was summoned. The medicines administered proved efficacious. The patient recovered, and his gratitude led him to secure buildings for a hospital and dispensary. When Mr. Taylor returned to Shanghai for his medicines and surgical instruments, he found that they had all been burned.

Greatly disappointed in this severe loss, he packed his possessions and, with his servants and coolies, he started for Ningpo, trusting he could there obtain a supply of medicines and apparatus of a missionary

friend. Slowly he traveled through the densely populated districts, addressing the people and distributing religious literature. On this journey he was robbed of his goods and of everything which he possessed but a little money. Weary and footsore, hungry and faint, he searched for his missing servant and coolies, now sleeping at a temple entrance with a stone projection for a pillow; again dispirited and exhausted, he spent the night in an old boat. At last he was given passage on a boat and returned to Shanghai.

In 1856 hostilities increased. China's struggle with foreign nations greatly retarded all missionary work, but again this earnest worker started for Ningpo, one of the oldest and most influential cities on the Chinese coast. Again he spoke to the multitudes from the thronged river banks; and soon among Ningpo's four hundred thousand souls Mr. Taylor settled. Daily he ministered unto the needs of the suffering and starving ones about him. Here he established a church, and one good object after another received his prayerful and diligent attention.

The bombardment of Canton by the British, in 1857, was a time of anxiety and horror. The teachers and the missionaries in Ningpo were in especial danger, and their preservation seemed effected by the direct agency of a divine power and almighty protector. Plots were formed to murder the missionaries, but a timely warning being given them of

the conspiracy, they gathered in a band for prayer. At that very hour a mandarin called upon the chief magistrate, entreating him to withdraw his permission for the massacre of the missionaries, and the attack was prohibited.

Joyful was the day when Mr. Taylor was privileged to listen to the open avowal of a Chinese, and of his profession of faith in Christ. Was it not encouraging to hear a Chinaman say, "I have found no rest in Confucianism, Buddhism or Taoism, but I do find rest in what I have heard to-night. Henceforth I am a believer in Jesus."

Mr. Taylor at length assumed charge of the Mission Hospital at Ningpo, and accepted also the dispensary work. Often there were fifty patients in the hospital, besides a large number in the outside department. All the needs of the patients were supplied free of charge, and as Mr. Taylor saw the supplies diminish gradually until they were nearly exhausted, he renewed his earnest prayers for assistance to meet the pressing necessity. His faith was as undiminished as were his efforts. At this extremity he received a letter from England that seemed most providentially sent. Enclosed in the letter was a remittance for fifty pounds for special needs. With overflowing and grateful hearts, Mr. Taylor and his assistants blessed their ever-watchful Saviour. When the patients were told of this remarkable circumstance, they felt keenly the insufficiency of their

own religion and were deeply convinced of the soul-satisfying power of the Christian religion. This one instance was the means of turning many from their idol worship. In nine months sixteen patients were baptized and over thirty native Christians united with the Church.

Continual mental and physical strain compelled Mr. Taylor to desist from his arduous and persevering labors, and in 1860, on account of failing health, he was forced to leave his increasing and promising work and return to England.

This return to England and his ever-present desire that more young men might engage in his work was the beginning of the formation of the China Inland Mission. Everywhere he made urgent appeals for workers. He longed for people who would return with him and engage in the work. His constant prayer for consecrated laborers who would associate with him for the promotion of the evangelization of those darkened provinces was answered. Five Christians offered themselves for work in the unreached part of China's vast empire.

About this time Mr. Taylor published a little book called "China's Spiritual Needs and Claims," which was widely circulated. Soon after this he received letters from those desirous of going forth to work. After personal interviews with Mr. Taylor, they engaged in study preparatory for that special field of labor.

In 1865 the China Inland Mission was organized. It had for its object the evangelization of the whole Chinese Empire. In 1866 Mr. Taylor again sailed for China, but this time with a party of sixteen co-workers—volunteers, who bravely undertook the work of the great forward movement. While each person had no guaranteed salary, unsolicited contributions from the first met their urgent needs.

After arriving at Shanghai and announcing their intentions of penetrating into the interior, they were pronounced “mad,” for it was deemed an impossibility. As the weeks passed, their determination and willingness to meet even death in the attempt conquered all opposition. Several of their little party settled in Hang-chau, and others gradually proceeded farther toward the interior in the province of Cheh-kiang. While the work of those first few years was largely one of pioneering and exploration, many little stations were established and churches formed.

Later, more helpers arrived to strengthen their ranks, and the second decade of their work was marked by establishment and extension. In some provinces every important city and town was visited. Slowly, yet steadily, the work progressed. Dispensary work had been begun in Hang-chau, industrial classes for women, as well as schools for boys and girls, had been formed, great numbers of books had been distributed, and wherever these earnest and devoted people settled the evangelistic work increased

with encouraging results. More frequent became those long and perilous missionary journeys that were taken from the centers to the more remote districts. By the close of 1885 there were 225 missionaries, 59 churches and a membership of 1,655 native Christians. Surely the Lord was sending a rich reward!

The third decade was mainly one of development and consolidation. A China council of senior missionaries was formed to superintend the work. Training homes for newly arrived missionaries were established; books were prepared to more clearly aid the volunteers in their study of the Chinese language; more schools were organized and more native preachers trained. In an equally remarkable degree the medical work was forwarded; more medical students were fitting themselves for the work; trained nurses were being developed and new hospitals were established.

In 1888 Mr. Taylor made a tour in the United States and Canada. He spoke at Mr. Moody's convention at Northfield and at the Niagara conferences. As a result of his addresses, many generous contributions were given voluntarily. It was evident that the great work could in one way be pursued on this continent, and Toronto was chosen for the headquarters of the American branch. Committees also took up the work in England, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Germany, who sent forth and

assisted in the support of their own workers. In 1890 Mr. Taylor visited Australia, and the Australasian branch was formed.

In 1900 there was a membership of over 800 people, 774 native assistants, 171 stations, and 8,557 communicants, besides scores of adherents. The characteristics and principles of the China Inland Mission have remained almost unchanged since its formation. It is thoroughly evangelical, no debts are contracted, each worker goes forth depending upon the Lord for aid; the mission depends upon spontaneous and free-will offerings, and is international in spirit. It accepts both ordained and unordained laborers, both single and married persons, and seeks to reach places where the Gospel has never been preached. This great work of prayer and faith owes its origin to James Hudson Taylor, and seeks to fulfill the Lord's command to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

CROSBY HOWARD WHEELER, D.D.

BORN SEPTEMBER 8, 1823.

DIED OCTOBER 11, 1896.

Joel Wheeler was the keeper of the village tavern in the obscure town of Hampden, Me., and, like most tavern keepers in the thirties of the last century, he maintained a public bar for the sale of strong drinks. He was assisted at the bar by his tall and energetic son, Crosby, who quickly learned to mix the different drinks with great skill, but who never acquired a knowledge of their taste. Joel Wheeler was a shrewd and able man, but he was not a Christian. When young Crosby began to think for himself upon the work he was doing, he declined to have anything more to do with the bar, and his decision had the support of his mother.

From that village home soon, under the guiding love of his devout Christian mother, came the boy and man whom the Lord sent out into Armenia and Koordistan—then a wild and unknown country—to subdue the land, and whose name is so widely known to-day throughout that country.

Crosby Wheeler was born in Hampden, Me., September 8, 1823, and under the wise direction of his mother and the Rev. Benjamin Tappan, D.D., he

prepared for Bowdoin College, entering in 1843. Although he was compelled to earn his own way through college, he graduated in 1847. After teaching two years in Litchfield, Me., he entered Bangor Theological Seminary in the fall of 1849, completing the course in 1852. He was married to Miss Susan Anna Brookings in December of the year he graduated from the Seminary, and served as pastor in Warren, Me., until 1857, when he and his young wife set out upon a sailing vessel for Armenia as missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. A part of the cargo of the vessel upon which they sailed consisted of New England rum.

In 1857, when Mr. Wheeler began his life-work in Turkey, but little was positively understood of the conditions that prevailed in the interior of the country where he expected to be located. Only one missionary had been at work in the region of Harpoot, which lies in a large bend of the upper waters of the Euphrates River, deep in the mountains of Armenia and Koordistan. That part of the country was mostly in the hands and under the control of warlike Koordish beys. Disorder, oppression and misrule characterized the general state of affairs. The central government at Constantinople had little time or inclination to devote to securing justice for the oppressed people of Armenia. The one missionary at Harpoot, Mr. Dunmore, who had been there only

three years, in writing for reinforcements a little while before Mr. Wheeler sailed, said, "I may be killed in the streets like a dog any day."

Indications of danger had no deterrent effect upon Mr. Wheeler and his brave wife; peril the rather spurred them on with greater eagerness to respond to the call for help. While waiting for final decision as to a permanent location, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler proceeded to Trebizond, towards the eastern end of the Black Sea and upon its southern shore, where the study of the Armenian language was at once entered upon with great vigor. At this place were Rev. and Mrs. O. P. Allen, the latter a sister of Mr. Wheeler, who had recently gone out. The first Sabbath after Mr. Wheeler's arrival at Trebizond he assisted at a communion service, using the Armenian language.

On the last day of July, 1857, these four entered the city of Harpoot, the capital of one of the strongest and most densely populated interior states or vilayets of the interior of Turkey, and where they all labored, together with Rev. and Mrs. H. N. Barnum, who joined the station a year or two later, for thirty-nine years. After the Turkish massacres in 1895, Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. Allen (Dr. Wheeler and Mrs. Allen being then hopeless invalids) were forced to return to the homeland, and the circle was broken.

The people in the Harpoot mission field, which covers an area as large as the two States of Vermont

and New Hampshire, were mostly Turks, Armenians, Syrians and Koords. The Turks and Koords were Mohammedans and the Syrians and Armenians were nominal Christians, members of the old Syrian and Gregorian churches, which had then lost their tone of vital Christianity and were a mere form of worship, without the spirit of godliness. There was little done in any community for the education of boys, and nothing whatever for the girls. The people there even disputed whether girls were capable of learning to read, the conclusion being that they never could learn, even under most favorable conditions. It was a country in which violence, plunder and lawlessness prevailed; a wild, rugged country in every sense of the word, and the new missionaries had come to subdue and possess the land.

Dr. Wheeler mastered the Armenian language with unusual speed. He gave himself to the spoken and common tongue of the people, and soon was able to make himself thoroughly understood. He also mingled freely with them, that he might the better know them and their manner of thought and life. While not relaxing in the least his efforts to reach people through preaching, he gave much attention to the sale of primers and leaflets and the opening of schools for the children. He was early convinced that the children must be taught not only evangelical Christianity, but other practical branches as well, in order to develop an evangelical leadership later on.

Not long after taking up his residence at Harpoot, Mr. Wheeler sent to the United States and bought a stove for one of the native churches in the field, which worshiped in a building erected by funds from the United States, and listened to a pastor who drew his support entirely from the American Board. The stove came, and Dr. Wheeler sent it to the church, paying all transportation charges himself. In a few days he received from one of the deacons of the church to whom the stove was sent a bill for receiving the stove and setting it up. This was too much for Mr. Wheeler, who at once proclaimed the policy that the permanent support of native institutions by funds from abroad is wholly wrong and vicious, declaring that "native pastors must be ordained over native churches and supported by them, and native churches must be ultimately self-governing and self-perpetuating." To this policy he gave the best thought and effort of his life. Probably no one man has done more to emphasize the importance of this question and to lead to the general acceptance of the policy by all mission boards in all parts of the world than did Mr. Wheeler by the publication of his book, "Ten Years on the Euphrates," published in 1868.

Mr. Wheeler never receded from this position, and under his effort many strong, self-supporting, aggressive churches were formed. The terrible political conditions of the country which paralyzed busi-

ness, culminating in the massacres of 1895, prevented the largest and most successful application of the policy of self-support. But the principle was established, which holds good in all lands and for all time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler began a school in the basement of their hired house during the first year of their residence in Harpoot. There were then no schools worthy the name in all that country, and this one was indeed an object of interest and curiosity to the people. Discussions and controversies arose on every side, and much bitter opposition upon the part of the Gregorian clergy was manifested; but the pupils increased in numbers.

Girls were also taught, and the storm created by the boys' school was but a zephyr compared to the hurricane which raged about the school for girls. This was a new and even unthinkable proposition to the people of that country, who were sure girls could not learn to read any more than a donkey, and should one perchance master the art, no man would ever marry such a prodigy—and not to marry was the worst affliction that could befall the daughter of any man.

Without faltering, for thirty-nine years Dr. Wheeler worked for the multiplication of schools and the improvement of their grade. When he was compelled to cease his labors in Turkey and return to this country to die, he was the President of Eu-

phrates College, which had grown up under his leadership, in which there were over five hundred pupils in all grades, over one hundred of whom were in the collegiate department, and about half of whom were girls. In the city of Harpoot there were over eleven hundred pupils at the time, and in the territory covered by the station nearly five thousand. Christianity was taught to all of these pupils.

Dr. Wheeler had marvelous energy. A decision was followed immediately by corresponding action. In 1886 he started to put up a new hall for the male department of the college. A Turkish mob drove away his workmen when they began to dig for the foundation. He frightened the mob away and began again, when a squad of police arrived and told him he could not proceed without a permit from the Governor, whose palace was three miles away. With one of the professors of the college, he mounted a horse and hastened into the presence of the Governor and asked for the necessary permission. The Governor told him he did not own the land, and therefore could not build until the land was purchased from the government. Dr. Wheeler asked, "How much is the land worth?" "Fifty liras" (over \$200), replied the Governor. "When I purchase the land will you give me permission to complete my building?" asked Dr. Wheeler. "Certainly I will," was the reply, given in the presence of several leading officers. Dr. Wheeler

sent the professor out to the market to borrow, in his name, the amount demanded, handed the money to the Governor, and then said: "Now, according to your promise, I may proceed with my work." "You may," replied the Governor, and in two hours the corner-stone of the new three-story stone hall was laid with fitting ceremony, and the building was completed in a remarkably short time.

It was in this building that Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler and the other missionaries, with over two hundred native Christians, took their last stand against the attacking Turks and Koords in the massacres of 1895. Here the attack was stayed, and all who were within the college were spared. Mr. Wheeler was carried to this refuge in an invalid chair by some of his students, while his own house was in flames, and there he remained until he came to the United States the following year.

Dr. Wheeler's versatility was wonderful. He was a preacher of unusual power, swaying the people by the force of his emotion, eloquence and earnestness. It was said that he could make an audience of Armenians do anything he wished them to do. In the earlier days of the mission, when there was no little hostility between the Gregorians and the Protestants, Mr. Wheeler was attending service in a Gregorian church which was packed with people. He was invited to speak, but when he arose to do so the crowd began to express their displeasure, declaring it was

a shame to permit such an one to desecrate their holy church by blaspheming within its walls. After making several attempts to speak without securing a hearing, he turned and kissed the cross that was just behind him upon a screen. The tumult ceased immediately. Mr. Wheeler then told them that the cross was as dear to him as it could possibly be to them, and the way was opened for a long and searching address.

He was an enthusiastic teacher, a man not surpassed in pioneer mission work, an organizer of schools, the builder and president of the only college in Eastern Turkey, which is the only higher educational institution for not less than five millions of people.

Knowing nothing about printing before his appointment as a missionary, he ordered out a printing-press and outfit, and for years, until stopped by the Turkish Government, he did an extensive publishing business, he himself preparing a large variety of text-books in both English and Armenian for the primary and preparatory schools.

He had received no instruction in architecture and practical building, and yet during his thirty-nine years of missionary experience he planned and erected some thirty different buildings, including dwellings, churches and the large buildings of Euphrates College, many of which were destroyed in 1895. In all of his building operations he superin-

tended minute details and made himself familiar with everything.

His monument is Euphrates College, which grew up under his far-seeing, wise direction. By his own efforts an endowment fund of seventy-five thousand dollars was secured, with money for necessary buildings. By his most careful financial management this endowment fund was gradually increased until it now amounts to over eighty thousand dollars. The number of pupils now in the college, including its primary schools, is over one thousand.

This country boy of Maine has put the stamp of his personality, spiritual earnestness and tireless energy upon all Eastern Turkey, if not upon the Turkish Empire. He found chaos and disorder; he left a fairly well-organized Christian school system for both boys and girls, self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating Christian churches, a strong Home Missionary society among the native churches for work in Koordistan, and a college that is deeply entrenched in the confidence and affection of all classes, crowded with students and yet unable to meet the demands that come from all sides for teachers in the lower schools.

Dr. Wheeler's pupils hold positions of influence and trust in Armenia, Egypt, Asia Minor, England and all over the United States. They are pastors, preachers, teachers, editors, lawyers, physicians and business men, who bear in a variety of forms much

of that deep influence which Dr. Wheeler always exerted over all who came into close relation with him. Few men in two score years are permitted to do a work so broad and permanent in its results as that accomplished by Dr. Crosby Howard Wheeler, whose body lies in the cemetery at Newton Center, Mass., with a granite memorial stone at its head, erected by his Armenian pupils, who asked the privilege of thus testifying to their affection for their former teacher and friend.

SAMUEL ROLLINS BROWN, D.D.

BORN JUNE 16, 1810.

DIED JUNE 20, 1880.

One of the most potent of the influences which resulted in the evolution of China and Japan was secured by the zealous efforts of American pioneer missionaries. None performed a more lasting and greater work than Samuel Rollins Brown. In the three-fold capacity of teacher, missionary and preacher, he inspired China and Japan to take their rightful places among the world's great nations.

Regarding him as a pioneer in woman's higher education, an early instructor of the deaf and dumb, a pioneer in bringing to America the first Chinese students for education, a missionary, a translator of the New Testament into Japanese, we wonder that one man could accomplish so much.

He was born at East Windsor, Conn., June 16, 1810, thirteen days before the American Board was formed. To its work Mrs. Brown prayed that her child might be consecrated. How fully those prayers were answered!

In 1818 the family moved to Monson, Mass. Here, in this New England hill town, was an acad-

emy, which the boy entered. Here, too, was the large Sunday-school, where, in 1824, it was announced that the boy Samuel Brown had obtained next to the highest record, having recited seven hundred and fifty Bible verses! From this Sunday-school went forth seven missionaries.

After teaching several terms in district schools, and giving to his father his meager earnings, Samuel Brown decided he must enter college. With his father's horse and buggy he drove to Amherst College. With only sufficient money to keep his horse and with a pocketful of crackers and cheese, he presented himself, was examined and successfully passed; but alas! the money was exhausted, and dire necessity compelled him for the time to abandon his plan.

After a continued period of teaching, a family friend offered assistance if he would enter Yale. Almost penniless, without suitable clothing and no prospect of financial aid, but with faith, ambition and determination, he started for Yale. As he entered the college halls it mattered little to him if his coat was several sizes too large and cut from one of his father's old ones, or that he had but six and one-half cents in his pocket after defraying his traveling expenses. He met college expenses by working in the wood-yard, waiting on tables, ringing college bells and teaching vocal and instrumental music. His determination to obtain a college education found a

way to secure it. At his graduation he felt gratified to know that he had a high rank, a diploma, fifty dollars, and a large circle of cultivated, influential friends.

After teaching, he pursued a course of study at the Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C., and at Union Theological Seminary, New York. This was followed by the work of teaching in the New York Institute for Deaf and Dumb.

He had previously offered himself to the American Board, stating that he desired to go as a missionary to China. The Morrison Education Society's fund was to be devoted to the great cause so valiantly begun, and to him was given the privilege. On October 10, 1838, he was married to the friend of his boyhood days, Miss Bartlett, of East Windsor, Conn., and one week later the young couple embarked for China. After a voyage of one hundred and twenty-five days they arrived in Macao. As foreign women were not then allowed in China, the life of the young wife might have been in danger had not a covered boat conveyed the party to the custom house. Here Mrs. Brown was admitted into the isolated, strict country as "freight."

Mr. Brown's first work was the study of the Chinese language, and among his earliest efforts was that of establishing a school. His early endeavors were not promising. The Chinese did not wish their sons taught English; they felt convinced that a sel-

fish purpose must underlie Mr. Brown's desire to teach them. As they were unable to comprehend such unselfishness, it became difficult to secure pupils. Mr. Brown could obtain but six boys, and these only by offering to them board, clothing and tuition free. His pupils acquired English easily. Soon ten boys were daily taught. Moral training and character building were regarded of higher importance than intellectual training.

After the cession of the island of Hong Kong to the British, the Governor of Hong Kong gave a lot for the erection of a school, and Mr. Dent, president of the Morrison Education Society, gave three thousand dollars for the edifice. Mr. Brown's school was removed to Hong Kong, November 1, 1842. The dormitory accommodated twenty-four boys, who spent half the day in the study of Chinese under native teachers and the other half in studying English under Mr. Brown, who, besides teaching, was preparing a new text-book for the Chinese when studying English. By degrees Mr. Brown conquered the Chinese suspicions. Pupils who were dishonest, cowardly and ignorant at first soon began to show signs of truthfulness, courage and intelligence. Mr. Brown felt the urgent need of more modern text-books. After preparing a grammar he prepared an elementary class-book on political economy. This was translated into Chinese and published in 1847.

During this same year Mrs. Brown's health de-

manded a return to America. They brought with them three Chinese boys, the first Chinese brought to the United States for Christian education. These boys made a great sensation in Monson, Mass., where they were taken.

Mr. Brown's first thought in America was to seek new fields for usefulness. When the Academy at Rome, N. Y., was opened, Mr. Brown was called to become its principal. He accepted, took his three Chinese students with him, and had three hundred and ten under his charge the first year. His inborn refinement, cultivation and gentlemanly bearing, together with his broad attainments and executive ability, won for him a wide influence here.

In 1851 he was called to the pastorate of the Reformed Dutch Church at Owasco Outlet, near Auburn, N. Y. With a salary of less than three hundred dollars, he endeavored to resuscitate a church almost dead and raise money to erect a new edifice. With his farm of seventy acres, the select boys' boarding-school which he established, and his successful church work, he became widely known as a great organizer and leader. Here, as farmer, professor and clergyman, he labored for eight years. Inside of four years the new church was built, and fresh interest and enthusiasm were everywhere manifested.

At this time he labored unceasingly for the establishment of a woman's college. One of the earliest

steps taken to establish Elmira College—the first chartered woman's college in America—occurred at Albany in 1851. Mr. Brown was one of the incorporators, also chairman of the first executive committee, besides lending zeal for obtaining a site, obtaining contributions and planning the course of study. A new era of education for women was now inaugurated, and Mr. Brown was one of the foremost pioneers in the movement.

The Reformed Dutch Church had determined to establish a mission in Japan. Always manifesting the spirit of a brave pioneer and true leader, Samuel Rollins Brown unhesitatingly accepted the call to go to Japan. Many a man who had lived a half century would not attempt such a great work in an untried field, but he received his appointment with the same consecrated spirit that had characterized his previous life-work.

He sailed May 7, 1859. Just twenty-one years before this he had sailed over the same waters with his young bride for China. On the voyage he began the study of Japanese, mastering two hundred and fifty words and the art of writing a few characters. His knowledge of the Chinese ideographs gave him exceptional ability for more readily reading Japanese. When they reached China and tarried a few days, it gave him unspeakable pleasure to meet his old pupils, many of whom now occupied high positions of trust and honor.

On November 3, 1859, he reached Kanagawa. At once difficulties were encountered. Thousands of the natives were filled with suspicion. Christianity was accursed by the priests, who regarded it as a sort of witch-like sorcery or satanic magic. Many natives declared themselves ready to murder the "foreign devils," as they were called. Government officers called to ascertain if Mr. Brown had evil intentions. Their suspicions were overcome by Mr. Brown's tact and kindly manner. After a few weeks, Mr. Brown was appointed chaplain to the American legation. On Sunday, March 11, 1860, divine service was held in the American legation. This little service was noteworthy in Japan's history of Christianity. Surely this was a stepping-stone to higher work.

With zeal Mr. Brown studied the possibilities of the ports, the character and customs of the people, their religion, history and government. Prodigious were his investigations and work relative to the Japanese language and literature. Preaching services after a time were daily held at his home. One of his first projects was to erect a church edifice, and he solicited one thousand dollars for this first Protestant house of worship in Japan. While teaching and preaching he was daily writing a book, to be called "Colloquial Japanese."

Amidst the discouragements of those early months there came many happy days. Upon one occasion he

received two hundred pounds sterling from Honolulu, the first donation toward the coveted mission chapel in this land. His heart was doubly gladdened with the thought that such a contribution should come from a land that but forty years previous was a pagan island. Again, he received a New Year's present of a house and lot. This came from British, American and Dutch friends. Everywhere he was loved and respected. Unselfish and constant hospitalities were dispensed from his home, which was the social center for diplomatists, interpreters, merchants, students, visitors, as well as the Japanese callers. He grew to love these Japanese, and he once said: "Had I a hundred lives to live over again, I would give them all for Japan."

During the dark years of the Civil War in the United States Mr. Brown was practically without money. He then turned his attention to photography, and was the first to give to this country photographs of Japanese people, their costumes and environment.

Political clouds gathered in Japan, and as there was then no protection from the United States Government to Americans and missionaries at Kanagawa, and as orders had come from the Mikado to close the ports and drive out the foreigners, Mr. Brown removed to Yokohama.

In 1863 he had a class in the government school. Teaching was rendered somewhat difficult at times,

for here professional spies, or government inspectors, were almost constantly in the room, expecting to detect treason. Many of the students in this school were grown-up men. After a time earnest inquirers began to seek Mr. Brown, declaring that neither Buddhism nor the doctrines of Shinto were satisfying. The new and true light seemed dawning in the receptive minds of these Japanese.

Mr. Brown's work among the sailors was most patient. One hundred signed the pledge of total abstinence, and there were thirty communicants. He was instrumental in opening a reading-room, a temperance refreshment house and a place of prayer for them.

His congregations increased in size. Of the one hundred and eight British and eighty-five American residents in port a large percentage attended these services. Notwithstanding that the political situation grew alarming, Mr. Brown pursued his work; while deceit and corruption increased, his efforts to alleviate and minister to the suffering ones increased; in the face of the large fleet in the harbor, the fifteen hundred men armed for war already in camp and the nine vessels with added troops that were expected, Mr. Brown dauntlessly, unflinchingly pursued his grand work among the beggars, the oppressed, the outcasts, the diseased and the fallen ones.

His faith was not shaken; his prayers were answered, for the old order of discord and isolation

slowly began to change to unity and close nationality.

In 1866 the missionaries rejoiced that they could inform the world that one hundred men of the higher class in Japan were to be taught in English. A new light was dawning. Dr. Hepburn's Japanese-English dictionary of forty thousand words was nearly ready for publication. During the same year the joyful word came from Yedo that Japanese youth were now allowed to go abroad. Death would not now be the punishment to such as should go forth into other lands. The following year New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Monson, Mass., became centers for the education of Japanese in America.

One May day of 1867 Mr. Brown suffered a great personal loss, caused by a most disastrous fire. His home, its furnishings, his valuable library, his priceless manuscripts, which were the result of long years of patient research and exhausting investigations, were in a moment swept away by the flames. At this time, after eight years of unremitting labor, he decided to visit America.

On his homeward voyage he reviewed his eight years' work in Japan—thought of his one native who had accepted Christianity. Yano Riwa had, in October, 1864, been baptized, this being the first public baptism of a Japanese in his native land. Other work had brought good and far-reaching re-

sults, yet this ambitious man was ever striving for higher attainments and greater work. While in the United States his ever-present desire was to return to Japan and get the Bible translated and printed in Japanese as soon as possible.

In 1869 the opportunity came to return to the people he loved. He accepted a call to become principal of a school at Niigata at a salary of three thousand dollars. One of the thirty-six Buddhist temples had been secured for a temporary school building. The devotion of his pupils was touching. One boy walked from Yokohama, a distance of two hundred and eighty-four miles, to be with his old beloved teacher. When not teaching, Dr. Brown was deeply interested in completing his standard version of the New Testament.

In 1870 the authorities at Yokohama offered to him the principalship of their new school. Many of his pupils followed him after he began his new work. In addition to the daily routine of multifarious duties, he complied with an urgent request to preach. With devoted zeal and fresh energy he aimed for the consolidation of the Union Church. His influence was wonderful and inspiring. On September 28, 1872, was held a notable convention of Protestant missionaries in Japan. Dr. Brown was the leader in the plan for the unity of Christian work in Japan, for he ever advocated uniformity in modes and methods of evangelization. Six months previous to this

convention was organized the first native Protestant Christian church in Japan; on March 10, 1872, nine young men were baptized, an elder and deacon ordained, and the first administration of the Lord's Supper in Japanese language took place among the twenty-four members of the little church. In Tokio money had been subscribed to build the Union Church, and in July, 1872, it was dedicated. During this year the Gospel according to Mark, in Japanese, was ready for circulation. An eventful year it was, a landmark in Japan's Christian history.

Dr. Brown was a pioneer in raising up a native ministry, for in 1873 the Japanese empire was open to the religion of Christ, and at once plans were made for training classes and theological schools. In order to study for the ministry many of the Japanese young men were compelled to be self-supporting. So great was their earnestness and determination that they became night-watchmen, gardeners, doorkeepers—any position, no matter how lowly, was accepted by these ambitious youths.

The increasing labors of organization, the constant teaching, preaching, ministering and the arduous work of translation necessitated a rest, and in 1879 a final return to America. On this homeward voyage the veteran missionary's heart was filled with emotion and gratitude. For thirteen years he had toiled at the unseen foundation work; for twenty

years he had studied the language, and now the New Testament was finally given to his people in Japanese. His pupils had grown to be among the noblest men both in China and Japan, and many of them scholarly pastors. With keen gratitude he recalled the second semi-annual meeting of the Presbytery in Tokio in 1878, where there were three Japanese acting pastors, sixteen missionaries, four evangelists, twelve elders, and where thirteen bright, promising men were licensed to preach the Gospel, six of whom were his pupils. Now it was not a crime in Japan to be a Christian, now the Gospel was free, now the churches and believers were no longer molested, and the thirteen churches with their eight hundred members were a grand result of noble, patient work. Surely his work had grown and ripened. Little did he think that in 1902 over one thousand Chinese students would be studying in the United States, Japan and Europe.

On the occasion of the death of this grand pioneer, on June 20, 1880, at Monson, Mass., two great Eastern nations, as well as our own country, lost a rare benefactor, an exceptional leader and a great and noble man.

REV. JAMES CHALMERS

BORN AUGUST 4, 1841.

DIED APRIL 8, 1901.

The history of foreign missions, in all its pages, offers no figure of a man who can be more truly and aptly called a pioneer of missions than James Chalmers. There have been men who have distinguished themselves in a greater degree as teachers, men who could more successfully carry on work once started and by patient, long-continued effort enlarge and extend that work, but none have there been who were more enthusiastic, more untiring, nor more successful in preparing the way by opening new and unknown fields than he.

James Chalmers was born in Ardreshaig, Argyllshire, Scotland, August 4, 1841. His parents were humble people, but God-fearing, with ever a mind to his careful up-bringing. When he was about seven years of age the family moved to Glenary, near Inverary. Here he attended school, and here also he first came under the influence of the Rev. Mr. Meikle, a man for whom he always afterward held the highest esteem, who was pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, and whose Sunday-school he joined.

At the age of about fourteen he entered a law

office at Inverary. It was about this time that his first great interest in foreign missions was aroused by the reading in Sunday-school one day of a letter from a missionary in the Fiji Islands. So powerful was the impression made upon him by this letter that on the way home that day he stopped in a lonely spot and, dropping on his knees, prayed that God might make him a missionary to the heathen.

Chalmers' interest in religious matters some time after this underwent a change. Repelled by the hard and stern doctrines preached in those days, unable to accept the idea of a God of fear instead of a God of love, and feeling himself not in sympathy with the beliefs generally taught in the churches, he for a time gave up attending church at all. So changed did he become that, having fallen into bad company, he was one of a party who had decided once to break up some evangelistic meetings about to be held in Inverary. Persuaded by a friend, however, to attend a meeting, he was deeply impressed, and was soon converted through the efforts of his old pastor. So complete was his conversion that he began to conduct mission services himself. With a renewal of his spiritual life there came an awakening of the old desire to be a missionary, and he now, under the direction of Mr. Meikle, began study with that end in view. After about three years of study, during which he was constantly engaged in mission work, he was accepted as a candidate by the London

Missionary Society, and entered Cheshunt College when about twenty-one to prepare for the foreign field.

Chalmers' life in college was a hard struggle with poverty. The London Missionary Society allowed their students less money for the course than was really necessary, and he was often hard pushed to make both ends meet. However, his monetary troubles did not affect his cheery disposition, and all of his college friends bear witness to the fact that he was the life of the little institution. Of an ever-active physical make-up, he was apt to take more pleasure out of a college prank or a trip on the New River than in the routine of the class-room; yet with all his love of sport, he possessed a Christian earnestness which never failed to impress all those with whom he came in contact.

Leaving Cheshunt at the end of his second year there, he spent a year in the institution at Highgate conducted by the London Missionary Society for the completion of his training. In 1865 he was married to Miss Jane Hercus, a young lady of splendid Christian character, who proved an able helpmate to him in his after work. A few months afterward, in January, 1866, he and his young bride set sail for Rarotonga, an island in the Cook group in Southern Polynesia, which had been settled upon as the field of their first labors.

That first voyage was as full of incident as any

told of in stories of adventure. After a series of mishaps their ship, the missionary ship John Williams, became a total wreck on the reef at Savage Island. All were saved, and they finally arrived at Raratonga in the ship of the piratical Captain Hayes one year and four months after leaving England. It is interesting to note the fact that Hayes, a notorious desperado of the South Seas, was so impressed by Chalmers' personality that he extended every courtesy to the party, and was moved to say to him, "If only you were near me I should certainly become a new man and lead a different life."

The native Raratongan who carried Chalmers ashore from the ship's boat asked him his name, that he might call it out to those gathered there. Being told, he called out "Tamate," and as Tamate he was afterward known through the South Seas.

Raratonga is the largest and most beautiful island in the Cook group. Its mountains, rising to a height of three thousand feet, are surrounded by fertile valleys, clothed with a growth of chestnut, cocoanut, breadfruit and banana trees. The blue waves of the Pacific, constantly breaking over the surrounding reef and rolling in to its sandy shore, add to the general beauty of the scene.

Through the efforts of that great pioneer John Williams, who went there in 1823, and of Charles Pitman and Aaron Buzacott, who followed him, the natives had been raised from a condition of fierce

savagery to a state of semi-civilization. They were to a great extent law-abiding, and many had been converted to Christianity, yet there remained a vast amount of work to be done. Savagery, indeed, had been stamped out, but immorality still was rife.

Though his desire had been, and still was, to go to an absolutely new field, to work among people still lost in the black depths of savagery, and though, as he said, he was disappointed to find the Raratongans civilized to such an extent, Chalmers plunged into his work here with all the enthusiasm of his nature and soon made his presence felt.

The greatest evil on the island was drunkenness. The use of native orange beer and of spirits brought there by unprincipled traders had become fearfully extensive. Drink finds a ready and a rapid victim in the savage, and Chalmers might well speak of this as the curse of the island. Against it he waged a vehement and never-ending warfare, and so persistent and energetic were his efforts that in 1872 he was able to write: "Strong drink still does some harm, yet it is not nearly so much used as formerly. The large meetings for drinking are now unknown. In former days a drinking meeting on the Sabbath would frequently number as many as four hundred."

Their life there was a happy one, though not at all devoid of hard work. Mrs. Chalmers engaged in active and efficient work, conducting classes of

women in Bible study, arithmetic and sewing, visit in the people in their homes, and in all things proving herself to be what Chalmers called her, "a whole-hearted missionary."

Chalmers' time was filled up by his classes for the training of native teachers, visits to the different stations on the island and preaching, drawing about him and lifting up to a higher life a constantly increasing number of natives, who grew to love their Tamate with a love which ever after made him a cherished figure in their memories.

But during all the years at Raratonga he was looking forward, almost impatiently at times, to the day when he might strike out for the lands where heathenism and savagery were rampant, to take the Gospel of Christ to those who had never heard his name and who knew not of his love for them. New Guinea had long been the field he had looked to. New Guinea, almost unknown save for a strip along the coast, a coast fringed by treacherous reefs over which the waves of a tempestuous sea dashed and which seemed to forbid any attempt to reach that shore, a land steeped in cannibalism and unspeakable degradation, that was the land to which he had longed to go. For the task of enlightening its gloom with the light of salvation, he considered his work at Raratonga but as a course of preparation.

Work had been begun there by native teachers in 1872, and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Laws were established

at Port Morsby a little later, but it was not until 1876 that the London Missionary Society decided it was wise for Chalmers to go. In May of the following year, amid the tears of the simple natives and followed by the prayers of scores whom they had taught to pray, he and his wife sailed for the new field.

Far different from the law-abiding, peaceful people of Raratonga were the people among whom they were now to labor. Physically a fine race, the natives of southeastern New Guinea exhibited a few praiseworthy traits of character. Parents seemed to care for children and children for parents, and they were not addicted to drunkenness. They cultivated the soil, and some of them even cultivated flowers. But if these traits indicated that they possessed minds capable of being enlightened by the Gospel and natures which might be affected by its teachings, there were others which might well discourage any attempts to uplift them. Murder was as common as day, the taking of human life being in their eyes a praiseworthy act. Honesty and respect for another's property were unknown, every man being a liar and a thief. Their religion was confined to a slavish fear of evil spirits or a worship of spirits, accompanied by indescribable abominations. The hideous practice of cannibalism was prevalent almost everywhere. Such were the people to whom they came, and to whose enlightenment they now prepared to devote their lives.

Their first settlement was made at a point on the bay lying between South Cape and Suan. Having subdued the open hostility of the natives by exercising that wonderful power which he ever possessed over them, Chalmers soon had a house built and started in to make some impression on their hearts. Though efforts toward friendship were not unavailing, the work of conversion was yet a long way off. Chalmers was told he could be a great chief among them if he would take more wives; they were invited to cannibal feasts, and one old savage, as a present, cooked a portion of a human being.

These evidences of friendship were interspersed at times by hostile attacks by some of them, in the hope of looting their goods, but these attacks soon ceased and Chalmers gradually gained an influence over them which nothing could shake. He now began to make visits in his little vessel to neighboring tribes, and wherever he went he seemed to impress the natives in a wonderful degree and seldom failed to make friends of them. The one great secret of his success in opening new fields was the genius he displayed in at once disarming the suspicions of the people, and in almost immediately gaining their confidence and respect. He possessed that quality of personal magnetism which attracts people at once, and his character was so upright and open that, having gained a friend, he held him. This was true of his dealings not only with the simple savages of

the South Seas, but also with all with whom he came in contact.

During their stay at Suan teachers kept coming from Raratonga, and many stations were established along the coast. Chalmers would first visit a point, select a suitable site, gain the good-will of the natives, arouse their interest in gaining a knowledge of the true God, and then establish there a teacher to carry on the good work and build on this foundation.

It is not within the scope of this article to tell of the splendid, self-sacrificing labors of these patient, hard-working Raratongan teachers. Partaking in a measure of the enthusiasm and earnestness of their leader, often giving up their lives as martyrs to the cause, they offered an example of Christian service in the early evangelization of New Guinea which the Christian world should not lightly pass over.

At the end of two years the work at Suan was sufficiently advanced to be left in care of a teacher. Chalmers had made many trips along the coast, had discovered and named many new places and had established a number of stations. Mrs. Chalmers' health had been poor for some time, and she had gone to Australia for change. He had been looking forward to a visit in England as a benefit for her and for himself, and the arrival of Mr. Thomas Beswick making this possible, he began to make preparations for it. But ere he could leave he received the

crushing news of his wife's death. This was a terrible blow to him. Loving her dearly and having in her not only a tender companion but an able and fearless helpmate in that lonely land, her loss was indeed a great one.

He now gave up all thought of returning to England, but visited Australia for a time. He soon was back at Port Morsby, where was to be established a central station. One of his most important trips was taken about this time—his visit to the natives of Motumotu, a district on the coast some distance west of Port Morsby. These people, especially fierce and bloodthirsty, had waged a continual plundering warfare on their weaker neighbors, and so feared were they that some tried to dissuade him from making any attempt to visit them. Yet he went, and not only was he received among them as a friend, but when he told them that their warfares must cease, so great was his power over them that they promised to obey him, though it meant a complete change in their manner of living. And they kept their promise.

Chalmers now began to be known throughout the whole coast of southeastern New Guinea, and even among tribes who had never seen him the name of "Tamate" was uttered with a deep feeling of respect.

His time was spent in constant journeys to new fields and new peoples. On these trips he passed through a thousand perils from the ever-tempestuous waters and at the hands of fierce savages, yet these

perils and escapes, which he forgot as soon as over, he referred to simply as "the pepper and salt" which gave zest to his further and greater efforts. Fatigue and tropical fever were as nothing so long as there remained a human being on the coast who had not heard the name of Christ.

In 1881 Rev. W. G. Laws and Mrs. Laws arrived at Port Morsby. Mr. Laws had spent some years there previously, but had been on leave in England. He took up active work again, and henceforth the two men worked together. Chalmers, the pioneer, discovering and opening new fields; Laws, the educator, mastering and reducing to working form the languages and training teachers for the work in those fields.

The work was showing results. As early as 1882 Chalmers was able to write, after making a trip to his old station at Suan: "For over two years there have been no cannibal ovens, no feasts, no human flesh, no desire for skulls. Tribes that could not formerly meet except to fight now meet as friends and sit down side by side in the same house, worshipping the true God." Well might he forget hardships and be spurred on to further efforts when he looked on that picture and remembered what he had seen there at Suan only four years before.

In 1883 steps were taken toward the annexation of southeastern New Guinea to the British Empire. In April of that year the British flag was hoisted at

Port Morsby, and possession taken in the name of the Queensland government.

In November, 1884, Commodore Erskine, with a squadron of five vessels, arrived and carried out the final proclamation of the protectorate. In these ceremonies Mr. Laws and Mr. Chalmers took a prominent part, helping to gather into Port Morsby the native chiefs, explaining the meaning of the whole thing to them, and through their knowledge of the country and people rendering invaluable aid. In October, 1888, southeastern New Guinea was formally annexed and made a separate government, Sir William MacGregor being appointed administrator.

At last, after an absence of twenty years, Chalmers saw the way clear to return for a time to England, and in August, 1886, he arrived in London. His time while home was filled up by a round of speeches. He had expressed some doubts as to his ability as a speaker, but he had underestimated his own power. Everywhere he was listened to with rapt attention, and his story aroused marked enthusiasm. Not only was he in demand for missionary gatherings everywhere, but he was called upon to address the Colonial Institute and the Royal Geographical Society, his knowledge of the conditions in New Guinea and his services as an explorer there being thus recognized. At his boyhood home he was welcomed by the whole community, the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lorne joining them with

marked honor, and in Castle Park, at the request of the Duke, he planted a tree near one planted by that other great pioneer, Dr. Livingston.

In June, 1887, he sailed for New Guinea, visiting on the way Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, addressing missionary meetings and geographical societies, and honored by invitations from many of the chief dignitaries of those cities. In September he was back at Port Morsby. Toward the close of 1888 Chalmers was married at Cooktown, Queensland, to Mrs. Harrison. This lady had been a girlhood friend of his first wife and he had known her well in his earlier years. Her husband died while he was in England. They renewed their old acquaintance at that time, and before he left the country they were engaged. She was an excellent Christian woman, and entered into mission work with all her heart.

Soon they were established at Motumotu, which place Chalmers had decided to make his headquarters and base for future operations to the westward. Here in a rough house, surrounded by few of the comforts she had been accustomed to, in the midst of a savage people, his noble wife took up her work with him. After accompanying him on his trips and sharing with him the dangers of that stormy sea, more often left alone in that lonely spot with only a few friendly natives by her side, though suffering almost constantly from fever, she never

wavered in her devotion to her work, and only gave it up when it was seen that she must have a change if her life was to be saved.

In 1890 it was decided that they should make a tour of the colonies and of the islands to the eastward, in the hope that not only would Mrs. Chalmers' health be benefited, but that a new interest might be aroused in the work in New Guinea. They spent some time in Australia, and sailed thence to Samoa. It was on the voyage to Samoa that Chalmers met Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, and it was then that a close friendship was formed that ended only with the latter's death.

Stevenson in one of his letters speaks of him as "the man I love," and on many occasions pays tribute to his splendid character in glowing terms. It speaks well for Chalmers' power of impressing people by his personality that this man of letters, up to that time not greatly in sympathy with missionary effort, should be led to say of him, "A man who took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave and interesting man in the whole Pacific."

Chalmers aroused great interest in the New Guinea work among the native Samoan Christians, and many teachers afterward went from there to join him in that work.

From Samoa they went to Raratonga, the scene of his first labors. The reception he received here

must have touched his heart to the very depths. The simple people seemed beside themselves in the pleasure of again seeing him, and with tears streaming down their faces, in the excess of their emotion, they even embraced his feet. When, with that genius for remembering names and faces which he possessed, he called all of his old friends by name their joy was only increased.

In May, 1891, they were back at Port Morsby, and soon were at work again at Motumotu. The Missionary Society had decided to take up active work in the Fly River district, and Chalmers' efforts from now on were all directed to that end. In March, 1892, Mrs. Chalmers, whose health would not allow her to share with him the difficulties of the rough work he was to undertake, sailed for England. Soon afterward he was established at Saguane, at the mouth of the Fly River.

His district now embraced the western part of the south coast, and the islands of Torres Straits as far as Murray Island. With his accustomed activity, he visited the stations under his care and constantly explored new districts, made friends with new tribes, established new stations. He wrote at this time, "I dearly love to be the first to preach Christ in a place."

In 1894 he left for England to take part in the Centenary celebrations of the London Missionary Society. His second visit was a repetition of his

first, so far as popular interest was concerned. Indeed, he was in such great demand as a speaker that his work in that line, together with the severe climate, for which his years in the South Seas had unfitted him, caused a breakdown, and for some time he was seriously ill.

In January, 1896, he was back in Saguane at work again. This place was to be his base for operations, not only along the coast, but up the Fly River into the interior.

Mrs. Chalmers joined her husband there in 1897 and resumed her work of teaching, but in 1899 her health began to fail, and though she left there for a time to recuperate on Thursday Island, upon her return she became steadily worse, and in July, 1900, she took to her bed, never to arise. In October, Chalmers took her on board his little vessel, the *Nine*, and set sail for the island of Daru, intending to get on from there to Thursday Island and Sydney, but when they reached Daru she was very low, and the next day passed away.

Again left alone, no longer in the vigor of his earlier manhood, suffering almost constantly from fever, it is not strange that at this time he began to have thoughts of a more quiet line of work. The hardships which he had undergone, the exposures to the fury of the sea and the fatigue of long tramps on land, which he had been wont to regard so lightly, while they had not affected his indomitable spirit, had

left their traces on his body, and he might well have rested then. Yet he went on.

Rev. Oliver C. Tompkins had arrived in April, 1900, to take charge of the Straits Missions. Mr. Tompkins was a man after Chalmers' own heart, enthusiastic, active and of beautiful faith.

Chalmers was thus left free to devote all his efforts to the work in the Fly River district. The work in that district had been full of discouragements. The natives were in many respects the most degraded he had yet encountered, and it was long before any impression had been made. But he was full of hope for the future, and planned his efforts with as much enthusiasm as his fever-racked system would allow.

But his work was about over. On April 3, 1901, Chalmers, accompanied by Mr. Tompkins, sailed from Daru in the *Nine*, bound for the Fly River. It was his last voyage. They decided to visit the region at the mouth of the Aird River before going to Fly River, and there, off Goaribari Island, they anchored on April 7. The natives seemed especially hostile, surrounding the vessel in their canoes threateningly. Chalmers induced them to withdraw, promising to visit their village next day.

On the 8th he and Mr. Tompkins, with some of the native mission boys, entered the whale boat and saying they would return in half an hour, put in for the shore. The boat was seen to land, start back

and then land again. That was the last ever seen of the little party. The Nine lay to all day, and next day ran along the coast some distance, but no trace of the missing ones was seen. Then the crew sailed back to Daru to report the terrible loss.

A governmental expedition was sent out in early May to investigate the outrage and punish the perpetrators of it. It was learned that several villages were implicated, and the *dubus*, or public buildings, of these were burned and their war canoes destroyed. And it was ascertained that the party, having been lured to a building, were there struck down with clubs, that their bodies were then cut up, cooked and eaten.

And so died Tamate by the hand of the degraded savage for whom his heart yearned, for whose sake he had braved death a hundred times over by sea and by land, for whose uplifting the gentle, devoted wife of his young manhood had given her life, and for whose enlightenment the noble beloved companion of his later years had sacrificed hers—thus he died.

But his work does not die with him. That work which he started, and to which he devoted his life, goes on. The seed which he first planted has already borne fruit, and there are many harvests yet to be gathered. Let those scores of villages along that stormy shore, once the scene of all the abominations of savagery, now purified and civilized, be his

monument. Let those people, now raised from the depths in which he found them, and who now worship the God whom he taught them to love, raise up their voices and say whether Tamate's work was in vain.

The remarkable success which marked Chalmers' labors must be attributed to the enthusiasm he felt for his work and his boundless faith in its ultimate success. Strong physically, he allowed no obstacles to dampen that enthusiasm, no danger to stand in his way, and no disappointment, no discouragement could shake his faith.

He loved his work and could not be turned from it. Though offered governmental position, though urged to conduct exploring expeditions, he stuck to his mission of taking the Gospel to the savage, for in that his heart and soul were wrapped up. Though a man of beautiful faith and a man who believed to the full in the power of prayer, he was yet a man of action. Faith without action had no part in his creed. Regarding a report that during the wrecking of the *Harriet* on a reef near Cooktown he had called all hands aft to prayer, he wrote to a friend, "Utterly false. I believe in prayer, have good reason to believe in it, but to call all hands aft then would not be prayer, but simple, stupid fear. Every one on board was engaged getting sails in, and afterward heaving on the hawser."

He was eminently a practical man. He had little

patience with those people at home who pictured a missionary as a man in a frock-coat reading the Bible to a crowd of natives from the prow of a row-boat. His ideas were sometimes even too practical to meet the approval of some, such as his defense of the use of tobacco in trading and his theories as to the amount of clothing natives should wear, but his ideas and methods were those of a man of common sense, who knew whereof he spoke. And in all his labors, amid all his discouragements, the ideal which guided him and spurred him constantly on, the prayer in his heart was, "The world for Christ, and for that let us strive."

COLONEL JEROME D. DAVIS, D.D.

BORN JANUARY 17, 1838.

The early days of Jerome Dean Davis were spent at a pleasant home on a farm at Groton, in central New York, about forty miles from Syracuse. Here under the kind care of a good father and mother, with plenty of wholesome food, sunshine and outdoor exercise, he grew to be a sturdy, bright boy. At the age of eight he began to attend the district school during the winter months; and already he was able to make himself useful by assisting in the work on the farm. Many were the homely but enjoyable recreations of that generous country life, and tenderly were they looked upon in after years.

The spring following his eighth birthday brought great sorrow to the household in the death of his mother, who had early taught him to pray. The husband and children felt the blow bitterly. Life for the family had run quite smoothly so far, but now trials came thick and fast upon them all. Jerome was fond of his studies, and he showed a great deal of courage and perseverance in mastering various difficulties which blocked his way to a thorough education. There were very few books obtainable,

and all that Jerome found in this line was in the small library of the school. This meager collection of books he devoured with avidity. Between the years of eight and fifteen his time was equally divided between farm work and brain culture, the latter of a very rudimentary nature, as schools were in that section very poor, with immature teachers.

During this period he became convinced of his need of divine help, and he resolved to join the Church, a determination he bravely carried out. One Sunday morning, all alone, he presented himself before the Church for this purpose.

Unfortunately for all concerned, his father married again, and the consequences proved fatal to the peace of the family. Matters came to such a crisis that a separation was determined upon, and the farm was sold and the father started for Illinois to make a new home at Dundee. Here Jerome began the study of Latin and Greek, and, passing an examination necessary to the obtaining of a district school, he entered on his duties as a schoolmaster, not, however, relishing the old-fashioned system of boarding around.

His father had bought a small house at Dundee, near a sister's home, and Jerome generously aided him. After quite a period of school-teaching he decided to enter Lawrence University, a small college at Appleton, Wis. He had but a small sum of money to depend upon. Matters were, however,

made a little easier for him by the offer of a scholarship, and his examinations passed off satisfactorily with the exception of the one in Greek.

Part of the time he boarded with the minister of the Congregational Church in the place, and he advised young Davis to go to Beloit College, as the advantages there were much to be preferred. Accordingly, in the spring of 1860 he entered the Freshman class at Beloit. But college days were brief, and when the Civil War began, Jerome Davis, at the time being home at Dundee, put his name down on the list of the first volunteers to serve for three years. He belonged to Company I, Fifty-second Illinois, and his first experience of camp life at Geneva was not a very agreeable one. At the outset of his army life he tried to do good by distributing a number of Testaments among the members of his company and circulating the temperance pledge. The regiment was ordered to St. Joseph, Mo., and the uncomfortable experiences and sufferings of that first long march were such as could never be forgotten by the young soldier. At Pittsburg Landing, in April, 1862, fifty thousand troops were massed waiting to be organized. Preparations were being made to advance upon Corinth, Miss.

Our young hero had fallen sick several times, but regained strength in time to keep with his company during one of the hottest scenes of the war. He

was appointed color-bearer, his regiment being a central one, and his experiences in that capacity were thrilling and his bravery marked.

At the battle of Shiloh he was severely wounded in the left leg, and just able to bind up the wound himself, he came very near being left to die on the spot. But some of his comrades rushed back to his assistance and carried him off from the horrible scene of bloodshed. After weeks of illness and transportation from trains to steamers, he reached his home at Dundee, Ill., and a good aunt brought him safely through this crisis. After his recovery he was able to visit a brother at Homer, N. Y., and shortly after learned of his promotion to the rank of second lieutenant. He rejoined his regiment and spent the winter at Corinth, living in small log houses which the soldiers built for themselves.

By a strange chance, Lieutenant Davis during that winter heard a lecture on Japan given by a gentleman who had been a missionary many years. During this period he visited the scene of his first battle, and was the means of having the bodies of those of his friends conveyed to their sorrowing relatives. In the early part of the summer of 1863, Lieutenant Davis was made acting assistant inspector-general on General Sweeny's staff, and he was finally raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His regiment was ordered to join General Sherman's army at Chattanooga, and they continued under the

same leader to fight bravely until the close of the war. Strange to say, not a man was killed or wounded in the company or regiment when it was under the command of Colonel Davis. His military career was crowned with success and honor. Now, the war being over, he was free to follow the course of study planned so long ago. He returned to Beloit College, took two years' study in one, and graduated in July, 1866. Then he entered the Theological Seminary at Chicago.

In April of 1867 he applied for a license to preach; it was granted, and he went to work in a little village near Dundee. There were a few Congregationalists there who held services in a hall, and by dint of hard work and continual visiting among the people he gained an audience and the prayer-meetings filled up. Then came the question of raising funds for a church building, and Mr. Davis successfully secured \$1,200 in subscriptions and a grant of \$500 more from the Church Building Society. After this good summer's work he returned to the seminary and completed his course. He received a call to a church in Illinois, but by what seemed at the time an unhappy conjunction of events he did not go there, but eventually settled at Cheyenne, Wyo. Here he succeeded in raising money to build a church and secured a grant of land from the railroad company for the same, and also for the parsonage. He himself furnished the

money for the latter and built it with his own hands.

He was married July 15, 1869, to Miss Sophia D. Strong, and before the parsonage was erected she returned with Mr. Davis to Cheyenne, and together they suffered and labored over its completion. Mrs. Davis, as a child and young lady, had resided in Dundee, and her husband had been acquainted with her from her school-days. The pluck of Mr. Davis in putting up his house alone was much admired by the villagers, and when Thanksgiving came they were loaded with gifts from these kind friends. The church was dedicated and \$500 dollars raised to furnish it, and the work continued to go on with more or less success for two years and a half.

Hopes for a wider field of work were beginning to assert themselves, and a conviction that the foreign field was the place for him came again and again to Mr. Davis.

Several foreign missionaries visited the parish and were entertained at the parsonage, among others Dr. L. H. Gulick and Mr. and Mrs. Snow. One more worker was needed in Japan, and toward this field Mr. and Mrs. Davis' attention was especially called. Moreover, one sad incident took place that particularly determined Mr. Davis upon going to work among the millions who were in the depths of spiritual darkness. A poor Indian was condemned to death, and this good pastor was the means of di-

recting him to the Saviour. After this his duty to save others in as bad a condition as this helpless soul seemed plainer than ever. So leaving the little home and the people who had become very dear to them, Mr. and Mrs. Davis started on a few weeks of recreative travel in Colorado, then to Dundee, Ill., and from there on to the meeting of the American Board at Salem, Mass. There Mr. Davis first saw Mr. Neesima, of Japan, who came to him and told him how glad he was to meet him and to learn that he was going to his native country.

The journey to San Francisco and the voyage from there to Yokohama seem to have been enjoyable to Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and they arrived in Japan in 1871. Mr. Davis was stationed at Kobe, and here he lived for a time. Forty days after their arrival at Kobe a little daughter came into the home of the new missionaries. Great difficulty was experienced in securing a teacher of the Japanese language, for the natives were afraid to be seen with Christians. Mr. Davis greatly enjoyed a visit to Kyoto to view the exhibitions of the beautiful handiwork of the natives. In the summer the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Davis became so sick that a removal was necessary for a time to a picturesque village called Arima. In the autumn of 1872 a school for teaching English was opened in Kobe and was prosperous, almost one hundred pupils being in attendance. Christianity could not be

taught openly, for edicts against it were posted everywhere. There was little or no literature to help one learning the language, and after Mr. Davis could write broken Japanese he got out, with help of others, a tract of which 100,000 copies were circulated.

At Sanda, Mr. Davis had an interesting class of young men to whom he preached. In three places, Kobe, Sanda and Osaka, churches were organized. In the summer of 1875 great efforts were being made by Mr. Neesima to open a school in Kyoto, and finally permission was granted to Mr. Davis to live in that city and work in unison with the founder of the school. Immediately the Buddhist priests sent an appeal to the Governor to have the missionaries expelled. Finally the Governor gave permission to them to teach Christianity in the school under the head of moral science. Previously the consent of the head of the Department of Education had been obtained to open a Christian school in Kyoto, and the institution was opened in November, 1874, in Mr. Neesima's house. Commencing with a few pupils, it soon increased to nearly forty scholars. A piece of land was bought for a small sum on which to locate the new school buildings, which were dedicated September 18, 1875. Drs. Taylor and Learned came to teach in the school, so those who had borne the burden and heat of the day were effectually sustained and enabled to over-

come all obstacles until a dozen fine college buildings were erected. These stand as a monument to the life-work of Mr. Neesima and his associates. A school for girls was successfully started and carried on. In the summer of '76, Mr. Davis and family and some others pitched their tents on Mt. Hiyet, having received permission from the Foreign Department at Tokio to spend three months there. The Buddhists had temples on this mountain, and the priests came and ordered the newcomers to withdraw. By moving their tents back from the sacred ground they were able to spend the summer in rest and peace.

In 1878 Dr. Taylor was obliged to leave Kyoto because refused permission to practice medicine. He removed to Osaka. Mr. Davis, in 1877, had a hard time in finding a new house for his family, and at last decided to build, although he could command only \$75. He secured a lot and a house was erected, and in this home many large and encouraging meetings were held.

In June, 1879, the heart of Mr. Davis was cheered by seeing fifteen graduate from the Theological Department of the college. One great question was, how to set these young men to work without more money. Finally the American Board appointed the missionaries on the ground as a committee of five to manage evangelistic work, and a sum of \$2,000 to carry it on with was forwarded. Previous to

this three churches had been organized in Kyoto, and shortly there were almost fifty places in and about the city where Christianity was taught. Work went on successfully in the college, and a little church was built on the grounds of Mr. Nee-sima's house. The New Testament was put into Japanese, a weekly paper started in Kobe and tracts and books prepared.

Mr. Davis was overworking, so a trip to China, and later one through parts of Japan, were the means of helping him through a critical time. On the trip in Japan, Mr. Davis took the addresses of booksellers and teachers in common schools, and on his return sent out packages of books, tracts and a copy of one of the Gospels to each of these individuals. His health did not improve, so an entire change of scene was decided upon, and with his family he started for America by way of Europe. They spent some delightful months in Italy, Switzerland and Germany, and then went on to England. Coming to this country, Mr. Davis consulted physicians, and found he needed complete rest more than medicine.

He was invited to visit Beloit College, at which time Mr. Davis received the degree of D.D. Later he attended the Board at Portland, Me., and made an effective speech upon the work in Japan and some of the pressing needs incident to that work, closing with an appeal for aid. Dr. Davis returned

later to Japan to continue the great work there so successfully begun.

This heroic missionary met with the great sorrow of his life in the death of his beloved wife on April 6, 1886. This sorrow was soon followed by the death of Joseph Neesima, LL.D., in 1890. But the grand work which he was the means of establishing was bravely carried forward by Dr. Davis and his associates.

Some years later, when a liberal element among the natives came very near wrecking the institution, succeeding for a time in driving out the Christian teachers, the great college was brought back after much toil and prayer by a few brave men, among them none were more prominent than the soldier who bravely carried the flag of his country at Shiloh.

In July, 1888, Dr. Davis married a missionary in Kyoto, Japan, Miss Frances Hooper, who has continued to labor faithfully by his side to the present time.

Dr. Davis, in addition to his work as a teacher of theology, his many tours as an evangelist and his work as an administrator, has found time to write several volumes, his best-known book being the life of Joseph Neesima, which has been printed both in Japan and America.

When all the Protestant missionaries in Japan held their great conference in Tokio in October, 1900, Dr. Davis was honored by being elected pres-

ident. We cannot more fitly close this brief sketch than by quoting a few words from his address on this occasion:

"We have a message to this nation—because Japan has made no effort to supply the moral needs of the people, we should help this people to realize that the living God is the only true basis of morality. We have a very important message to Japan in helping her to realize that moral culture is an important part of education; that heart culture and head culture should go on together. This nation needs to realize that the secret of the greatness of England and America is the fact that intellectual and moral training have gone hand in hand. . . . But still further, we need to help the Church in Japan to stand firm and make no compromise in regard to the true divinity of Christ."

S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL.D.

BORN SEPTEMBER 22, 1812.

DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

Samuel Wells Williams, the eldest of fourteen children, was born in Utica, N. Y., September 22, 1812. His father, William Williams, was of New England stock and was prominent in the early history of that town, being editor of its leading paper and one of the foremost in every movement tending toward the welfare of the place. His mother, a noble Christian woman, was a model of what a mother should be. She was keenly interested in the cause of missions, and it is told of her that on one occasion, after hearing an appeal for that cause and having no money with her to contribute, she wrote: "I give two of my sons." And well was her promise fulfilled by two of her sons making their life-work the uplifting of the heathen.

As a boy Wells was somewhat serious and of a studious turn of mind, though not lacking entirely in boyish spirits. This was probably due to the influence of his mother, who brought her children up in habits of industry, which kept them almost constantly occupied in useful ways. He received

his early schooling in different institutions in Utica, and when about nineteen entered Rensselaer Institute at Troy, then in its infancy. His favorite study was botany. He had been there but a few months, however, when the way was opened for him to go to China.

The American Board had recently opened a mission there, and William Williams was asked to find a young man fitted to undertake the work of conducting its printing office. He named his son, Wells, and he, after meditation and prayer, accepted the charge. He had gained some experience already in his father's office in the practical art of printing. He now entered it again to perfect himself, so far as possible, and in April, 1833, after applying himself with all his energy to that end, was ready to go. June 15 he embarked in the *Morrison*, owned by that Christian merchant, Mr. Oliphant, and October 15 anchored off Canton.

The attitude of the Chinese at that time toward foreigners was such that a young man full of the enthusiasm of youth for the work before him might well feel discouraged. Foreigners were restricted to a certain space without the city wall, and no Chinese would hold any intercourse with them beyond the demands of trade. In a letter written afterward Mr. Williams said: "At the date of my arrival missions in China were regarded as directed more to the foreigners living in it than to the

natives, which latter were to be influenced by the way, as chances offered." In the same letter he speaks of meeting the only convert secured up to that time, saying: "Yet the work never looked otherwise than hopeful to me, and this small beginning produced no discouragement upon my mind; it seems now sometimes as if it ought to have done so."

Welcomed by the noble Dr. Morrison, and by Dr. Bridgman, who had preceded him by three years, he at once took charge of the printing office and began his grand career of usefulness.

His first years were spent in mastering the language, in contributing to and printing the "Chinese Repository," a publication intended to make China better known, and in learning the habits and characteristics of the people he was to benefit. His keen mind was quick to comprehend the intricacies of that language, which is so difficult of mastery that it has been termed "an invention of the devil to discourage missionary work," and he was soon able to give valuable aid in revising and compiling the different works issued by the mission. So great was the native opposition to the work that the office was for a period moved to the Portuguese settlement at Macao.

An interesting incident of these early years was a trip which he made with others in the Morrison to Japan for the purpose of returning to their homes

seven shipwrecked Japanese sailors, and at the same time of attempting to open up some intercourse with that nation. Unsuccessful in both objects, their ship having been fired upon at the two ports visited, they were forced to return disappointed. Mr. Williams now took up the study of the Japanese language and accomplished the conversion of two Japanese sailors, thus preparing himself for another line of usefulness and sowing a seed which was to bring forth a harvest later.

These early years of his life were memorable ones in the history of China. With each aggressive act of the European Powers the day drew nearer which was to witness the final breaking down of Chinese intolerance of the "Foreign Devil." In those events he was not an interested spectator only, but an active participant. The treaty of Nanking, signed in 1842, gave the island of Hong Kong to England and extended to foreigners the right of residence at five ports. The result was an influx of missionaries and others, and at this opportune time the "Easy Lessons in Chinese," which he had compiled, was issued. In 1844 he brought out his "English and Chinese Vocabulary" and "A Chinese Commercial Guide," the latter a revision of a work by Dr. Morrison. These works were invaluable in gaining access to the natives.

In 1844, Mr. Williams made a visit to this country. While here he published that great work which

to this day stands as a monument of his genius, and is, perhaps, with later corrections, unequaled as a study of China and her people, "The Middle Kingdom." This book, with his other printed articles and his lectures, gave him the standing of an authority, and it was natural that later his services should be sought by our government in its diplomatic relations with China.

It was during that visit to this country, too, that he was married to Miss Sarah Walworth, of Plattsburg. In September, 1848, with his bride, he was in China again.

The year 1853 saw Japan, the "Hermit Nation," open her ports to the ships of Commodore Perry. It was then that Mr. Williams entered upon a new line of work. Arriving in Hong Kong in April of that year, Commodore Perry sought his services as interpreter to the expedition, and Mr. Williams accepted the post. He was valuable, too, in other ways than as interpreter. Botany was always his favorite study, and he made valuable collections of Japanese fauna and also of minerals, with notes on the same. The success of the expedition is a matter of history. To Mr. Williams, remembering his first trip there ten years before, it must have been a double pleasure to witness that success.

This expedition marks the beginning of a new phase of Mr. Williams' life in China, for so favorable was the impression made by his services and his

abilities that in 1855 he was, largely as a result of Commodore Perry's strong recommendation, appointed Secretary and Interpreter to the American Legation in China. He hesitated at accepting this post, being loath to give up active missionary work, and only accepted provisionally, there having been some discussion by the American Board as to the advisability of giving up the printing office. In 1857 the office was destroyed, along with other foreign buildings, by the natives, and this decided him. Henceforth his work was in the diplomatic service. In entering it, he never for a moment considered that he was giving up mission work, but hoped rather to be placing himself in a position to do even more for that cause.

In the negotiations of 1858, following the fall of the Taku forts and the advance of the Powers to Tientsin, Mr. Williams took an active part, and having in his heart the Great Cause, was instrumental in having inserted in the treaty the clause granting the practice of Christianity. The following year he accompanied the American envoy, John E. Ward, to Peking, and shortly after the return of that legation to Shanghai took leave of absence and visited the United States again. While here the Civil War broke out, and, showing that his interest in the welfare of his own country had not suffered by his years of absence, he seriously considered joining the army in some capacity. But

his work was in China, and in 1861 he was back again.

The fall of Peking before the guns of the English and French opened that capital to foreign legations, and in 1862, with Anson Burlingame, now Minister, Mr. Williams came there. In the ensuing years he became invaluable to his legation, and at the same time was of the greatest help to the missionaries who were establishing themselves in the country.

In 1868, Mr. Burlingame resigned to become chief envoy in that mission which bears his name, and J. Ross Browne, who succeeded him, remained but a year. Mr. Williams' name was repeatedly mentioned as the one fittest to stand at the head of the legation. Secretary Seward is reported to have said of him that he was "altogether too good a man, too highly endowed and in all respects too unexceptional to receive the appointment." In a letter written at this time Mr. Williams says: "Whether or no I should have taken the post as Minister to China or from China is a question I am never likely to be called upon to answer practically, and its hypothetical answer comes to nothing. I desire chiefly to do daily the things I am called on to do and let the others wait till they come up."

In 1874, the dictionary, the result of almost constant labor through eleven years, was issued. This was considered an event in China. It was commended wherever its value could be appreciated, and

was indeed, as Dr. Blodget says, "a treasury of knowledge."

Failing eyesight led him in 1876 to tender his resignation. In acknowledging its receipt, Hamilton Fish wrote: "I feel that the service is losing one of its most trusted officers, one whose name and reputation have ever reflected credit upon the position and the country, whose officer he was, and whose high personal character will long be remembered with respect and with admiration." His notification of release from the State Department contains, among other notable words of praise, the following: "Above all, the Christian world will not forget that to you, more than to any other man, is due the insertion in our treaty with China of the liberal provision for the toleration of the Christian religion."

October 25, 1876, exactly forty-three years after the day he landed at Canton, he left Peking for the last time, regretted by those in the diplomatic no less than by those in the missionary circle.

He settled at New Haven, Conn., where he immediately took his natural place in the intellectual life of that university town. A chair of Chinese Language and Literature was shortly afterward established at Yale, which was offered to him, and though his duties in that position consisted only in delivering occasional lectures, he made his influence felt throughout the University. He made numerous contributions to current publications, not only

on Asiatic subjects, but on other questions of public interest. In these closing years of his life, years saddened by the death of his beloved wife in 1881, he was occupied, too, in revising his "Middle Kingdom," a work which he managed to complete only a few months before his death.

Not the least of the honors which came to Dr. Williams after his retirement from China was his election to the presidency of the American Bible Society, a position most congenial to his tastes, and one which he filled with great acceptance. A fine portrait of him hangs on the walls of the manager's room in the Bible House, New York.

His health began to fail two years before his death, and though at times able to work with some of his old vigor, he realized calmly that his end was near. He was troubled with anæmia, and in February, 1884, he became so weak that it was plain he had but a little while to stay. Patiently he waited the end, and on February 16 he quietly passed away.

His is a name that will live not only in the history of missions in China, but also in its diplomatic history. Possessing a keen intellect, which made it possible for him to accomplish great things, a steady, persevering nature to carry out his plans, he was also a practical man. But above all to be admired was his Christian manhood, which led him at all times to direct his talents and his energies to the highest object and the noblest end—the upbuilding of the Kingdom of his Master.

ELIAS RIGGS, D.D., LL.D.

BORN NOVEMBER 19, 1810.

DIED JANUARY 17, 1901.

"It is an unspeakable blessing to have been born of pious parents, a blessing still enhanced if their ancestors for generations have been of the same character. This privilege was mine." Thus spoke Elias Riggs, who was born November 19, 1810, at New Providence, N. J. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in the State, and his father was pastor of a church in that town.

It was from his father, a man of scholarly tastes, that he received his first instruction, and at a very early age he gave indication of wonderful linguistic abilities. When nine years of age he began the study of Greek, at fourteen he had taken up Hebrew, a year afterward, at fifteen, he entered Amherst College, becoming a member of the first class that entered after the college charter had been obtained.

During his college course he applied himself, in addition to the regular studies, to the mastery of Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldea and Modern Greek, and produced an Arabic grammar and Chaldea manual.

He continued his course at Andover Theological Seminary, and while completing his last year there was invited by the American Board to join its mission in Greece. After some hesitation, owing to his youth—he was but twenty-two—he accepted the call, and September 20, 1832, he was ordained. Two days previous to his ordination he was married to Miss Martha J. Dalzell, of Mendham, N. J., his able and devoted helpmate through fifty-five years of Christian service. October 30, 1832, they embarked at Boston in a little 180-ton brig, and three months afterward joined Rev. Jonas King at Athens.

For six years he labored in Greece, largely along the line of educational work. He established a school for girls at Argos which was successful, but governmental restrictions made it advisable to give up work in that country, and in 1844 he was transferred to Smyrna, Turkey, where he continued his work among the Greeks settled in that city.

In 1844 he was assigned to the Armenian branch of the Smyrna Mission, his principal service being the great work of translating the Scriptures into Armenian. This occupied the greater part of his time and energy from 1845 to 1852. Of this translation a native Armenian, a member of the Gregorian Church, and a man of some literary note among his people, Mr. L. Zartoumiam, wrote in 1901: “. . . His translation of the Bible laid the foundation of

our modern Armenian. It still remains to me a matter for wonder how a foreigner could penetrate so deeply into the spirit and construction of our language as to bring it under rules, and give it almost the final form of structure we are using to-day."

Transferred in 1853 to Constantinople, he was for three years in charge of the Greek department, and also an instructor in theology in the Bebak training school; but by 1856 his labors had so affected his health that a change was necessary, and that year he returned to the United States. During the two years of this, his only visit to this country, he was an instructor of Hebrew at Union Theological Seminary. So successful was he in that capacity that he was offered and urged to accept what one of his missionary associates termed, one of the highest positions in the gift of the Presbyterian Church in America—a professorship in that institution. To a man of his ability this offer might well have been tempting, but the work to which he had devoted his life lay in other lands. He himself afterward said: "I could not have remained in America without doubts as to the path of duty. . . . I could return to my work in the mission without any such doubts."

Upon his return to Constantinople he entered upon a work which was to open the Word of God to still another people, the translation of the Bible into Bulgarian, another language he had completely mastered. This translation was issued in parts as

finished, and the complete edition was issued in 1871.

In 1873, the American and British and Foreign Bible Societies, seeing the need of a Turkish translation of the Bible which, intelligible to the mass of the people, would yet be acceptable to educated Turks, appointed a committee to make such a translation. Its members were Dr. W. G. Schauffler, Rev. George F. Herrick, Rev. Robert Weakley and Dr. Riggs. Dr. Schauffler withdrew in a few months, but the others continued, and in 1878 the work, which has become the standard, was issued in both Arabic and Armenian character.

During all these years of translating Dr. Riggs, in addition, produced numerous tracts, school books and devotional books, and edited and contributed to religious publications. He also brought his masterly command of languages into play in another and peculiarly fitting way, and produced hymns in Greek, Bulgarian and Armenian. Some of these were translations; but many were entirely original, giving evidence not only of his perfect command of those languages, but expressing a nobleness of thought and gentleness of nature which were characteristic of the man. He produced during his life, either as translations or originals, no less than four hundred and seventy-eight hymns in the Bulgarian language.

In 1887 his beloved wife, his companion for so

many long years, passed away. Aged now, but with a mind clear and undimmed, he continued to work, and in these closing years prepared in Bulgarian a Bible Dictionary and a complete commentary on the New Testament. Regular habits of work and exercise through life enabled him to prolong his career of usefulness long after most men would lay down their work, but January 17, 1901, he passed peacefully to his rest.

Up to his last days he continued to be an adviser and an inspiration to his younger and more active associates. At his death he was ninety years of age. He was the oldest living missionary of any denomination, and was the oldest living graduate of Amherst College.

Dr. Riggs' life was indeed a long and a useful one. Endowed with remarkable intellectual powers, he devoted all his abilities to the highest end. He was, perhaps, the greatest linguist in the mission field. He had a fair working knowledge of twenty languages and was a master of twelve. He was perfectly familiar not only with those tongues into which he translated, but had, too, a perfect knowledge of those ancient languages from which he translated the Bible. In addition, he was fairly familiar with all the principal modern languages.

Though a great scholar, and, like most scholars, of a somewhat retiring disposition, he was always

keenly interested in what was going on about him. To the end of his life he had a pleasant word and cheery smile for all who came near him.

The value of Dr. Riggs' services may, in a measure, be comprehended when it is stated that, counting his revisions of parts of the Old Testament in modern Greek, there are four nations reading the Word of God as he translated it for them. Dr. Herrick says: "The homes, the schools, the churches where Dr. Riggs' translations of the Word of Life are read, and where the hymns he has translated are sung, are numbered by the ten thousands, and extend from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, from the snows of the Caucasus to the burning sands of Arabia."

It was permitted him to live to see in part the result of his work, and some feeling of satisfaction must have been his in the thought of those sixty-nine years of missionary life so well spent.

A feeling of satisfaction must have been his, too, in seeing his children following in the work nearest his heart. His surviving children are Rev. Edward Riggs, D.D., of Marsovan Theological Seminary; Rev. James F. Riggs, D.D., of East Orange, N. J.; Rev. Charles Riggs, formerly of Central Turkey College, now of Canfield, Ohio; and Mrs. Margaret R. Trowbridge, widow of Rev. T. C. Trowbridge, D.D., late president of the Central Turkey College. Five of his grandchildren are missionaries in Tur-

key, and one of them is president of Euphrates College, Harpoot.

In writing of this venerable missionary Rev. Henry O. Dwight, LL.D., who was associated with him for many years, says: "But where younger men failed he still found strength to work on. A clock-like regularity of life, controlling hours of work and of sleep, quantity of food and of recreation or exercise, kept his feet from many pitfalls into which less controlled workers fall. This secret of the prolongation of his intellectual and physical powers was, after all, but a part of his absolute devotion to God—the controlling force in all his actions. In the midst of perplexities worry was unknown to him. In afflictions such as cannot fail to come in so long a life, his sorrow could never be comfortless grief. Nothing, however terribly harrowing to his feelings, could shake for an instant his hold upon the fact that the director of all his affairs was the Omniscient God, and that God was his Father."

REV. CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ

BORN OCTOBER 26, 1726.

DIED FEBRUARY 13, 1798.

Among the many gifted and heroic men who have devoted their lives to the cause of missions in India, none have met with more distinguished success than Christian Friedrich Schwartz. For years Schwartz prosecuted his work in obscurity with but few rays of encouragement to cheer his way. In time, however, his faith and zeal, his integrity and benevolence, his sincerity and purity of life won a hearing for his message, and he was rewarded at last by a larger place in the hearts of the Hindoos than perhaps any other European has ever obtained.

Christian Friedrich Schwartz was born in Sonnenburg, Germany, October 26, 1726. His mother, who died while he was an infant, consecrated him in the presence of her husband and minister to the service of God. He was much under the influence of religious impressions, and was a serious and well-disposed boy. When twenty years of age he entered the University of Halle, where he won the friendship of one of the professors, Herman



CHRISTIAN FRIEDERICH SCHWARTZ

Francke, a warm and generous supporter of the missionary cause.

While in the University, Schwartz was appointed to learn the Tamil language, in order to superintend the printing of a Bible in that language. The proposed edition was never published, but his faithful labors were not thrown away, for his linguistic talents led Professor Francke to propose to him that he go to India as a missionary. The suggestion was favorably considered by the ardent and gifted student, although in doing so he was obliged to decline an important position in the ministry at home.

He was ordained at Copenhagen and embarked from London, January 21, 1750, and reached Tranquebar, the seat of the Danish Mission, in July of the same year. In four months he had preached his first sermon in the Tamil, an achievement which probably has never been equaled by any other missionary in India or elsewhere.

From the inception of his work he devoted much time and effort to the religious instruction of the youth. In his educational work, both religious and secular, he was very successful. During his second year in India four hundred persons whom he had instructed, many of them students in his school, were baptized and received into the Church. This was a remarkable ingathering, when we consider that he had only been on the field a few months.

In 1760 he spent several months in Ceylon,

preaching with great effect. Both in India and Ceylon he was everywhere received with marked respect, for the Hindoos could not but admire the beauty of his life. He was not discouraged, although his preaching did not always win souls. "The fruit," he said, "will perhaps appear when I am at rest." He had, however, the pleasure of seeing some portion of it ripen, for a number of churches grew gradually up under his care, one of them requiring an edifice that would accommodate two thousand souls. It is said on high authority that not fewer than eight thousand persons were received into the churches which he founded during his ministry of fifty years in India.

For sixteen years he resided at Tranquebar, a member of the Danish Mission, but in 1766 he transferred his services to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with which he continued to the end of his life.

In 1765, he had established a church and school at Trichinopoly, and in that city he now took up his abode. To his taxing duties as a missionary was now added the office of chaplain to the garrison of British soldiers, for which he received a salary of £100. The first year he devoted the entire amount which he received from the government to the building of a mission house and school, and afterward he gave the larger part of it for the relief of the poor and various lines of charity. In twelve



years Schwartz had baptized 1,238 souls in the city of Trichinopoly, not to speak of many others who received the Gospel message from his lips in other places.

He was greatly aided by some of his students, who went forth as teachers and preachers among their own people. "The Catechists," he says, "required to be daily admonished and stirred up, otherwise they fall into indolence." He therefore gathered each morning all who were near enough for training in doctrine and methods of teaching and preaching, and then would send them out into the neighboring villages, meeting them again in the evening to hear the report of their labors. The methods of Schwartz in the use of native helpers, with but slight change, continues in the mission work in India up to the present time.

In 1776, Schwartz founded a new mission at Tanjore, where he spent the remaining twenty years of his life with the same zeal and practical wisdom which characterized all his efforts in India. In this center of the Hindoo religion, where was located the finest pagoda of India, he was not without success. In 1780, after four years of devoted service, his heart was cheered by seeing two churches established in this city. It was at this time he was requested to act as an ambassador to treat with Hyder Ali of Mysore, who had refused to receive an embassy from the English, whom he distrusted.

The haughty Mohammedan said: "Send me the Christian," meaning Schwartz. "He will not deceive me." Urged by the English Government, he undertook with great reluctance this important, but extremely delicate, task. By his efforts Cuddalore was saved from destruction, and he was given the privilege of going everywhere, protected alike by English and Hindoo. The misery caused by the war was very great. "Numbers perished of want and disease; corpses lay unburied; the bonds of affection were so broken that parents offered their children for sale." Through all this trying season, which continued for three years, the heroic missionary divided his time between the work of preaching to the dying and in efforts of practical philanthropy, especially in providing food for the starving, thus saving thousands of lives.

In 1783, Schwartz's friend, the Rajah of Tanjore, lay at the point of death. Being childless, he had adopted a young boy, Serfogee, as his successor, a practice recognized by the Hindoo law. Calling to his side the devoted missionary, the only one to whom he was willing to entrust his son, he said: "Into your hands I deliver the child." Schwartz accepted the charge with reluctance, but under his wise instruction the young prince was reared to manhood and established in possession of his inheritance. He repaid these fatherly cares with a filial affection, and long after the death of Schwartz

testified both by word and deed his regard for the memory of the great missionary.

After a protracted illness, on the 13th of February, 1798, this "Apostle of the East," as he was called, expired in the arms of two of his devoted native converts. Bishop Heber, who "followed in his train," in writing of the noble missionary, says: "Of Schwartz and his fifty years' labor among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. He was really one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful, missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles."

The slab on his grave in the chapel at Tanjore says, in part: "His natural vivacity won the affection, as his unspotted probity and purity of life alike commanded the reverence of the Christian, Mohammedi and Hindoo. The very marble that records his virtues was raised by the liberal affection and esteem of the Rajah of Tanjore, Maha Raja Serfogee."

